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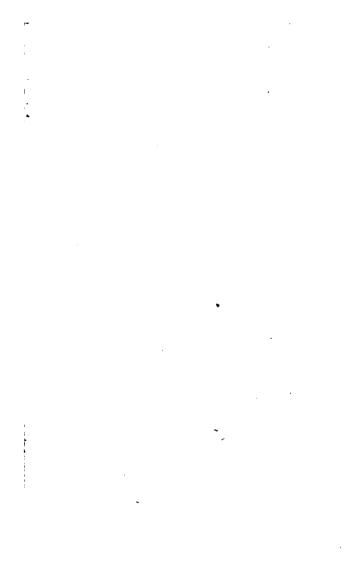
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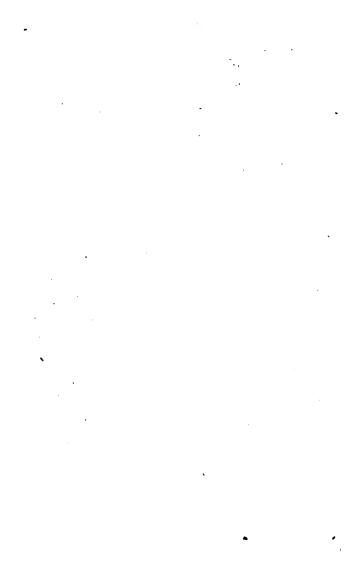
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THE

JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD

FOR

M.DCCC.XLV.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR AND PUBLISHED BY THE

Baptist Missionary Society,

AND SOLD BY

HOULSTON AND STONEMAN, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW 1846.



PREFACE.

THE first year of the Juvenile Missionary Herald has closed. It has been one of great encouragement to the Editor; and of some pleasure and profit (may we not add) to his readers.

The sale has been large and is increasing. About 45,000 have been sold each month. An additional sale of 15,000 will enable the Society to improve the little work, and promote its usefulness.

Can we not begin next year with 60,000?

We do not intend to tell our friends any secrets about the Juvenile Missionary Herald for 1846, but advise them all to buy it as it comes out each month.

And what are we to say of Christian Missions? It is impossible to say too much, or to speak too strongly. They belong to God.

He has promised to bless them. He is blessing them; and is blessing those who prayerfully help them.

The holiest men have aided them; Christ himself began them; the redeemed in heaven are rejoicing over them.

Reader, how is it with you? Does your own heart feel a Saviour's love, and a Saviour's claims? It is a dangerous thing to have nothing to do with the mission cause;

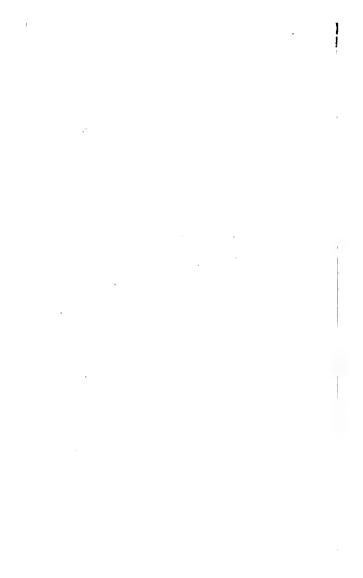
"For he who hath and will not give The light of life to all that live, Himself shall lose the way."

Moorgate Street, London, Dec. 1845.



TOL. 1.]

[JANUARY.



A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITOR.

DEAR Young FRIENDS,

This is the beginning of a new year, and it brings with it a present for you; one which I hope will please you very much. Will you not read it, and take great care of it? This little book will visit you every month, always bringing new and interesting stories. It comes from the Baptist Missionary Society to talk to you about the poor heathen, and to tell you how the missionaries are trying to teach them about God,—Will you listen to it?

But these are long words: "missionaries," and "Missionary Society." Let us see if we can make them quite plain. You all know what is meant by the heathen. They are people who never heard of the true God and Jesus Christ, and have no wish to hear about them. They live in other lands across the wide sea: there are some even in our own happy England who do not think about God or love him, but the heathen worship idols, and are very cruel and wicked. Now the missionaries leave all their friends and comforts here, and go to these far off countries to tell the blessed news which Jesus Christ brought down from heaven. But

they want friends who remain in England to help them. They need money and bibles, and many other things, to enable them to live and do good. So a Society is formed in this country, and a great many persons who love the missionaries, meet together and talk about them, and pray for them, and try to help them in every way they can. Dear children, will you join this Missionary Society, and so encourage the missionaries to go on bringing the heathen to God? I think you will.

But now you understand these words, I will tell you where the missionaries have gone. The Baptist Missionary Society was formed more than fifty years ago. Two good men then sailed many thousand miles over the sea until they came to India. Turn to the picture on the first page and in the second circle on the left hand you will see a missionary talking to some dark men. They are Hindoos, and they live in India. You will often hear this country mentioned, so you must remember that this was the first one that was visited.

And why should we send these missionaries? Who commands us to send them? Turn again to the first page. You see the small picture at the top; it is Christ ascending into heaven. You will find an account of it in the last chapter of Matthew. When Jesus was about to leave his disciples he said to them, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth: Go ye therefore and teach all nations." There is our command. We go or send because Christ

has bidden us. Perhaps you ask, "And why do you expect that they will succeed?" Well, read to the end of the chapter, and you will see. "Lo," said Christ, "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." If you and I, dear reader, do what Christ bids us, and he promises to be with us, we are sure to succeed.

But the heathen are wicked and cruel; would it not be better to teach them to live peaceably, and build houses for them first, and then send them the gospel? You perhaps ask this question; let me ask you another. Here is a fountain, and all the waters that flow from it are poisonous and bitter; we wish to make them wholesome and sweet, and have got something which will do so if we put it into the waters. Now where shall we put it in? Shall we go many, many miles down the stream to do it? No; for then the fountain will still be bitter, and the water that springs from it will soon carry away all the water which we had made sweet. We must put it in at the fountain where the water springs and bubbles Let that be purified and sweetened, and then all the streams which flow from it will be sweetened too. And this is what we wish to do for the poor heathen. Their hearts are the fountains of all their sorrows; every misery they suffer comes from the sin that is within them, and if their hearts become holy they will all be happy. Now the gospel makes them holy: it purifies the fountain; and all

the conduct that springs from it becomes pure and holy too. Before, they were angry and cruel because they had not the love of Christ in their hearts; the gospel tells them of him, and teaches them to love him first, and then to love and pity their neighbours. I hope to tell you many stories, to show you that when we love Christ we become kind and forgiving to all around us. You see the dove with the olive branch in its beak. In some countries when the people wish to say, "we will live in peace with you and love you," they carry a branch of the olive tree in their hands, and those who see it know what they mean. gospel is our olive branch; it tells men how to obtain peace with God, and teaches them to live in peace with each other. The preachers of the gospel are to be meek and gentle as the They go carrying peace and good-will to all nations. Dear children, you have heard this blessed gospel; show by your conduct that you know and love Jesus Christ, and then obey his commands by sending it to those who have never heard it.

But we will look at the picture once again; see the one at the bottom of the page; there are some black men coming from that great ship to land on the shore. Who are they? What country is that seen in the picture? And from what country have they come? I have told you of India, but these are not Hindoos; these black men are Christians; they have come from Jamaica, and are

now going to live in Africa. Many, many years ago, these poor men or their fathers were stolen from Africa by wicked white men, and carried across the wide sea to Jamaica an island in the far west. There some good missionaries from England visited them, and taught them about Jesus Christ: and now having heard and believed the good news from heaven, they wish much to go back and tell them in their own fatherland. They wish to be either missionaries themselves. or helpers of those who are missionaries. Does not this show that they love Christ, and have his spirit of love and kindness put into their Well last year, Mr. Clarke, one of the missionaries who is gone to Africa, took a ship round to Jamaica, and many of the negro Christians gladly left their homes and friends. and went over in the ship to Africa, and now they are there telling their poor countrymen how they may be made holy, and go to heaven. Oh pray that God will always bless them.

There are many other countries where the missionaries are gone, and others still, when they wish to go. See, dear little readers, how much there is yet to be done in this good work.

INDIA.

A LETTER TO THE YOUNG.

NO. I.

MY DEAR CRILDREN.—I was one day giving a little Hindoosthanee girl a lesson in geography; before her lay a map of her own country; she had been tracing its great rivers, and noting down some of its chief towns. Looking up, she said "vou often show me this map and talk to me about India, but I have never seen a map of your country-will you show me where your country is?" I turned to the map of the world, and first directed her attention to Hindoosthan, then placed my finger on our favoured isle. With a look of surprise she said, "This little, little country your country, and your people take care of my large, large country, how can that be?" was silent for a few minutes, and then said. "O, I know, I know-in the minds of the English are many thoughts." In other words they are a wise and powerful people. little reader, are you as anxious to know something about India as the Hindoosthanee child was to be made acquainted with England? so, I trust when you have read these few pages you will be aroused to ask what you can do for that heathen land, and to pray that the "many thoughts" of British Christians may be employed for the spiritual benefit of the millions of idolators placed under their care.

I will try to give you some idea of what sort of country it is. Ask some kind friend to show it you on the map; it is a long distance from England, to reach it we have to sail in a ship on the wide ocean for many weeks, to pass the western coast of Africa, round the Cape of Good Hope, the Islands of Madagascar and Ceylon; then sailing up the Bay of Bengal we

enter this large country, which is situated in the middle of Asia. It contains thirty-three provinces, many of them larger than the whole of England; in these provinces are numerous cities, towns, and villages. From the high mountains in the north, to the point of land called Cape Comorin in the south, it is eighteen hundred miles in length, nearly six times as long as our own country; and at its widest part it is fifteen hundred miles broad. It is called either India or Hindoosthan, the latter is a modern name, taken from two Persian words, "hindoo," black, and "sthan," place, meaning, place of the blacks. However the people are not black; they are of a nut brown colour, and most of them are very good-looking: they have high foreheads, black glossy hair, dark eyes, thin lips, and very white teeth. The poor people wear little clothing, just a piece of cotton cloth fastened round the waist. and no shoes or stockings; the rich wear dresses of white muslin, and turbans of the Their houses vary in different same material. parts of the country, in some places they are made of mats fastened to stakes driven into the ground at the four corners, and the roof is covered with thatch, in others they are strongly built of brick and stone, and surrounded with high walls.

Ged has bestowed many blessings on India; it is such a productive land that corn, and rice, and fruits grow with little cultivation. The year is not divided into four seasons as it is

with us, but into three; and these are called the cold, the hot, and the rainy seasons. The cold season begins in November and ends in March; the hot season commences in March and ends in June: in June the refreshing rains begin to fall, and the earth which before was parched is prepared to receive the seeds. The corn soon springs up, and the hot sun ripens it, then the reapers cut it down and bring it to the threshing-floor; one is raised in every corn-field: it is made of mud beaten very hard and dried by the sun. No doubt the threshing-floors mentioned in the bible, and of which you have often read, were of the same kind. The oxen tread out the corn with their feet; you rememher that text. "Thou shalt not muzzle the month of the ox that treadeth out the corn."

There is no long, cold winter in India; in the cold season the fields and gardens look more beautiful than at any other time of the year, the gardens are filled with flowers, some of them very different to the flowers of this country; yet roses, and sweet brier, and mignionette, and myrtle, are found springing up amongst them. We never miss the leaves from the trees, for whilst the dark dry leaves are falling, the young green leaves are shooting out and unfolding, and in three or four days the trees have changed from a dusky brown colour to the fresh light green of spring.

There are very many kinds of rich and delicious fruits, some of them grow on large trees planted together in groves, they are so abundant that there is enough and to spare for man and beast.

Amidst the trees numerous birds make their nests—some of the nests look like little baskets hanging on the branches; the birds do not sing sweetly, but their plumage is very beautiful, presenting every variety of colour and shade. I will give you the names of a few,—the mango bird, the iris, the paroquet, and the dove.

You are ready to ask, are there not wild beasts in India? Yes, many; the tiger, the wolf, the hyena, the leopard and serpents of various kinds. The tiger and hyena do not often come into the towns and villages, but they sometimes carry away oxen, and sheep, and goats from the fields, and in the Sunderbunds, a dreary district to the south of Calcutta, tigers have destroyed men and women. Yet most mercifully does God remember his promise made to our first parents, "The fear of you and the dread of you shall be on every beast of the field," and though the people who live in that country are surrounded by savage animals and deadly serpents, their power is restrained by him who holds all things in his hand. Though the heathen know not God, he is their protector: they despise the riches of his goodness, yet he makes his sun to shine on the evil as well as the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

I have not spoken of the great rivers. You have heard of travellers and missionaries in Africa almost perishing for want of water. Not

so in India. It is the "place of broad rivers and streams." The Indus, the Bramapootra, and the Ganges, are the largest; they rise amidst the lofty Himalaya mountains to the north of India. The Indus flows seventeen hundred miles before it reaches the sea, the Bramapootra about sixteen hundred, and the Ganges fifteen hundred; they vary in their course from one mile to five miles in breadth. Into these rivers flow many others, some of them larger than the Thames. Thus is the dry and thirsty land watered, and made rich and fruitful in all the necessaries and even the luxuries of life.

The Hindoos worship the Ganges because they think it bestows on them so many benefits; and they believe that if they die within sight of its waters they shall be happy for ever. Wells of water are also numerous. A Hindoo who digs a well and plants trees around it for the shade and refreshment of pilgrims, is much praised, and his name is remembered long after Beyond the province of Bengal he is dead. such wells are very common near a town or village, and they are very useful. Often have scenes described in the bible been brought to my mind, as I have watched the flocks and herds at the sunset hour gathered around one of these wells. The women let down their vessels into the well, for the supply of the famishing beasts, and when all are satisfied return to their homes, bearing on their heads the vessels filled for the use of their households. S. P.

(To be continued.)

ANDREW FULLER.

ANDREW FULLER was the first Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society. He was born at Wicken, in Cambridgeshire, in the year 1754-now ninety years ago. His father was a farmer, and a good man. Andrew went to school at Soham, and was said by some to be more learned than his master. When he was about fourteen years of age, he had many thoughts about sin and God; but he soon forgot them, and grew very careless and sinful. All this while, however, he was unhappy. his sixteenth year, he again became anxious about his soul; he was afraid to commit sin; he tried to make himself holy; and yet was as great a sinner as before. At length, after many times trying to improve, he thought of Christ, the Saviour of sinners. "Perhaps." said he. "Christ will have mercy upon me! and if he has mercy upon me, all my sins will be forgiven, and I shall be made holy!" for he needed to be made holy as well as to be forgiven. Andrew did well to hope in the mercy of Christ: but he ought never to have doubted it. Christ came to save sinners:

> "He is able, He is willing; Doubt no more."

All this took place when Andrew was about sixteen years old. At that age he began to love Jesus. Let me ask, Do you love Jesus, too?

Four years after this time, in 1774—now

seventy years ago—he began to preach. He became the minister at Soham; and, afterwards, the minister at Kettering, in Northamptonshire. If you have a map of England near you, open it, and you will find Kettering a little to the right of Northampton, and rather higher up—or, as we call it, to the northeast of that town. There the Baptist Missionary Society was formed; there Andrew Fuller lived for twenty-three years; there he died; and there the first jubilee meeting was held, do you remember it? on the last day of May, and the first day of June, 1842.

Mr. Fuller-who, as you have just heard. began to love and serve Christ when he was young-was the first Secretary of this Society. He used to travel over England and Scotland about three months every year to collect for the mission. He wrote many, many hundred letters to the missionaries in India, and to friends at Many hundred good men knew and loved him; and though God did not call him to go to India with Dr. Carev, he did more good for poor India than if he had gone. We, at home, can help Christians to preach the gospel, though we cannot preach; we can do good to the heathen, even though we cannot go and How? Why, as Andrew Fuller visit them. He travelled for them; he collected for them; yes, and he prayed for them, too. "Go thou and do likewise."

Have you ever seen a coal mine? There are many coal-mines in the north of England,

in Warwickshire, and in Wales. There is first a narrow dark hole, reaching from the surface of the ground many hundred feet into the earth. At the bottom this hole stretches out into large low chambers. The sides of them are of coal, and the roof is often supported by pillars of coal. The miners are lowered down by a rope into these chambers, which are as dark as the blackest midnight. The miners have to carry their lights with them. Sometimes the ropes break, and the poor miners fall to the bottom, and are dashed in pieces. Do you pity them? Think of the poor missionaries! Andrew Fuller used to say, "Our missions to India are like these men going down into a deep mine, into which no one had ever gone down before. There was no one to guide us. or to show us the way. At last, Carey said, 'Well, I will go down, if you will hold the rope.' But before he went down," Mr. Fuller used to say, "he seemed to me to make each of us promise, that while we lived we should never let go the rope."

Little children—praying children—collecting children, the missionaries are the miners—the heathen world is the mine—you and I are holding the rope! If we loose our hold—if we forget the poor miners, who can tell what the result may be? Cease not to remember and pray for them.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED.

THE RICE FIELD.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass."—Ізліан хххіі. 20.

These words are explained by the way in which eastern nations prepare their rice fields, and plant their rice. The rice fields generally lie low, and so can be easily covered with water. While thus covered, the ground is trodden by oxen, horses, or asses, who go in the water mid-leg deep. When this is done, the seed is sown on the water, and sinks down into the soil beneath. After some months the seed springs up, and the young shoot is transplanted to other fields, covered in the same way with water; and when the rice is ripe, it is cut and gathered. Such was the custom in Egypt, and such is still the custom in India and China.

This practice explains another very beautiful passage of Scripture, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days," Ecclesiastes xi. 1. Bread here means rather seed-corn, or seed-rice; and the meaning of the whole is, that if we cast it on the waters, we shall find the fruit of it after a long time. All this may be very well applied to Christian missions. The gospel is the seed; the command is to put it in the hearts of men, as the field in which it is sown; and the blessed promise is, that though we wait for the fruit, we shall not wait in vain—we shall "find it after many days."



NEWS FROM AFAR.

THE PATNA ORPHAN REFUGE.

THE picture at the top of the page shows you the Female Orphan Refuge, at Patna, in India. It is a school for poor little Hindoo girls who have no parents, or whose parents have forsaken them. Mr. and Mrs. Beddy, the kind missionaries at Patna, take care of these children, and teach them.

Now, I will tell you about one girl, who has been under their care more than seven years. When she was eight years old, she was found one day outside the school-house, on a heap of bricks; her father—a cruel Hindoo—had left her there to die. She was quite blind, for she ad lost her sight some time before, when she

had the small-pox. She seemed very ill when she was brought to the missionary—her father had really starved her—and she was so weak, that for a long time after she could not speak. The kind friends at the Refuge took great care of her, and at last were much pleased by seeing her grow quite well and strong.

They then began to teach her. She learned to read the Bible, and heard the good news about God and Jesus Christ, and soon became very fond of singing hymns, and of thinking about the sweet texts of scripture which she had read. The missionaries were very glad to see this, and felt grateful to God that he had allowed them to save this poor child from idolatry and cruelty.

In this way she went on from year to year, learning more and more about Jesus Christ, and feeling more interest in such things, until a few months ago, when she came to Mr. Beddy, and told him that she thought she loved Jesus Christ, and wished to please and serve him all her life. Since then she has been baptized, and has thus shown all the natives round that she believes in the only true God, and has quite left their idols.

Little English children, are you not thankful that you were not born in India? You see how cruel the heathen parents are. They are sometimes unkind to their little boys; but they very seldom love their little girls. Oh! thank God that he has given you kind parents and teachers.

The Refuge has now thirty children. An infant of four days old, that had been left in the village to perish, has just been received; and three of the children are about to join the church.

Four pounds are sufficient to support an orphan for one year. Can you not collect that sum?

ORACABESSA, JAMAICA.

A MISSIGNARY TRACHER, sent to Jamaica a few months since, gives the following account of his labours:—

"As you sent me out here to work, you will expect to hear what I am doing. On Monday, April 1, 1844, I commenced a school at Oracabessa, with about forty scholars. I have now about one hundred and ten children under my care, and there are plenty more who would attend, but their parents are unable to pay for them. There is one little black fellow who has interested me very much. He is anxious to attend our school, but his father cannot afford to send him. He will come and spend whole days looking through the blinds, and attending to what the children are doing; and when they sing, or perform their exercises, he grins and shows his teeth in perfect ecstacies. Now, for the sum of one pound currency, or twelve shillings sterling, a-year, this boy might receive instruction in our school.

"Are there no filends in England who will subscribe twelve shillings a-year, that those who are without the means of paying may still enjoy the blessings of education?"

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

DOES IT COME FROM THE HEART?

THE late Andrew Fuller usually spent several weeks in each year to visiting the churches and collecting money. On a certain occasion, he called on a pious and benevolent nobleman. Having laid before him the operations of the mission in Hindostan, the progress of the translation of the scriptures, and the call for aid, the nobleman handed him a guinea. Fuller. observing that it was bestowed with an air of indifference, thus addressed him :-- "My lord, does this come from the heart?" matter is that?" said the nobleman: "suppose it does not come from the heart, it will answer your purpose as well. If you get the money, why do you care whether it comes from the heart or not?" "Take it back-take it back," said the man of God; "I cannot take it. Lord and Master requires the heart. He will not accept an offering unless it come from the heart." Well, give it back," said the nobleman; "it did not come from the heart." So he took the guinea, and stepping to his desk, he drew a check on his banker for twenty

pounds, and handing it to Fuller, said, "This comes from the heart. I love and honour the principles by which you are governed. I love the Lord Jesus Christ and his cause, and know that no offering is acceptable to him, unless it comes from the heart."

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETING.

ST. ALBANS.

The annual meeting of the Juvenile Missionary Society was held at the Baptist Chapel, St. Albans, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 5th. About 150 children and others took tea together before the service, which was very numerously attended. After singing, Mr. Fraser prayed; Mr. Upton, who presided, then read the report. The society has raised during the year by quarterly subscriptions, cards, missionary boxes, &c. between £17 and £18. This is rather more than was contributed last year, and has been collected entirely by the young people.

The following resolutions were then moved and seconded by some of the teachers:—

- 1. That the state of the heathen world is such as should call forth on its behalf the zealous exertions of British children and youth, as well as those of persons of mature years.
- 2. That this meeting rejoices in the successful efforts of Juvenile Missionary Societies, and in being permitted to unite in these efforts.

Mr. Fraser then addressed the meeting. He spoke of the state of the heathen, and the cruelties practised among them. He mentioned what some other Juvenile Societies had done, and exhorted his hearers to follow the example of Jesus, who when but twelve years old, was engaged "about his Father's business."

The children then sung, and the meeting

separated highly gratified.

The members of this society are also busily employed in preparing a third box of clothing for Africa.

The Children's Bookshelf.

BREAKFAST TABLE SCIENCE. By J. H. WRIGHT, Surgeon. London: Tegg.

A very instructive and amusing little volume. It consists of conversations between a father and his children on various interesting questions of natural science. The questions are put so as to make little people think. For children of ten years of age and upwards, it will be found a very useful present.

Those who wish to know "Why a fly cannot ride on horseback;" "Why a rotten apple is bitter;" "Who ran, the man or the tree;" "What Jack Frost did last winter;" "If a fly had a sore toe, what would happen;" must look into the book itself.

THE PAGE FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

BE kind enough not to mistake the editor's meaning, fellow-helpers of the truth, in giving this page to you. All the book is yours, and if you please, is to be read by you to your children, as well as by them. But this page is peculiarly yours. It is meant to speak to you,—now a word of encouragement—now of fraternal counsel—now of entreaty, always of Christian faithfulness and love. Take it in the spirit in which it is given.

John Bunyan speaks somewhere of "nuts that spoil the children's teeth." In a sense somewhat different this page might have been headed with that saying. This page is not for children, it is for you. But though the nuts it contains may be too hard for them, you perhaps can break them, and give to the young in children's language their kernel, or their vital truth. Let the pithy savings which from time to time this page may contain, be explained to younger readers or treasured up in your own heart to guide you in teaching them. are short sayings you will the better remember them, and they will be the more forcible. Truth is like the watch-spring, the more powerful the more compressed; so says John Foster. If they are long, the presumption is that as they take more space, they are the more worthy of your perusal.

"HE MUST REIGN."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE fount is opened, from whose streams
Celestial life and knowledge spread;
The sun is ris'n, whose radiant beams
Restore the sick, and raise the dead.

Shall aught their glorious current check,
Till earth with moral verdure glows?
Till they her arid deserts deck
With blooming Edeu's deathless rose?

The strong archangel, to whose hand
The everlasting word is given,
Waves his broad wing o'er sea and land,
And soaring spans the vault of heaven.

Shall aught oppose his boundless flight?

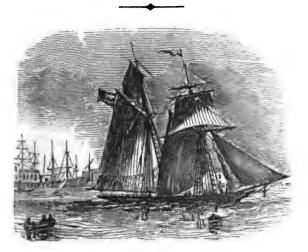
Aught dim with clouds his flaming scroll?

No! not till truth, with holy light,

Shall visit every heathen soul:

Not till blest peace shall spring to birth,—
Till hatred sheathe the useless sword,—
Till all the nations of the earth
Become the kingdoms of the Lord.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



THE DOVE.

The flag of the Dove is of blue silk with a dove and olive branch upon it. It was presented, together with several other valuable presents, by ladies connected with Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool.

God speed "the Dove!"
And from above,
May prosp'rous gales,
Expand her sails.
No "meteor flag" she bears,
Nor hostile aspect wears;
A messenger she goes,
With balm for Afric's wees.

VOL. I.]

FEBRUARY.

God speed "the Dove!"
May He in love,
Her Pilot be,
Across the sea.
A Vulture flag alone,
Biafra! thou hast known;
But o'er thy blood-stained shore,
Soon shall it float no more.

God speed "the Dove!"
Our bark of love
Oh! may he keep,
Upon the deep.
Her emblem flag shall be,
O Africa to thee!
Pledge of assured relief,
From all thy wrongs and grief.

God speed "the Dove!"
Smiles from above
Be on her way,
From day to day.
Her omen flag shall bear
God's light and mercy, where
Dark superstition's reign
Made strong oppression's chain.

God speed "the Dove!"
That, winged by love,
Her course may be,
From evil free;
Her sacred flag a sign,
More peaceful and benign,
Than vessel ever bore
To Ethiopia's shore.

Leeds.

P. J. S.

OUR MISSIONARY SHIP.

THE DOVE.

HAVE you looked at our picture, and seen the name of the pretty little vessel? Now attend, and I will tell you where it is going. This is a missionary ship, and soon after this little book is in your hands, I hope it will be sailing fast away across the great sea to Africa. Some kind missionaries are going out in it, and when they land there, they will employ themselves at once in declaring the gospel among the poor ignorant Africans.

But what will the ship do then? You shall hear. The missionaries to whom it is going live on a little island called Fernando Po, on the western coast of Africa: there are a good many black people and children there, but there are a great many more on the large continent itself

The missionaries much wish to visit all the poor heathen on the coast, and up the rivers as far as they can go; to travel from place to place speaking the good news to all whom they can find,—but how are they to reach them? The Dove will help them. They will use it for this purpose; it will sail across the sea which lies between the island and the continent, carrying the missionary from one town to another, and when he has done all he can on

that visit, it will take him quickly home again. In this way this little vessel will be constantly employed going backwards and forwards, carrying the tidings of Jesus Christand of eternal life to the wicked and cruel heathen, and so helping the missionaries in their good work.

How pleased they will be to see this ship sail into their harbour at Fernando Po. I hope it will go quickly and safely across the sea. Will you pray to God, dear children, that he may graciously preserve the "Dove" from all danger, and conduct the missionaries who are now in it to their new home in Africa?

But you must remember it too when it is there. It is hoped that the children of England will collect money enough to pay what this ship will cost every year. Take care, dear little reader, that you do your share.

INDIA.

A LETTER TO THE YOUNG.

NO. II.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

PERHAPS you are ready to think, after all that I have told you in my last letter, that India must be a very beautiful and happy country. Beautiful it is—but not happy. Why not happy? The people are idolaters. It is the land of heathenism and darkness; and those

who live hating God and desiring not the know-

ledge of him cannot be happy.

In that large country two false religions prevail-Hindooism and Mohammedanism. former is the religion of the Hindoos, the first inhabitants of the country. The Hindoos worship the god of their imaginations under three principal forms. The idols are called Brama. the creator, Vishnu the redeemer, and Seva the destroyer. Besides these they have "lords many, and gods many;" some have numbered as many as three hundred and thirty-three millions of gods! Oh what a land of idolatry! Their bibles are called Shasters and The first they say contains the ordinances of their gods which they are to follow; and the second the doctrines which they believe. Their priests are called Brahmins, and they try to keep the people in ignorance. One plan to effect this has been carried on with success for many hundred years; that is, the division of the people into castes. In very early times this was nothing more than like the divisions common in society in England, such as the higher "castes," the middle "castes," and the lower "castes," or as we say ranks or classes. But the Brahmins, who have very great power, chose to make the observance of certain rules in each of these classes part of the religion of the people; and now if any person act contrary to the rules of his class, he is said to have "broken caste," and what then? must give the crafty Brahmin nearly all the

money he has to mend it, or, in other words, to restore him to his place again. If he can give him nothing, he cannot be restored, and the Brabmin tells him he is for ever under the displeasure of the gods, and must perish. The people foolishly believe this, and great is their horror of losing caste. There are four principal castes, but these are divided into many others.

The other false religion was brought into India about eight hundred years ago by a zealous follower of Mahomet, the founder of the Mahommedan religion. This man came from a northern country at the head of a great army determined to conquer the rich and populous territory, and make the people believers in his But although many thousands own doctrine. of the Hindoos were put to death, he made few converts. How opposed to the spirit of the gospel, which "brings peace and good-will to The Bible of the Mahemmedans is called the Koran; it is written in the language of Arabia, and though very few of them understand Arabic, because they all speak Hindoosthanee (the language of India), they are very proud to read the Koran, and to teach their sous to read it. At first these people were very cruel to the Hindoos, and did all they could to injure and vex them; but when they found they could not make them change their religion, they gave up the attempt and settled quietly amongst them. They soon became very rich and powerful, and built themselves

fine houses and palaces, and they imitated the Hindoos by adopting "caste."

Both the Mahommedans and Hindoos are agreed on the subject of bringing up their daughters in ignorance. The females are never taught any thing; from their birth to their death their time is passed in complete idleness. The very poor women cook the food for their families, and draw water from the wells, or fetch it from the river; and both rich and poor amuse themselves by smoking. They dream away their lives without a single thought of another world. They do not know they have souls that must be for ever happy or for ever miserable. They never hear the name of Jesus. Oh whilst your hearts are full of pity for them. does not gratitude for your privileges lead you to say,

"My God, I thank thee who hast planned
A better lot for me;
And placed me in this Christian land,
Where I can hear of thee."

Wherever we turn our eyes in this beautiful country we find proofs that it is a heathen land. What are those fine buildings that look like places of worship? They are temples not for the worship of the living and true God, but of idols of wood and stone. Many peeple are crowding up the steps. It is a time of general sickness, and they are come to pray to their senseless idols for the removal of disease. They do not know the God of Israel who alone ce

preserve them from "the pestilence that walketh in darkness."

There stands a man in the river with his hands clasped as if in prayer; near him is a small brass cup. He has come four days ourney for that cup of water from the "sacred stream," that his sick parent whom he has left at home may drink of it and die in peace.

On the bank at a little distance is a group of four or five persons around the bed of one who appears to be very ill. Are they trying to restore him? They are putting something between his lips; it is mud from the Ganges. They are doing this because they fear he will not die, and they will not take him home again lest it should displease their gods. He has ceased to breathe; they carry the body on the bedstead some distance into the stream, and plunge it in, and now they return with joy, believing they have secured everlasting happiness for their relative. Thousands after thousands meet their death every year in this way. and daily, almost hourly, human corpses are seen floating down the Ganges covered with vultures and other birds of prey. Oh these are sights which make one feel that India is indeed a wretched country, because it is a "land full of idolatry." What the gospel has done in India. I will tell you in my next letter, and remain your affectionate friend,

S. P.

ELIZA FARRIER,

THE JAMAICA SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

BETWEEN North and South America, in the Atlantic Ocean, lies the beautiful island of Jamaica. Woods and rivers abound, and mountains so high that their tops are generally capped with clouds: these make it one of the most lovely of the West India Islands. Flowers which we know only in green-houses grow wild in the hedges, and the trees keep their fresh green verdure all the year round.

And are the people happy who live in this lovely island? Thousands of them are happy now, but they were not always so. They have to thank the missionaries and other kind friends for their happiness, and most of all that God who blessed the efforts of his servants in that island of the West. Let me tell you the history of a little Sunday school girl, who lived in Jamaica, and you will judge whether she was happy, and what made her so.

Eliza Farrier was a coloured child. Her parents did not love God, but they sent her to school at one of the Baptist Missionary Stations, on the island.

She lived in the yard near the missionary's house, and there Mr. Merrick, who has since left Jamaica, to go as a missionary to Africa, often saw her. She became such a good little girl, that every body loved her. She quickly learned to read, and was very fond of repeating

hymns. Eliza was not satisfied however with improving herself only, she soon began to teach others: and who do you think were her scholars? old people who had never had the privilege of a Sunday school. In Jamaica these persons are so anxious to learn to read now, that they are glad to get the little children to teach them, and sometimes there are more men and women than girls and boys in the schools there. Well, little Eliza, when her lessons were over, would run away with her books, not to play with her companions, but to teach some old woman her letters or spelling, or to read to her what she could not read for herself. There was one old Eboe woman. named Diana Allen, whom she would often visit; she used to take her bible, and seating herself by her. would say "Granny," (the children call all the old women Granny, in Jamaica.) "I am come to read God's word to She knew that this poor black woman was very ignorant, so when she came to any solemn verse in the bible, she would stop, and looking earnestly up in her face, exclaim "Granny, do you hear that? Do you hear what God's book says?" Ah, my children it must have been a lovely sight, to see this little girl teaching that old woman the way to heaven. She showed that her young heart had been touched by the Spirit of God, for all who seek and find Him, are anxious to lead others to seek Him too.

One day Eliza was taken ill with fever, she

could neither go to school nor teach her Granny Diana. She soon became so very ill that her senses left her. Mr. Merrick's sisters went to see her; sometimes she was cons ous and quite happy. She repeated many of the hymns which she had learnt. On the third day, they saw that she was dying. She became almost speechless. She felt she was going to leave this world, but she was not afraid, indeed she rather rejoiced. Presently they heard her faintly say, "The pleasing glories of my Saviour's name." Again, "The pleasing," and she dwelt on the word, as if she felt its truth -repeating it several times, "the pleasing, pleasing glories of my Saviour's name," and with these words on her lips, her happy spirit departed, to behold that Saviour of whom she spoke.

This little girl was only eight or nine years old, yet she was prepared to die. Oh, that all the dear little readers of this book may be like Eliza Farrier, who besides being ready to die, was always while alive trying to do good to others.

THE FRIEND OF ANDREW FULLER.

DEAR CHILDREN,

You read in the pretty little magazine for January about Andrew Fuller. Should you like now to read something about a friend of that good and useful man? His name was

James Hinton. He, like his friend, was one of those happy youths who "mind religion young." We might tell you many pleasant things about him, but at present shall only mention one thing connected with Andrew Fuller. Mr. Hinton was many years a good and faithful minister of Jesus Christ in the city of Oxford. Like Mr. Fuller, he often took iourneys to collect money for the Baptist Missionary Society, and to attend meetings to consider and plan how to carry on the work. He used also to tell his own people a great deal about what the missionaries were doing, and about the poor Hindoos or negroes, or others, who by means of their labours, were brought to know and love the true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent to give eternal life to as many as believe on Him. Mr. Hinton used to pray fervently for the success of the missionaries, for the conversion of the heathen, and that those who were converted might be assisted by the Holy Spirit to obey all the laws of Christ, and remain stedfast in their faith and obedience to the end. He used to shed tears of joy when he heard of any who had finished their course well, and died in happy reliance on Christ.

One Sabbath day in the spring of 1815, when Mr. Hinton entered the pulpit, he seemed so much affected that he could scarcely proceed with the service. In prayer he fervently implored that divine support and consolation might be afforded to a dear and faithful servant

of God, who, to all appearance was then grappling with the last enemy-death; but, he added "Abba, Father! with thee all things are possible. If consistent with thy holy will spare him for yet further usefulness. Bring him back from the gates of the grave, that he may show forth all thy praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion, and proclaim thy salvation to the ends of the earth : but whatever be the issue of this heavy affliction. help us to say, Thy will be done." Some of the people in the chapel knew who was referred to in this prayer; but others did not. After prayer Mr. Hinton seemed more composed. Never forget, dear children, that prayer is a refuge in trouble. Your pious fathers and mothers have found it so; and so will you if you seek their God, for he never " said to the seed of Jacob, seek ve me in vain."

Soon after the sermon began, a lady in front of the pulpit used her fan. This little circumstance again agitated the preacher. He stopped and begged the lady to put down her fan. Then bursting into tears he said, "I am sad at heart. My dear brother Fuller is sinking. His hand is letting go the rope. Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth: for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

Many, many prayers were offered in that congregation, as there were also wherever Mr. Puller's illness was known. It was earnestly desired that his valuable life might be spared. But God did not see fit to answer these prayers

just in the way his people wished. The time was come when that good man was to enter his rest, and the missionary work was to be carried on by others.

The next Lord's day Mr. Hinton told his people that Mr. Fuller was dead. He felt the loss very much, but he was more calm than he had been on the former occasion. The reason of this was, that he had been thinking over some beautiful texts in the bible, which afford never-failing support and comfort to the people of God under all circumstances. The texts were these, Psalm xviii. 46, "Jehovah liveth." Rev. i. 17, 18. "Fear not, I am the first and the last: I am He that liveth and was dead: and behold I am alive for evernore, amen, and have the keys of hell and death."

No doubt, dear children, you know whose words these are. They are the words of Jesus Christ who died for our sins, but rose again from the dead, and is now sitting at the right hand of God his Father in heaven, and rules over all things for the good of his people.

Among many other things that Mr. Hinton said from these texts was the following, "Fuller dies, but Jehovah lives. Mortal hands relax their grasp, but Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever. He will not let go the rope. He will raise up other faithful hands to grasp it in long succession till the work is accomplished. Dear youths! are there none of you willing to come forward and dedicate yourselves to the cause? Who of you

will fill up the ranks that death has thinned? Who is willing to be 'baptized for the dead,' I Cor. xv. 29. Parents! train your children early to take hold of the rope, and be yourselves like Fuller, 'faithful unto death.'"

At the close of the sermon a hynn was sung of which these are the two last verses:—

"' Lo, I am with you,' saith the Lord,
' My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake mine own,
Whose souls in me confide.'

Through every scene of life and death
This promise is our trust
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust,"

And now, dear children, it is a pleasure to add that among the youths who heard that sermon, there were some whom God has inclined to "put their hands to the rope." I remember no less than eleven who have become ministers of the gospel, and one who became a female missionary. Some have helped the cause in England, and some in India. Some in preaching the gospel, some in translating and printing books, some in giving and raising money to carry on the work. Some are still thus employed, others have finished their course with joy. One thing may be safely said about them. If you could ask them whether they ever repented devoting themselves

to the service of Jesus Christ, they would one and all join in saying, "No, we only regret having done so little for Him. He is a good Master, and his service is perfect freedom. The sooner you begin to serve him the better, and the happier you will be in life and death."

E. C.

Scripture Hllustrated.

"THE STREAMS IN THE SOUTH."

PSALM CXXVI. 4.—" Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south."

THERE is a very beautiful meaning in this prayer. The Psalm was written by one of the Jews who had returned from the long and painful captivity in Babylon to their own dear land of Palestine. But only a part of the Jewish people had been brought back again, and those who were thus rejoicing at their own freedom mourned because some of their brethren were still captives; and they prayed earnestly to God that he would restore them also to their country.

But what is meant by the expression, "as the streams in the south?" We shall see. In the south part of Canaan, all the streams dry up during the summer, and in the place of running waters, there are only empty channels. But in winter God restores these streams again, supplying them with abundance of water. Now this is the very prayer of the Jews,—Do for

our brethren in captivity, they say, what thou doest for the streams in the south; restore them in all their life, fulness, and beauty.

And may we not use this prayer too? Yes, when we see so many countries which are but dry and barren,—so many nations which yield no fruit of love and praise to God, we may indeed plead with him, that he will quickly pour out his Spirit, and turn the dry channels into running streams of water; that so the knowledge of the Lord may cover and fertilize the whole earth.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—Feeling anxious to promote the cause of missions, and with the hope that our example may be followed, I send you an account of our Juvenile Missionary working party. You are already aware that our Juvenile Missionary Auxiliary has done well in the way of contribution.

It is literally a juvenile society, no one of our subscribers being above the age of twenty. Our subscription is fixed at the small sum of three pence per quarter, to enable our Sunday scholars to join.

We hold quarterly meetings for business, and besides these meetings, the young folks of our congregation, with the teachers and girls of our Sunday school, assemble in the school-room

at convenient times, and employ the afternoon in making up clothing for Africa or some other field of missionary labour. We meet at three o'clock, and sevarate at eight.

Tea is wholly or partly furnished by friends who wish to encourage these dear young people in their labours of love. Some one of the party reads missionary intelligence; anecdotes are related, or we all join in singing. make a pleasing variety, and so delighted are our young sempstresses with these meetings. that they not only assemble very numerously, but upon leaving, the inquiry is, "when may we come again?" The materials are chiefly given by kind friends, who deeply feel the importance of supporting the missionary cause in every practicable way; and in many cases the young people and even the children bring pieces of print, &c. with them. Some of them, who are daily occupied in making Brazilian hats and straw plait bonnets, present the produce of six hours' labour; and I, as treasurer, feel great delight in receiving these free-will offer-Our minister kindly devotes an hour in the evening, during which he gives us missionary information, exhibits idols, or in some such way interests the youthful party, thereby rendering these meetings opportunities of instruction, as well as of promoting missionary ob-I scarcely need add, the evening is closed with prayer.

Yours respectfully,

Dec. 14, 1844.

E. U.

NEW PARK STREET JUVENILE AUXILIARY.

THE fourth quarterly meeting of this auxiliary was held at the school-room, New Park Street, on the last evening in the year. Mr. Smith was in the chair, and Messrs. Olney, Angus, Francis, Carey, H. Potter, Pearce, and Miles took part in the services.

The report was read by Mr. H. Potter, and was very encouraging. In the first year of the auxiliary, six pounds were raised; in the second, twelve pounds; last year the contributions amounted to more than £30. The proceeds are devoted to the support of schools in Cevion.

Upwards of 200 young persons attended the meeting, and a copy of the Juvenile Missionary Herald was given to each person present, most of whom are likely to become regular sub-

scribers.

BURY, SUFFOLK.

What can children do? is a question often asked, and happily it is a question easily answered. Even children may aid in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. "Truly the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places."

The question may be asked, What have children done? We rejoice to know that Juvenile Missionary Associations have multiplied the last few years, and to encourage others, we will tell you a little about one formed about three years ago, during which time £25 17s. have

been raised. Many have denied themselves to give their little mite. Some with evident delight appropriate a part of their earnings, or rewards. We have found that little children have compassionate feelings towards the benighted heathen.

There has been a public Juvenile Missionary Meeting, and a happy one it was; many a smiling face was seen there that evening, when addresses were given by the minister and others. A kind friend met with us, and gave a handsome donation to encourage the dear children. We hope, if spared, to have many such meetings.

There were three resolutions passed, that all dear young triends will do well to bear in mind.

- 1. That all should give something.
- 2. That we should give as God has enabled us.
- 3. That we should give willingly, for God loveth a cheerful giver.

Many hands were eagerly raised in approbation of these resolutions; and we hope the coming year may witness increased delight in this good work, and that the language of each youthful heart may be "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?"

First then you should implore,
The Lord to change the heart;
Then from your little store,
You freely should impart,
That some kind teacher may be given,
To point to Christ, the way to heaven.

JUVENIS.

HINTS FOR MISSIONARY COLLECTORS.

COLLECT early, and you are sure to collect well.

If you put off collecting till Saturday, you cannot go again on Monday.

Money not paid to the Treasurer cannot be employed in the support of the mission.

One penny a week throughout the year is better than a donation of half a crown.

Before making your calls on those you wish to subscribe, pray God to prepare their hearts to receive you. It was the Lord who "gave Joseph favour in the sight" of the people.

The Children's Bookshelf.

THE HISTORY OF NELLY VANNER, who died April, 1839, aged ten years. For children of the same age. By JOHN CURWEN. T. Ward and Co.

A beautiful little history! It is written so simply that all can understand it, and with such affection and tenderness, that all must be delighted with it. It ought to be a favourite book in every child's bookshelf.

THE JEW IN THIS AND OTHER LANDS. Religious Tract Society.

What an interesting people the Jews are! What an awful example of God's justice and mercy! What a proof of the truth of the Bible! Little reader of ten years old and upwards, would you learn their customs, their opinions, the blindness in which they still reject the true Messiah, read this little volume. Then pray for their sulvation. "If the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?"

THE PAGE FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

A GOOD RULE.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD.

THERE ought to be a system of contributions for the spreading of the gospel, introduced into every school.

The object of introducing such a system is threefold; to raise money by which to carry on the plans of the church, to teach the children how to exercise benevolence, and of consequence to acquire the habit; and to teach the child to exercise self-denial in obtaining the money which he contributes. Every thing of this kind should be regular and periodical; and perhaps the plan of having a contribution brought in once every month, will be a good one. As far as possible, encourage the children to give the money which they have earned by some labour or self-denial. Show that you are interested in their little contributions, and encourage them to feel that the smallest sum given from right motives, is neither overlooked nor forgotten by the great Redeemer. At the same time avoid making the impression, that giving in this way is piety, because a child may bring his pennies, and yet carry the heart of a little Pharisee. Avoid also casting blame or censure on a child who does not contribute, at least till you know the reason. His parents may be too poor, he may have no parents, or they may be unwilling to furnish the child with

money, and he knows not how to earn any himself. I have known children make very great sacrifices to earn money; others to endure great self-denial to obtain it in order to contribute; and I have known others whose feelings were cruelly and unnecessarily wounded when they could not contribute. Some teachers, who have so far acquired the confidence of the class as to know the real situation and disposition of each one, have hired such children as were unable otherwise to obtain money, to do little jobs for them, for which they paid them, and thus the contributions of the teacher passed through the hands of his poor scholars.

But every school should have regular stated seasons of contributing, and an object to which the charity is applied, so definite and tangible, that they can all see that the little stream of charity which takes its rise in their school, does indeed flow into the great river, and swell its tide, and cause the waters to reach those who are perishing with thirst.

None are poor but those who want faith in God's providence.

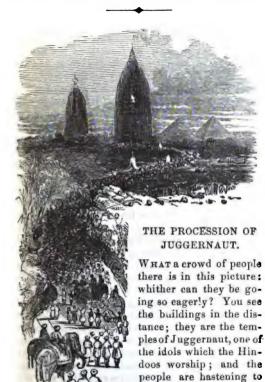
A rooted habit becomes a governing principle; every lust we entertain deals with us as Delilah did with Samson; not only robs us of our strength, but leaves us fast bound.—Prov. v. 22.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

[From the Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.]

- "She hath done what she could!" Oh how sweet
 Did those words of encouragement prove
 To that meek one, who knelt at Christ's feet,
 And gratefully poured forth her love.
- "She hath done what she could!" Can this be Applied to my labours of love?
 Would the Saviour say thus unto me,
 If He spoke from His bright throne above?
- "She hath done what she could!" Oh! with shame
 I remember how little I've tried
 To spread the sweet sound of his name,
 Who freely for sinners hath died.
- "She hath done what she could!" Let me now Redeem the bright hours which are flown. May the life which my God doth bestow; Be spent to his glory alone!

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



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one of its feasts. The idol itself is within the highest of those buildings, and is an ugly wooden figure with a black face and large red mouth. There are, as you see, several temples built for it and its brother and sister. priests and servants wait at these temples to receive the sacrifices which the poor heathen Two or three times a year they take the idol in a car from one temple to another, and then hundreds of thousands of Hindoos go with it. These people think that their god likes human sacrifices: they say he smiles when blood is offered to him. So, as the car is drawn along many, many persons who wish to please Juggernaut, throw themselves flat on the ground where the great wheel passes, and in this way they are crushed to death. Oh how different is this to the service of the God we know and worship. He is love. He delights in mercy, and willeth not the death of a sinner. Lift up your hearts, dear children, in love to him, and thank him for your better lot.

All the people round the car of Juggernaut

All the people round the car of Juggernaut shout for joy when they see their companions killing themselves to please their idol; and by and bye, when the procession is quite gone, some of the natives take up these dead bodies; not to bury them, but to carry them to an open desert place which the English there call Golgotha. Here they throw them down in heaps, and leave them to the jackals and vultures which are always watching for such prey. How true is it that "The dark places of the earth are full of

the habitations of cruelty!" Pray for the poor heathen that they may be taught to know the Lamb of God who taketh away sin by the sacrifice of himself.

CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SCHWARTZ.

CHRISTIAN Frederick Schwartz was born in Germany, in 1726. He had an affectionate and pious mother who often prayed for him very earnestly, and particularly asked that God would make her dear son a holy and useful man. But whilst he was still a child, his mother was taken very ill, and she grew worse and worse till she felt sure that she was going to die. It seemed rather sad to leave her dear boy before she had seen her prayers for him answered, but she did not doubt the truth of God's promises. She parted from her child in the joyful hope of meeting him in heaven. Before she died, she called his father and her minister to her, and begged them not to prevent his wishes in any way, if he should, when he grew up, desire to be a useful preacher of the gospel. That little boy felt it a solemn thing when he heard his mother speak of it, and he loved her so much that he longed to be all that she wished. He often remembered her dying words afterwards, and he used to go alone and ask God to answer her prayers for him.

God soon raised him up another pious and faithful friend. Little Frederick went to

school when he was only eight. His master was a very good man. He enjoyed prayer so much that he wished his pupils to enjoy it too, and he told them how to pray for themselves. He said they must not merely repeat some words they had been taught by their friends. God is a Spirit and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. When we pray, it is to ask him for what we want, and we shall do that best in our own words. Little Frederick did so, and he found it so pleasant that he was glad to feel alone with God; and when he had done wrong he used to go at once and ask God's forgiveness.

But the good schoolmaster went away, and then Frederick Schwartz and some of his companions showed that it was partly his care and teaching which had induced them to think so much about God. Sometimes God takes away our best friends to show us what evil hearts we have, and how wicked we should be without restraint. Frederick gradually left off prayer, and as he ceased to care for his own soul, he was no longer anxious for the salvation of others. He had a great many gay and merry companions at this time, and he seemed cheerful like them, but he was not really happy. Oh no! There were times when the recollection of his mother's prayers and advice came to his mind, and when conscience spoke too plainly to allow him any comfort. The Bible tells us there is no peace to the wicked. Once he was taken very ill, and he

trembled as he fancied that God was going to call him to his account. He prayed for pardon, and promised to serve God more diligently if he should recover. But his goodness was like the dew upon the grass. When he got well, and could be busy again, he forgot the God who had restored his health. God spake a second time: again he laid him upon a sick bed, and again he trembled for a time, but his heart continued unchanged. Have not some of my readers trembled thus, under convictions which they have thrown off afterwards in the active hours of health?

But if Frederick had forgotten his pious mother's prayers, God was still faithful in remembering them. He put it into the heart of a young lady to speak to him. That lady knew that he was not always giddy and thought-Perhaps she knew the resolutions he had made in illness, and reminded him of them. Frederick Schwartz listened to her advice and read the books she lent him, and again resolved with God's help to devote himself to his service. This time he kept his promise. Soon afterwards he met with a missionary who had been living in India. When he heard from him of the wretched state of the poor idolaters, he longed to go and tell them of the Saviour whom he had found so well able to take away sin. The Danish Missionary Society offered to send him to Tranquebar. He spoke to his father, and obtained leave to go. Before he started, he thought he should like to visit his mother's grave. Ah! as he knelt upon it, and remembered how God had been faithful in protecting him, and especially in working that change of heart which she so much desired, how firmly must he have relied upon the future presence of the prayer-hearing God!

When he reached Tranquebar he was not able to preach to the people because he did not know their language, and it took him many months to learn it. At last he overcame this difficulty, but had still many discouragements. The people often praised his preaching, and some confessed that what he said was true. But they did not like the truth; they were not ready to give up their sins and superstitions for it.

The king of Tranquebar once sent a message to Schwartz requesting him to come and explain his religion to him, as he had heard others speak of it, and wished to understand it. missionary went, but just as he was beginning to speak, another visitor arrived. It was a brahmin, or heathen priest. The king rose from his seat, bent low upon the ground before the brahmin and gave him a seat, whilst he himself stood opposite him, with his hands folded. Then he asked Schwartz to talk to him. But the brahmin would not answer, and seemed " willing to hear him speak. Perhaps he felt some doubt whether his religion would bear comparison with that which the missionary was preaching. The king was pleased with Schwartz, and He gave him a often visited him afterwards. garden in which Schwartz built himself a house

and many years afterwards when the king was dying, he sent a messenger to ask Schwartz to visit him. What do you think he wished to say to him? Did he wish to know if he might be sure of a heavenly crown now that his earthly one was fast fading away? No, he was clinging still to the honours of this world. He had no child of his own, but had adopted a should be chosen king, and allowed to govern when he grew old enough. He spent the last few precious hours with the missionary in asking him to manage this, and to take the boy meanwhile under his protection.

Frederick Schwartz was fond of children. He had none of his own, but he assembled some of the native children every day in his parlour and read the Bible with them, and joined with them in singing a hymn. They learned to sing a new hymn every day. There were other little children who loved him besides these. When he went to visit his friends the children used be run to meet him and climb upon his knee to talk to him, and when he visited the schools many little faces brightened with smiles, and many voices were eager to show how much they had learned since they were last examined by their kind minister. But the missionary did not give his time only to the children. had visits almost every day from some of the learned Brahmins who liked to come and talk to him, and some of whom were persuaded to give up their pride and superstition for the lowly religion of Jesus. Often too the missionary travelled about preaching and giving away hooks. Nor was it all in vain. God has said that his word shall be as sure of doing good as the pleasant summer shower upon the mown Perhaps you have noticed the fresh green tint of the beautiful lawn when the rain has refreshed and watered it; Schwartz had a more refreshing sight sometimes. There was one village of about sixty houses, in which he could walk without hearing bad language or seeing idols worshipped. He could go from house to house and find the true God worshipped Then there was another place,-a in each. hill on which he had built a chapel, and there was quite a little village round that chapel, for those who loved God liked to live as near his house as possible.

The missionary had other trials beside those you have heard of. The heat is greater far than you can fancy from any thing you have felt here, and it made him ill sometimes. He often had to see persons suffering from illness and great poverty, with none to pity them. three years there was a sad famine owing to a destructive and dangerous war. Schwartz often found persons lying in the roads starving. and many actually died from want. The kind missionary could not bear this. He had not much money, for he had been spending his time to more important purposes than merely getting money, but with the little he had he bought some rice and gave it to the poor hungry

children and their parents. They were not used to such pity, and they felt it very much, and loved him ever afterwards.

When the missionary had spent forty-seven years in India, he began to feel that his time was nearly all gone. Do you think he wished to go back to his own country before he died? Oh no! he loved his work and wished to go on with it as long as he lived. When he was seventy years old he continued to preach every Sunday, and to meet his little coloured children for an hour, each day, in his parlour. At last, after he had been out in the sunshine one hot day, he took cold, and was very ill. The doctor visited and gave him medicine, but it seemed to be of no use. Schwartz said. "It is the will of God to take me to himself." very, very weak, but he did not like to miss the hour with his little scholars. He knew they would have been disappointed, so he sent in the evening to fetch them to his room. Most likely they came softly and quietly, for they loved their teacher, and grieved that he was ill. He sat up in bed and looked at them earnestly, and then they sang one of his favourite hymns. A few days afterwards the young king came to see him. This was the boy whom Schwartz had once taken under his care at the request of the last king. He had always since behaved respectfully to Schwartz, and called him He was very sorry to see him now so ill, and listened attentively to his parting words, and ever afterwards he was kind to the Christians when he had opportunity, though he did not himself give evidence of love to God.

Schwartz suffered much pain before he died. but he tried to be patient. He was not at all afraid of death; no, it was only the messenger that came to call him to his reward. He hade his friends farewell a few hours before his death. and then he asked them to sing a hymn, and joined them as well as he was able, but whilst he sung his voice failed. The little orphan children round his bed, and all his friends stopped. and bent over him anxiously. He opened his eyes and looked round on them once more. His happy spirit fled, and was the last time. his friends around could almost fancy they heard the joyful welcome,-"Well done, good and faithful servant." The poor children took his cold hand in theirs, and could scarcely believe it would press them no more.

Nearly a hundred years have passed away since Schwartz died in his Master's work. He has entered into rest. Many, many dear children have followed him to the world to which he has gone. Dear little reader, will you meet him there?

E. S.

Scripture Hllustrated.

JOSEPH'S COAT.

GENESIS XXXVII. 3.—"He made him a coat of many colours,"

This was done by the patriarch Jacob for his son Joseph; he loved him better than his other children, and did it to show his love. We find that exactly the same thing is still done for favourite children in the East. It is believed that when a child is so clothed, evil spirits will not injure him, because their attention is taken off from the child to the garment. Those parents who are too poor to be able to buy such clothing, put a black spot upon the child's forehead, to protect it from evil. This last custom explains another passage which you will find in Deut. xxxii. 5, and which I hope you will be able yourself to understand.

THE LITTLE COLLECTOR.

A LITTLE girl of our acquaintance had a missionary box and collecting book. very diligent in getting money, presenting her box or her book to relatives, and friends, on all proper occasions. She was not forward or rude, but she watched for opportunities, and ar approving look or smile from her father and mother often told her when to ask for a donation or subscription. She was very pleased when she found she had got more money than those of her little companions who were collectors also. This was not right. She should have been pleased that she was successful, but not that her friends could not get on as well as This state of feeling proved that this little girl was not influenced by right motives. One evening she went to a juvenile missionary

meeting; a speaker at that meeting pointed out the importance of right motives in all we do. He urged on the young people to give their hearts to Christ, and work from love to him, and told them how dreadful it would be to perish themselves after having sent the gospel to others. This little girl was very thoughtful and serious while he was speaking. When the meeting was over, she did not say a word till she got home, when she took her box and book, and putting them on the table before her father, threw her arms round his neck weeping bitterly. "What is the matter my dear?" said her father. "Oh! Papa," she replied, "take my box and book, I will never be a collector again!" "What is the matter. my dear?" again asked her father. Papa," she exclaimed, sobbing as if her little heart would break, "I have been such a hypocrite. I have been collecting money to send teachers to tell the heathen about Christ, and I do not love him myself. I thought I was better than the heathen, but I am worse. I will not at least, be a hypocrite, dear papa, do take my box and book." Much more did this little girl say to her father. They wept and talked together, and then he prayed with her, and urged her to give her heart that night to Christ. She did so, and now she is a missionary collector again, happy in her work, grateful to God for her own success, and grateful when others are as successful as herself.



NEWS FROM AFAR.

LAST WORDS OF A DYING MISSIONARY.

Mr. Daniell, of Columbo, was a bright example of self-denial. His illness was so rapid in its progress that he was not aware of his departure being so near at hand in time to make many arrangements, but he earnestly exhorted the native assistants who came to see him, to "go on," and to see that all the schools were well kept up. "I go away," he said, "but the work of the Lord must succeed, it cannot fail."

HIS SELF-DENIAL.

Mr. Melder, a native, preached a very interesting sermon in Portuguese, on a sabbath evening soon after Mr. D.'s decease. He took for his text, "To me to live is Christ," and showed

that this was the sentiment of every true servant of Christ: then that it was the sentiment of him. whose tones were just hushed, and who was now proving that "to die is gain." It was a touching thing, says Mrs. Birt, to sit before the pulpit from which Mr. Daniell had been used so faithfully to deliver his Master's message, and to remember that that tongue was now crumbling beneath my feet, whilst the little flock, by whom I was surrounded, were like sheep having lost their shepherd, none perhaps feeling more deeply than the preacher. "Ah." said he. "we have lost a father." he did not leave them there; he intreated them earnestly to remember, that every one who professed to be a servant of Christ should try to live for others here; and that their first thought. after their own salvation, should be, like Paul's, what could be done for his Master, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He spoke of the many times in which he had seen the dear old man walking with great labour in the paddy fields, sinking to the knees in sand and mire, and perhaps drenched by rain. "When," said he, "I used to say, 'Oh! this is too much, you must take care of your valuable life,' he would reply, 'No, Melder, I am not a missionary gentleman, I must work. I am a servant, and the Lord's work must be done.""

PERSEVERE.

One of the assistants complained that the people in a certain village would not hear him,

"then," said Mr. D., "you must still go on, go and preach to the trees—talk to them, then people will come out of curiosity." He did so, and now that place is quite a regular station. He was a man of unusual perseverance, and wherever he went, the one object was ever present to his mind, and all things bent to its accomplishment. Dr. E. says it was rather trying to take him out with you, for scarcely a man was met on the road, but Mr. D. would hail him, and ask what God he worshipped, and then direct him to Jesus.

HOWRAH.

Our young friends will see from the following extract from a letter of Mr. Morgan's, that their example is beginning to be copied by the children of our schools in India:—

"I have lately brought to the notice of our people and the school children, what young people in England are doing for the heathen. I am happy to say that the appeal was not in vain; some brought their money boxes to the school, and presented the contents to me, to use their own words, "to buy books for Bengálee boys;" others are collecting and saving all: of one little fellow I am told, that though he was a great kite player, he has not bought any since. Such a practice teaches children to set a proper value upon money, to apply it to good purposes, and to superinduce benevolent feelings in their mind. I have wept with joy at

seeing a little fellow with a smiling and happy countenance presenting his little store to the Lord of Hosts. It is an act of self-denial, but the very act of denying himself many little things, seems to produce a greater amount of happiness in the mind of a child. I wish that all parents would follow the example of the poor negro woman who said, 'You see we bring them up to it.'"

BEENIO, --- THE LITTLE CHINESE GIRL.

[From a letter of Miss Grant, (dated Singapore,) a teacher in connexion with the Society for promoting Female Education in the East.]

A SLIGHT incident occurred the other day with one of the girls, that pleased me much, because so entirely unlike the native character. The girl alluded to, ' Beenio,' was in my room, where I do not often allow them to come; but this girl so delights in being with me, that I had not the heart to dismiss her. She was examining the little things on the table, and amongst them noticed a letter-folder, which she inquired the use of. I told her, and then gave her a new book to cut open for me. Whilst so doing, I heard the paper, as I thought, tear and called out to her to stop, as I suspected she was injuring the book, to which she replied, 'Tidak,' equiva lent to our 'no.' She put away the book, and I never thought of it more; but next evening, when school was over, she followed me up stairs, and I saw she was not the same bright, merry, laughing thing as usual. I

looked at her, concerned to know what was the matter,—the tear stood in each eye (to me like a pearl indeed, for it was the tear of repentance), as she simply acknow-ledged—"When I was cutting the book open yesterday, the leaves were torn before I touched them, but I did tear them more, though I said 'no' to you, and I have been so unhappy since I denied it; last night I could not sleep for thinking of it." Surely, if it be true of the redeemed that 'no guile is found in their mouths,' this dear child seems among the number. Nor is this by any means a single instance of her uprightness of character. The native motto is,—that the person who knows not how to lie cleverly and resolutely, is a poor, weak, silly rerson. So openly, alas! do they proclaim their parentage as taught in John viii. 44.

WHAT IS YOUR HOPE FOR ETERNITY?

Some time since as a Christian missionary was travelling in India, he came to a retired spot, where, at some distance before him, he saw a man lying on the ground, apparently asleep. At first sight he supposed that the individual was one of those religious devotees, so frequently to be met with in India, who, wearied with the fatigues of his pilgrimage, had laid him down to rest. As he approached nearer, however, he thought that the man appeared to be in pain, and on reaching the place where he lay, he discovered that he was in the agonies of death. Anxious, if possible, to afford some consolation to a fellow mortal in the hour of his extremity, the rissionary knelt by the side of the sufferer, and addressing aim in the native language, said, "Brother, what is your

hope for eternity?" The dying man opened his eyes with an expression of surprise and pleasure, and faintly whispered, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleamaeth from all sin." He could say no more, for the tide of life was fast ebbing, and in a few moments the spirit of that poor and lonely wanderer was before the throne of God. As the missionary gased upon the lifeless corpse, his eye rested on a piece of paper which the dying man had kept firmly grasped in his hand, and on examination he found that it was a single leaf of the Bengalee New Testament, containing the verse which the expiring Hindoo had repeated as the confession of his faith. The mingled feelings of joy and sadness which filled the heart of the missionary as he pursued his journey, may be more easily imagined than described.

Young Reader! what is your hope for eternity? You have not a leaf of the Bible only, but the whole Bible: will your answer be as ready and beautiful as his?

J. M. S.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

NOTICE.

WILL our young friends send us before the end of March all sums raised for the Dove and other mission purposes? Our year closes on the 31st March, and every thing intended for the Annual Report must reach us by that day.

CANTERBURY.

We are glad to hear that the Juvenile Auxiliary at Canterbury is doing well. It comprises thirty-four Collectors, whose active efforts, while they testify their lively interest in the Mission, have been productive of considerable success. In addition to these, thirty-six boxes have been issued.

The proceeds of the two quarters, ending the first of January, amount to £22 8s. 8d. This is exclusive of the collection at the formation of the auxiliary, and of the contents of the boxes.

THE DOVE.

THE DOVE sailed from Gravesend, on Friday the 31st January, and on the Tuesday following, the missionaries went on board at Cowes. The two cabins are very comfortably fitted up. Many friends gave kind presents, (some very valuable) and the Religious Tract Society gave a small library of books and tracts in various languages. May He who holds the winds in his hands take charge of her and her precious freight.

A NEW ARRIVAL.

Two beautiful grey parrots were landed at Liverpoel, a few weeks ago, from Fernando Po. They were sent by Dr. Prince to two friends in England. A monkey was sent with them, but the poor fellow fell sick and died on the voyage. He had no companion to keep up his spirits. The two parrots, however, were in very good health, and seemed exceedingly fond of each other. It was a pity they had to be parted; but after a few days' refreshment they were sent off in different directions to their owners. We wish these two little Africans may like England as well as their own warm groves. Their captivity will be more gentle than that of their country-people in the West Indies used to be, but "there is no place like home."

THE PAGE FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

A Christian should long to be gone, yet be willing to remain. "If God were to refer the event of this affliction to me," said Winter, "I would refer it to him again."

That which satisfied the righteousness of God may well satisfy the alarmed conscience of the sinner.

God rewards every degree of sincere ebedience to his will with a further discovery of it. "I_understand more than the ancients," says David, "because I keep thy precepts."—Psalm cxix, 103.

Many had proved wise if they had not thought themselves so.—Prov. iii. 7.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.—Prov. iii. 12.

The wicked can fear no evil, and the righteous desire no good greater than are intended for them.

The first step to knowledge is to know that we are ignorant.

Sloth, in the conclusion, proves laborious.—Prov. i. 15, 19.

Study rather to give account of thy little than how to make it more.

The Children's Bookshelf.

First Ideas of Geography for Children.

First Ideas of Number for Children.

Exercises in Arithmetic, after the method of Pestalozzi.

Parker.

Will our little friends allow us to tell them a secret? The easiest way to learn any thing about Arithmetic or Geography is to begin by learning, not figures or words, but things. If you and I were walking near some water, we might notice in it a mound of earth, covered perhaps with trees and surrounded with water. Have you seen such an object? If you have I will tell you its name. It is called an island. You saw the thing first, you know the name now. You see that this water is surrounded by land, and that it is very extensive: we call it a lake. If it were a stream flowing into the sea, we should have called it a riper.

Now the books I have just named teach geography and arithmetic in this way. They begin at the very beginning, and lead little people by short steps, which they themselves can see, to the highest points of knowledge. "Let no one," says Pestalozzi, "despise these things because they are little. There was a time when we were ignorant even of the least of them."

THE MESSAGE OF MERCY.

Suggested by the departure of the missionary vessel "Dove" for Africa.

Fly with thy heavenly message!
And may a gracious gale,
Speed, peaceful Dove, thy passage;
And fill thy spreading sails.
Fly on the mighty billow;
For sacred work prepared:
The restless wave thy pillow,
The God of heaven thy guard.

Bear on, ye mighty waters,
This messenger of peace,
That Afric's sons and daughters
May hear the word of grace.
Go, heralds of salvation,
To Afric's scorching plain;
To that degraded nation,
Go, preach a Saviour slain.

See! see! the light is breaking;
They come, O God, to thee,
Their idol-gods forsaking,
And bow the willing knee.
Redemption's blissful story
Shall spread throughout the land;
And sweet millennial glory
Break forth on every hand.

Send, Lord, thy Holy Spirit,
To conquer hearts of stone;
Till Jesus shall inherit
The nations for his own;
Till Afric's sons shall own him,
And low before him fall;
All nations join to crown him,
The glorious Lord of all.

London.

L. W.

JOY IN HEAVEN.

FOR THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.

Gentle angels, lowly bending,
Love to hear when children sing,
With the artless voices blending,
Join the praise and drop the wing.

If beneath some palmy cover Heathen babes encircled praise, Would they not delighted hover? Grateful and adoring, gaze?

While, in simple hymns, their voices Swell to praise the Saviour's name, Heaven itself the sound rejoices, Waking rapture to a flame.

Homerton.

JAMES EDMESTON.

TO THE READER.

THANKS to the friends of missions for their hearty support of this little magazine. We are greatly cheered by the way in which it has been received on all sides.

A little more effort, however, is wanting still. The Magazine must pay its expenses, and keep the Society harmless. This is our first duty. The next will be yet further to embellish the work. No pains shall be spared to make this little visitor a most welcome guest.

Little reader, do you buy and read this book? If you do, does your little friend and playfellow buy and read it? If not, ask him if he will.

HERE ARE HINTS FOR TEACHERS.

"I have adopted a plan (says a respected pastor,) which many others might imitate with ease, viz. buying a quarter of a hundred to distribute among my young friends."

"Let it be announced (says a teacher,) some Sabbath afternoon, that there is a magazine expressly for children, and then let the superintendent read an extract or two from one of the numbers. I have not the least doubt but the following month the sale will be doubled;—and tripled too."

"An admirable reward book (says a respected pastor's wife,) for our Sunday Schools,"

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



A NEGRO FAMILY.

TOL. I.) [APRIL

JAMAICA.

THE island of Jamaica is situated between 17½ degrees and 18½ degrees north latitude, and 76 degrees and 76½ degrees west longitude, 4000 miles south-west from England, and about 400 from the nearest point of the South American continent. It is 150 miles long and 55 broad, and contains about four millions of acres.

Jamaica was discovered by Christopher Columbus on the 2nd of May, 1494, during his second voyage, and when sailing from Cuba. The summits of the "Blue Mountains" towering in some places to nearly 8000 feet above the level of the sea, were first seen; and after an interval of two days and nights, he anchored in a harbour about the centre of the island, to which, from the beauty of the surrounding country, he gave the name of Santa Gloria. It is now called St. Ann's Bay, and is one of Mr. Abbott's stations. A view of this bay, with a large group of converts receiving Christian baptism, has been printed in oil colours by Mr. Baxter.

The island was called Xaymuca in the Florida language, signifying abundance of wood and water: a name beautifully appropriate for an island covered in many parts with dark and sombre forests, and intersected by upwards of two hundred rivers. By Columbus it was called St. Jago or St. James, from the (so-called) patron saint of Spain. After a sturdy

resistance on the part of the Indians, by whom the island was densely peopled, Columbus took formal possession of it in the name of his sovereign. In 1503 the Spaniards first began to colonize Jamaica. Fifty years later the Indians had all perished, and slaves were introduced to supply their place. The number of the Indian population we have no authentic account of; but all writers agree in representing it as very large. Las Casas, the benevolent historian of the discovery of the New World, says, "the Spaniards hanged these unfortunates, by thirteens, in honour of the thirteen apostles. I have beheld them throw the Indian infants to their dogs."

The island remained in the possession of the Spaniards till the 3rd of May, 1655, when Jamaica was conquered by a large armament fitted out by Oliver Cromwell. At that time the whole population amounted to no more than 1500 Spanish and Portuguese, and an equal number of negroes and mulattoes, though the Spaniards had been 146 years in possession of the island. From 1655, up to the present time, Jamaica has continued in the hands of the British.

The population of Jamaica and of other western colonies was materially increased during the Commonwealth, and the years immediately following the restoration of Charles II. In 1670 the white population amounted to 7500, and the slaves to 8000; in 1698 the slaves had increased to 40,000. During the following seventy years half a million of negroes were imported into the island, though at the end

of that time, only 192,000 was the total amount of the slave population. For fifty years it required at least 10,000 slaves a year to supply the waste of human life caused by that accursed system. In 1808, the number of slaves was 323,827; in 1838, 310,368, or a falling off of more than 13,000 in 30 years.

The present population is about 415,000, consisting of 385,000 coloured persons, 30,000 whites, and 1200 maroons.

The awful destruction of life is not the only loss occasioned by the slave system. Since 1717 there have been no fewer than three-and-twenty general slave insurrections, or one in every five or six years. The insurrection of 1832 was put down at a cost of £161,000, and destroyed upwards of a million of property. We are not examining the causes of these insurrections, but who can help being struck with the justice of divine Providence, which makes ruin even the present "wages of sin," and lets injustice bring with it its own reward.

Jamaica is of an oval shape. The "Blue Mountains" run through the whole island from east to west. It is also occasionally intersected by other high ridges running north and south, the whole island presenting a beautiful scene of high mountains embosomed in clouds, and vast savannahs or plains, rivers, and creeks. Some of the hills are clothed with fine cedar and other trees of enormous bulk. The dales between these hills contain a rich soil of great depth, where the guinea grass forms a carpet of ever

verdant beauty. Cocoa, indigo, and cotton. were at one time extensively cultivated; but sugar and coffee are now the principal products. Its drugs, spices, and dyes, are of excellent quality. Potatoes, vams, peas, beans, cabbagetrees (200 feet high), and most European vegetables, flourish in abundance; while every month presents a fresh collection of fruits and vegetables, some species of which are in maturity all the year round. The bread-fruit trees, cocoanut, plantain, mellow fig. pine, orange, lime, lemon, mango, grape, pomegranate, plum, tamarind, melon, mulberry, olive, date, citron, and many other fruits, all arrive at perfection. Maize is the principal corn grain, and together with the yam and sweet potatoe, is the chief food of the negroes.

The climate of Jamaica is by no means so unhealthy as has been represented. The temperature even at Kingston varies but from 93 to 70 degrees. As the country rises, the air is of course cooler, so that fourteen miles from Kingston at an elevation of 4,200 feet the average range is from 65 to 55 degrees, and in winter from 42 degrees. The heat, too, is mitigated by the sea breezes. The air is remarkably light and enlivening, and very equal in its pressure. The quantity of rain falling in the year is nearly fifty inches. The seasons are four, viz. the seasons of vernal or moderate rains, in April and May, lasting six weeks; the hot and dry season, including June, July, and August: the windy and rainy months, embracing September, October, and November; and the cold season, comprising December, January, February, and March. These four months make up the season in which it is best for missionaries and others to reach Jamaica, as by the return of the rainy and warmer months, they become inured to the climate.

But we have written enough on the history of Jamaica. In an early number we hope to say something of Christian missions in that island. In the meantime will our young friends find Jamaica on the map; and ask their parents and teachers to explain any words or statements in the above paper which they are not able to understand.

INDIA.

A LETTER TO THE YOUNG.

NO. III.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, .

We have found that the fierce followers of Mahomet, who came with swords in their hands to convert the Hindoos, failed in their attempt, let us inquire whether "the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God," has been used in vain.

Fifty years ago the first missionaries went from England to India, and many have gone since that time. Perhaps if I tell you the names of the towns in which missionaries are stationed, you will try to recollect them. In Calcutta, Serampore, Chinsurah, Dacca, Dinagepore, Berampore, Monghir, Patna, Chunar, Gorruckpore, Benares, Allahabad, Agra, and Delhi in the north—at Cuttack, Balasore, Gajam, Vizagapatam, Madras, and Travancore, in the south—and at Bombay, Surat, Nussack, Belgaum, and a few others on the western coast. God has not permitted his servants to labour in these places in vain.

If we look around, some cheering sights may meet our eyes to contrast with the horrors of Hindooism. In Calcutta and some other large cities we shall find many chapels where converted Hindoos and Mussulmauns meet to worship the Christian's God,—schools where hundreds of children, both male and female, are taught to read the Bible in their own tongue, and are made acquainted with its precious truths,—and printing presses in which thousands of tracts and copies of the holy scriptures are printed every year, and sent to all the mission-stations to be given away to the heather.

Let us enter a town far away from the great city. Shall we find any pleasant sights here? Who are those people so clean and neat, with books in their hands, walking over the plain? One man is gently leading a very old woman, I suppose it is his aged mother; how slowly he walks, and how tenderly he helps her. Little children are of the party; how smiling and happy they look. At the door of that

neat cottage others are waiting for them. Now they have joined them. Once all these people were idolaters,—now they are the disciples of Jesus. The gospel has taught them to be "kindly-affectioned one toward another," the gospel has made them so cheerful and happy. They have entered the chapel yonder, and their voices are joining in the hymn of praise to Jesus the sinner's friend. The preacher who is going to address them is one who was converted from the errors of Hindooism. Sometimes they are addressed by one who in early days was a follower of the cruel prophet. The gospel has not only broken the chain of caste, but changed the lion into the lamb.

God does not forget his promise, " My word shall not return unto me void." Wherever it has been preached there its power is felt. But alas! in how small a portion of that great country has it been preached. How many provinces, containing numerous towns and villages, are yet in darkness; the inhabitants have never heard the glad news of salvation. It may seem to you that I have named many towns in which missionaries are stationed, but once more turn to the map and see what a small space they occupy, and suppose that in each of the towns there were ten missionaries. (though I fear in many of them we should really find only one) how few would these be to teach one hundred and twenty-five millions of idolaters!!! If the grace of God has touched and renewed your own hearts, will

you not pray for this ignorant and destitute people, that God may incline his servants to go in large numbers to that distant heathen land to instruct them, and that he would baptize the nation with his Spirit? Those who become believers need very much the prayers of Christians, for as in the days of the first missionaries, so in the present time they meet with much persecution, and when they profess themselves the disciples of the Lord Jesus, they have to endure the loss of "wife, and children, and houses, and lands," kindred and friends.

I will close this letter by telling you about the last convert of whom I have heard. I knew him when he was an idolater; he was a servant in the family of a missionary. missionary used to read the Bible to his servants, and explain it to them, and prav carnestly for their conversion. The heart of this poor idolater was opened to receive the truth. He asked for a New Testament that he might read the "good news" himself. Then he began to go to chapel, and his attention to the preacher was observed by many. At home he was often found in some retired place on his knees in prayer. By degrees, all his heathen practices were given up, which drew upon him scorn and contempt from his family and friends, though he had done nothing to occasion the loss of caste. When asked why he did not profess himself a disciple, he would reply with tears, "How can I give up my wife and child?" He thought he could be a Christian in heart

whilst a heathen in name. Thus three years passed away, and during that time his beloved minister was removed to his rest in heaven, and did not see the fruit of his labour. But the Spirit of God was striving in the heart of Bundhoo.

A short time ago he came to the missionary with whom he now lives, and said, "my mind is much troubled, I can wait no longer, I desire to be baptized." You may be sure his minister was very glad to hear him say so, believing that he had long been a Christian in heart. Not so his friends and neighbours when they knew he was determined to join the Christians. They were very angry, and did all they could to hinder him. He had to endure the scoffs and reproaches of his relations and even the curses of his mother.

The missionary knew he would soon be cast out from amongst them, so he pointed out many portions of Scripture for his comfort. and told him to employ every opportunity afforded in preaching Christ to his relations and neighbours. He remained three or four days with them, and was enabled to speak boldly of They took him to the salvation by Jesus. Brahmin and insisted on his worshipping the idols in the temple; but to their surprise, he preached Christ to the Brahmin too, (he spake of this afterwards with joy and thankfulness.) They then drove him away from them, and he went to stay at the house of the missionary. His wife deserted him, but they could not take his little boy from him, though they tried to do

so; and his aged mother who had been so very angry could not bear to part from her kind and good son, so she followed him to the missionary's dwelling, and now lives there, and hears the Bible read and attends the chapel. Bundhoo was full of joy, and all the Christians. rejoiced too! "Oh," he said, "a year ago I thought it a hard thing to become a Christian but the Lord has made it easy." I believe it was on the ninth of last March about eight in the morning that he was baptized in the river Ganges, just opposite the house in which he first heard of Jesus. The congregation stood on the high sloping bank above the river. About a hundred were present. Three other converts were baptized at the same time. Shujatali, one of the dear native preachers, addressed the persons baptized, and also the heathen; he was very poorly, scarcely able to be there; but he would go, "for," said he, "there will be joy in heaven, and shall not I rejoice too?" Oh it must have been a happy and interesting sight. Who does not long and Pray for the time when the one hundred and twenty-five millions of heathen shall all have "cast their idols to the moles and to the bats," -when that people shall be a redeemed people -a happy people, whose "God is the Lord." My dear children, do all that you can to hasten it. Think more about India, (what we care for we often think about), and pray more earnestly for India. That time shall come.

Your affectionate friend,

THE DOVE.



THE WORDS FROM THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD FOR FEBRUARY.



A BIMBIA HYMN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JUVENILE HERALD.

As your juvenile readers take such a deep and praiseworthy interest in the African Missions, it has occurred to me that they may be pleased with the following hymn, composed by our brother Merrick for the children of their schools in Bimbia, Western Africa. I took this hymn down from the dictation of our friend, Mrs. Prince. It was sweetly sung by her little daughter, whom she has brought from Fernando Po, to a plaintive air, used in our sabbath schools, but the name of which I do not know.

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A BIMBIA HYMN IN THE ISUBU LANGUAGE.

- "Jesus said, Jesus said, Jesus hama, Jesus hama,
- "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, Messe backatoo, baga namba,
- "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, Messe backatoo, baga namba,
- "To come unto me, Massa kallia babo,
- "To come unto me, Massa kallia babo,
- "For of such is the kingdom of heaven, Ho na babo habonya ya obassi,
- "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

 Ho na babo habonya ya obassi.

MATTHEW xix. 14.

Scripture Hllustrated.

1 Sam. xiv. 26.—" And when the people were come into the wood, behold the honey dropped."

Bees in the East are not as in England, kept in hives, they are all in a wild state. The forests literally flow with honey. Large combs may be seen hanging on the trees full of honey. Hence this article is cheap and plentiful, and is much used by the Vedahs to preserve the flesh of the animals they catch in the chase.

I Sam. xxvi. 11.—"His bolster and the croise of water."

Thus did Saul sleep with his head on the bolster, and a vessel of water by his side; and in this way do all eastern travellers sleep at this day. The bolster is round, and about eight inches in diameter, and twenty in length. In travelling, it is carried rolled up in the mat on which the owner sleeps. In a hot climate a draught of water is very refreshing in the night, hence a vessel filled with water is always kept near where a person sleeps.

ISAIAH ii. 8 .- "Their land is full of idols."

This is a true and literal description of India. The traveller cannot proceed a mile through an inhabited country, without seeing idols and vestiges of idolatry in every direction. See their vessels, their implements of industry, their houses, their furniture, their ornaments, their sacred trees, their domestic and public temples, and they all declare that the "land is full of idols."

IT IS NOT EASY TO BE A MISSIONARY.

ABYSSINIA is a large country on the east coast of Africa. There are a great many lofty, rugged mountains in it, among which flow two rivers, the Blue River, and the White River. These meet, and, joining their waters together, form one majestic stream, which is called the Nile, that famous river which makes Egypt so fruitful, and has been called the "Father of Waters." About fifteen hundred years ago the Christian religion was taken into Abyssinia; but the people have followed many Jewish and heathen practices, and have become so dishenest and barbarous that they need to be taught the holy lessons of Christianity over again.

An excellent missionary called Mr. Krapf went to Abyssinia some years ago. Once as he was travelling through the country he came to a city called Gatira, where king Adara lived. This man, at first, was very friendly, and spoke so kindly that Mr. Krapf thought that he had never seen so good a king. But he soon found that in his heart he was cruel, and not unlike him of whom David said, "The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart."

When Mr. Krapf wanted to leave Gatira and go forward on his journey, the king would never consent, but always made excuses to keep him a few days longer. At last he said he should certainly be allowed to leave on the day following. Mr. Krapf hardly believed him,

and so resolved that if the promise were not kept, he would try and make his escape. With this determination he went to bed : but just as he had fallen asleep some soldiers came into his room. awoke him. and told him he must get up and go immediately to the king. He did so. The king seemed in a very good humour, and asked a great many questions. But so long did he continue trying on the missionary's spectacles and boots, that Mr. Krapf grew quite tired. He therefore said he must go back again to his bed. When the king saw this, he slipped away into a closet. In a moment afterwards his servants rushed forth and fell on Mr. Krapf. telling him he was a prisoner and should not escape. At first Mr. Krapf thought Adara only wanted to try his courage, but he soon found this savage chieftain made no sport with him. soldiers hurried him out of the house to prison. One seized his cloak, another searched his pockets, and took away his money, and keys, and penknives. Mr. Krapf said to them, "How can you behave in this way, is not the king my friend?" But the rough soldiers only cried out, "Give us your money; the king says we are to kill you if you do not give up all your treasures." Some female slaves who were grinding meal in a corner of the room began to cry and lament aloud, but there was no pity in the heart of the soldiers. They took away all his trunks to the king, and at last got hold of his English New Testament. He entreated them to leave him this which he valued more

than every thing else as it contained the word of God: but even though they could not read it, they refused to return it. In the midst of all this sorrow, this good man remembered how the blessed Jesus had once stood among the raging multitude before Pontius Pilate, and this thought gave him strength, and made him not afraid to die. He tried to make the soldiers think of death and the judgment hereafter. but they had no eyes nor ears for any thing but plunder. "Give us your money;" was all their cry. As it was very cold he ventured to ask for his cloak, which was given him; and being worn out with fatigue and grief, he lay down but could not sleep. His mind was occupied in praying to God, who knows all his children's sorrow's, and in asking him to prepare him for entering heaven, if this should be his last night on earth.

There were soldiers posted at the doors of the house lest he should try to run away, one sat down at his head, and another at his feet, and two on his cloak. As he lay very still, they thought he was asleen, and began to talk about him. One said it was very wrong in Adara to treat him so; another said he did quite right to plunder the white man. Some thought he would be killed in the morning, and others thought it would be better to let him go on his journey, when he would either die of hunger on the road, or be killed by robbers. These words made him very sad at first, but he remembered that nothing could harm him without his heavenly Father's permission.

He was kept three whole days in prison. After that Adara ordered six soldiers with their spears, swords, and shields to march him out of his country. As they went through the streets of Gatira, every body came out to see them. Many wept, some wished him a happy journey, none praised their king, but said God would send judgments from heaven upon their country On account of their cruel treatment of a stranger. Mr. Krapf never saw any part of his property again. This was a poor return for all his kindness to the people. But he thought of the example of his dying Lord, and went forth thankful that he had been delivered out of the hands of the "unrighteous and cruel man," and breathing the prayer that their sins might be pardoned, and their hearts inclined to receive better another messenger.

Edge-hill.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

ANNUAL SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

Our young friends in London will be pleased to hear that the Committee intend holding some services for them in connexion with the annual meeting.

On Sunday afternoon, the 27th of April, sermons will be preached to the young in various chapels. The preachers will be, Rev. Wm. Fraser, Rev. Jno. Curwen of Plaistow, Rev. Wm. Upton, Rev. Jno. Bird, and other

Further particulars will be given in bills by

and bve.

On Monday afternoon, April 28th, Rev. Richard Knill (sometime missionary in Russia) will preach to the young at Finsbury chapel, the Rev. Alexander Fletcher's. Service will begin at two o'clock. Need we ask our young friends to attend?

LION STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, WALWORTH.

This association was formed about a year ago, its object being, "to interest the affections of the children on behalf of their fellow-creatures, and to obtain a manifestation of that interest in the form of small contributions to some of the existing missionary societies."

The children subscribe weekly, or otherwise, and a meeting is held every quarter to vote away the money. At these meetings several missionary objects are described and pleaded for, from which the majority make a selection, and vote accordingly. During the year the sum of £7 10s. has been contributed, which has been disposed of as follows:—

Baptist Home Mission, £1 ls., West Africa, £3 3s. Patna Orphan Refuge, £1 ls., The Dove, £1 ls. Brown's Town Schools, Jamaica, £1 ls.

On Tuesday, evening, January 28th, a most interesting meeting was held, to receive a parting address from Mr. W. Newbegin, formerly a teacher in this school. About 150 children were present. His address was listened to with great interest; and much real concern for the sad condition of the poor Africans was evidently produced. On taking leave of Mr. N. many and hearty were the good wishes expressed for his welfare and success.

LANCASHIRE

A number of very interesting meetings have just been held at the following places in the county of Lancaster. The young people are now fully employed, and willing many of them, to devote a portion of their earnings to the cause of God.

The first was held at Union Chapel, Manchester; there was a good attendance. A missionary spirit already exists among the young people. They were busily engaged in collecting for the Dove. At Ashton there was a very good attendance; a Juvenile society was formed; a Secretary, Treasurer, and sixteen collectors appointed. At Bolton the meeting was very large, the Juvenile Society was revived, a new Secretary appointed, and a large number of collectors obtained. At Salford the friends are struggling to raise a new chapel: soon may The young friends have a missionary they have it. spirit, and are willing to work. At Rochdale a very large and important meeting was held; a Juvenile Society was formed, from which may be expected very considerable results. At Heywood the chapel was quite full and the hearers very attentive; the dear young friends are willing to work; their dear pastor will direct them how. At Bacup there was an excellent meeting, fully a thousand present. Young friends here want to support a Missionary of their own, and they will do it. At Haslingden there was a full chapel. Some young friends here who take the lead are thoroughly missionaries in spirit: they have always worked, and we hope always will. At Acerington, a Juvenile Society was formed An additional number of collectors some time ago. were obtained, and a fresh impulse given to it.

The meetings were all well attended, most of them crowded; the dear young friends were interested, an'

THE DOVE.



THE WORDS FROM THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD FOR FEBRUARY.



entered warmly into the work. May they all personally know the Saviour, and never cease to labour for his glory.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE DOVE.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the Dove have been received from our young friends in a large number of towns. We had thought of publishing the sums from each place, but must now reserve them for the reports. The following places have sent in their contributions.-Fakenham, Hereford, Birmingham, Moase, Lvnn, Harlow, Evthorne, Bow, Bingley, Stoney Stratford, Bath, Chelsea, Alfred Place, Kent Road, Lion Street, Loughton, Beverley Street, Little Alie Street, Wallingford, Bristol, Paynton, Bridport, Kidderminster, Newbury, Swavesey, Long Esendon, Montrose, Eastbourne, Pontheer, Neath, Bury, Whitchurch, Walton, S Hedingham, Lockwood, Edinburgh, Datchett, Minehead, Heywood, Burford, Sawbridgeworth, Colchester, Rochdale, Sabden, Prescot Street, Shipston, Tottenham, Salters' Hall, Jersey, Abergavenny, Great Staughton, Eaton, Eye, Calstock, Ornagh, Watford, Saffron Walden, Tedbury, Cumberland Street, Anstruther, Blackwater, Exeter, Devizes, Cirencester, Leicester, Sunderland, Irvine, Yarmouth, Bedford, Crediton, St. Ives, Stanwick, Chipping Norton, Edenbridge, Borough Green, Woolwich, Downton, Walsall, Burgh. Park Street, Banbury, Belfast, Hull, Sunninghill, Shiplev. Romford, Wotton Basset, Dundee, Bourton, Trowbridge, Hastings, Mitcham, Penknap, Ivinghoe, Ashford, Lambeth, Lechlade, Wallop, Dudley, Bacup, Stratford, Abbeyleix, Devonshire Square, Hatcham, Footscray, Evesham, Bridgend, Goodshaw, Town Malling, Pontypool, Huntingdon, Amersham, Coleford, Parsons' Town, Sharnbrook, Henrietta Street, Hammersmith, Shacklewell. The total amount received is about £200, and we hope the whole amount of £500 will be paid in by the end of March.

THE PAGE FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

NOW TO INCREASE OUR CIRCULATION.

Highly approving of the "Juvenile Missionary Herald," and desiring to promote an extended circulation, I proposed to our Sunday school children that any scholar procuring six subscribers should receive a seventh gratis, i. e. seven copies monthly for three pence.

The result is, we have sixty subscribers in a

small country village.

Let a similar plan be adopted in our Sundayschools generally, and the circulation of our interesting little Herald will soon exceed the most sanguine expectations of its friends.

T. NICHOLSON.

Lydney, Feb. 18, 1845.

If we are to shun the wicked as companions, we are to attend to them as patients, and endeavour to recover and save them.

The light of real science is to co-operate with the desires and energies of Christians; chasing and casting out those phantoms of a gross mythology, which can no more work their work or spread their wings in its full sunshine, than those moles and bats, to which as fit associates, they were anciently foredoomed.

THE USE OF A PENNY.

BY LADY WRIGHTESLEY RUSSELL.

HOULD you like to be told the best use of a penny?

I'll tell you a way that is better than any; Not on apples or cakes, or on playthings to spend it.

But over the seas to the heathen to send it. Come listen to me, and I'll tell, if you please, Of some poor little children over the seas:

Their skins are quite black, for our God made them thus; But he made them with bodies and feeling like us; A soul, too, that never will die has been given: And there's room for black children with Jesus in heaven.

But few there's to tell of such good things as these To the poor little heathen far over the seas.

Poor children in this land are well off indeed—
They have schools every day where they sing, sew, and read;
Their church, too, on Sunday, and pastor to preach,
And the true way to heaven through Jesus to teach.

How sad to remember there's so few of these

For the poor little heathen over the seas.

Poor blacks have few schools to learn reading and singing;
No Sunday for them with its cheerful bells ringing;
And most little blacks have no bibles to read!
Poor little black children you are ill off indeed!

But one penny each week would procure some with ease, For the poor little heathen far over the seas.

Oh! think, then, of this when a penny is given—
"I can help a poor black on his way home to heaven:"
Then give it to Jesus, and he will approve,

Nor scorn e'en a mite when 'tis offered in love; And oh! when in prayer you to him bend your knees Remember your brethren far over the seas.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



House where Dr. Carey was brought up.

WILLIAM CAREY, D.D.

HERE are but few of our youthful readers who have not heard of this great and honoured name. You have already read a little history of Mr. Fuller, the first Secretary of our Society; we have now something to tell you of its first missionary.

William Carey was born at the village of Paulerspury, in the county of Northampton-

shire. August 17th, 1761. His father was master of the Free School, in the same place, At an early age he was very fond of books: and had a good knowledge of the Scriptures. especially of the Old Testament history, in which he took great delight. Indeed, so intent was he from a child in gaining knowledge of various sorts, that difficulties never discouraged him. Whatever he began, he finished: and already it was plainly seen that God was pre-

paring him for some great work.

Of the art of drawing he learnt somewhat by himself; was very fond of a garden, which he planted and kept clean; and he used to collect birds, insects, and plants in great numbers. When but a boy he never walked out without well noticing the hedges and fields; and, like " the busy bee," always came home laden with some choice little treasures. Dear children. look about you. How much may we see of the wisdom and goodness of God in his works! This is a beautiful world; and every thing in it reminds us of Him, who at the first, you know, called it goon. * "The least of God's works." said a holy man, and a great missionary, " is refreshing. A dried leaf, or a straw, makes me feel myself in good company." +

Of true religion, Dr. Carev knew nothing until he was fourteen years of age. At this time he met with a young man who was under deep concern about his soul; and who was the

Genesis i.

⁺ Henry Martyn.

first to tell him of the only way to heaven, through faith in Christ. Dear reader, do you ever speak a word about the Saviour to any friend or neighbour who knows him not? This youth lent him one or two religious books, and prevailed with him to go to a prayer meeting. It was some little time after this before he felt the sinfulness of his heart. At length, God in great mercy, taught him by his Spirit. He became very unhappy; but soon found "peace through the blood of the cross," and was led to Jesus, "the Shepherd and Bishop of souls."

In his 17th year he united with some Christian people in forming a church, in the village of Hackleton; where he then lived. He was afterwards baptized in the river at Northampton, by Dr. Ryland; and soon became a minister.

From Hackleton he removed to Moulton, a village in the same county. Here, he was not only pastor of the church, but also kept a day school, and worked with his own hands at the business of a shoemaker, to which he had been apprenticed at Hackleton.

He left Moulton in 1788, and went to Leicester, where he was pastor of the Baptist church, and again kept a school. As a minister he was very diligent; he laboured "in season and out of season," and "watched for souls, as one that must give an account." Great success attended his preaching; and many were, each year added to his church. But God had work for him to do far away, across the wide ocean.

Do you ask, dear children, how Dr. Carey came to think so much about the heathen. You shall be told in a few words.

1. The Spirit of God taught him to feel much for perishing sinners; and it is said by those who well knew him, that he was never heard to pray, either in the family or in the congregation, without remembering the heathen and the poor suffering slaves.

2. He was led to think of forming a Missionary Society by reading Captain Cook's

voyages round the world.

- 3. While teaching the boys of his school geography, he used to point out to them, upon a map of the world, those countries which had no knowledge of the true God. That they might understand him the better, he drew a map himself, and made all the heathen parts black upon it. Would you not like to see a missionary globe? One has been made; and it is sad to see how large the black spots are, and how few and small the light ones, where the blessed gospel shines. Jesus is the sun of righteousness, and the LIGHT of the world. Beloved children, will you not lift up your hearts and pray,-" Let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and amen."-Ps. lxxii. 10.
- 4. He had repeated conversations with his brethren upon the importance of sending the gospel to the heathen. He, moreover, told them of his willingness to go. Some of the aged ministers thought it a strange thing upon

which he had set his mind. Nothing, however, cooled his zeal; he would not be disheartened; and he took every opportunity of reasoning with them, one by one, until he had made them to thirk and to feel as he did.

At a meeting of ministers held at Nottingham, 1792, he preached from Is, liv. 2, 3. It was then that he addressed his hearers, so earnestly, under these two heads, "Expect great things from God; Attempt great things for At a meeting at Kettering in the same year, some of his brethren went into a private room, and there in a solemn manner pledged themselves to God and to each other to make an effort for carrying the gospel amongst the The Baptist Missionary Society was heathen. then formed; a collection was made, amounting to £13 2s. 6d.: a committee chosen, of which Dr. Carey was a member; he was appointed to go out as a missionary; and in the spring of 1793, we find him on board of a ship, with an honoured companion, Dr. Thomas, sailing away for Bengal in the East Indies.

Thus was our mission begun. At some future time we shall tell you what Dr. Carey did in India.

NUNNIA, THE CAPTIVE MAID.

Many hundred years ago, a fierce tribe of people dwelt in Georgia in Asia. They were wild and ignorant, knowing nothing of the true God, or the way to heavenThese people, who were called Iberians, often made war on the nations round about them; they had not heard the blessed command of the Bible to try and "live peaceably with all men," and so were like all other heathen nations, cruel and quarrelsome. On one of the 'excursions they fought with some Christians: they were victorious, and returned home in joy, bringing with them a little captive maid to be sold as a slave. Poor girl! she must have felt very sad to be separated from all her friends; but she had one great comfort—she loved Jesus. She prayed to him and he heard her, and helped her to be useful and happy. She was sold to a respectable master and mistress, and was so obliging and trustworthy, that she soon became quite a favourite amongst the Iberians.

It happened one day that a little child was very ill, and its poor parents carried it about from house to house, hoping to find some one able to make it well again. This was the custom of the country. None of the neighbours could do it any good : they said the child must die. The parents were in great sorrow, and were just going to return home with their sick baby, when they remembered the captive maid. They thought that perhaps she might know a cure for the disease with which the child was afflicted; so they went to her. Nunnia (for that was her name) was much surprised at their request. She said. "I am only a poor girl, quite unable to advise you: but," added she, with a bright smile on her face, "I can tell you of one who is able, not only to restore it to health, but if the baby were dead, he could give it life again." The poor parents eagerly asked who this person was, and where he might be found. She replied, "He is the great and mighty Lord, who fills the throne of heaven; but he willingly humbles himself to those who seek him, and is all compassion and love." They begged her to go and fetch him. The maid immediately retired to bow her knees before the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom she prayed, "Show thyself, O Lord, for thine own glory; O Lord, grant thy help." She felt assured that the Lord would hear her, and on returning to look at the sick child, it opened its eyes, smiled, and soon recovered. The happy parents were delighted; they carried their treasure home, and told every one whom they met what a wonderful thing had been done; but they did not yet understand who had performed the cure; they did not thank God for it, but the captive girl only.

The news spread very quickly through all the country. and the queen heard of it. Net long after, the queen was taken ill. and thought at once of the young slave. She sent messengers to Nunnia asking her to come and see her. But Nunnia refused to go: for she was much distressed at finding all the people still give her the praise that belonged to God alone. The queen however was determined to see Nunnia. She told her servants to take her to the house where the Christian maid lived. Nunnia was much affected: but she went and praved to God; and again God heard her prayer, and the queen was restored to health. Miraus the king was overioved when he saw his beloved queen well again, and he immediately prepared to send a most costly present to her who, as he believed, had done this miracle; but the queen begged him not to do so, because Nunnia would be erieved to receive it : the only reward that would please her would be to worship the same God that she worshinned. The king was surprised, but at that time he did not think any more about the matter. Shortly afterwards he was out with a hunting party, and whilst riding forward with great ardour, he lost himself in a wood. A

very thick fog came on suddenly, and separated him from his companions. Every effort he made to find his way out of the forest only puzzled him the more. The night was coming on, and he grew very anxious. He sounded his horn, with the hope of making some of his servants hear him : but it was of no use: the king found he was far distant from them. And now he remembered all that had been told him of the stranger maid; what she had said of the power of the great king whose throne was above, but who was present everywhere to those who sought him. If this is true, thought Miraus, then he will hear and help me; so he knelt down on the grass and prayed. "O thou whom the stranger calls her God. Jesus! if thou dost live, and art almighty, show thy power now, and take me out of this trouble. If thou openest a way of escape for me, my heart, my life, and all that I have shall be thine." This was his prayer: the best he could offer while he knew so little about God. Did God hear him, do you think? Yes, God had "thoughts of mercy towards him," and wished to do him good. Almost immediately the fog cleared off, the aky became bright, and Miraus soon found the road to his home. Did he remember the promise he had made? We shall see. He told the queen all that happened to him. and they both agreed that the God of the little slave must be the only living and true God. The next morning they visited Nunnia together. With a great deal of feeling they related the king's adventures, and then they both took her hands, and begged her to tell them more of Jesus. It must have been a touching and beautiful sight to see the royal pair sitting by the side of the lowly captive, while she, with great sallicity, taught them all she knew about her Saviour and his works. They listened earnestly, their hearts were melted, and they soon loved

and served the Saviour too. Do you think they kept this precious news to themselves? No; it had made them happy, and they felt that they must try and make others happy with it too. Perhaps you fancy that you should have liked to have seen the king and queen seated as teachable pupils to the young maid: but I can tell you of a happier picture than this, which might have been seen soon after. The king collected all the men amongst the Iberians, and the queen gathered all the Women, and each of them told to these two companies the joyful news which they had themselves received. God blessed them : the people heard the tidings with gladness, and believed on the Saviour Jesus Christ. And now what a happy nation they were ; they soon obtained teachers from a Christian country, their idol altars were pulled down, their idols destroyed, and they built houses in which to worship the one true God.

This little story will remind you of the beautiful account of Naaman's captive maid, given us in the Bible-Should it not encourage us, dear children? It shows us that God has been in every age "the hearer and the answerer of prayer."

EVEN I CAN DO SOMETHING FOR THE POOR HEATHEN.

Among the readers of the Juvenile Missionary Herald, there are, I hope, a great many Sunday school children, and it is for them especially, that I write the following little narrative. It is a true story of one of my first sabbath scholars. If I had compared the chil-

dren of my class to the flowers of the garden. I should have called Ann —— the lily of the Like that sweet flower, half-hidden vallev. beneath its broad leaves, a careless observer might have passed her by unnoticed: but those who knew her well, admired the good qualities which were partly concealed from others by her retiring modesty. She was always early at school: her lessons were well learned; and she appeared very attentive to all her teacher's instructions. You will now perhaps say, my dear children, "She was a very good girl, and no doubt loved Jesus Christ." If, however, vou have been well taught in your sabbathschool, you know that children may be what peope call "very good," that is, they may be tolerably obedient to their parents and teachers. and avoid all the most wicked actions, and vet not love Jesus Christ, nor be walking in the way to heaven. Now this was the very, very important thing I wanted to know about my "lily of the valley," and as her modesty prevented her answering my questions freely in the class. I could only hope by the tear I thought I sometimes saw in her eye, that she did feel sorrow for her sins, and wished to be a true child of God. I soon had an opportunity of being sure of this. Ann was taken ill, and when she was alone with her teacher, she spoke freely all that was in her heart. She said she had lately been very much troubled because she had sinned against God, and was afraid her sins were not forgiven. But I must not tell

you, even if I could remember them, all the conversations we had together, about this allimportant matter, because it would make my story too long. It is enough to say that all her conduct and conversation soon showed that she was a "new creature in Christ Jesus." difference between being merely what is called a "good child," and being a religious child, was seen in these things, that she not only tried to do what her friends desired, but what God commanded, and was very much grieved if she thought she had offended him, even though it was by wicked thoughts only, which no one else knew. It was a pleasure to her to pray alone, to read God's holy word, to hear it explained by ministers, and to attend the pravermeetings as well as the other services at the chapel. She gave another proof also that she was a converted child, by showing a great desire for the salvation of others. She was soon appointed teacher to the youngest class, when she showed that her great wish was that which ought to be most earnestly desired by every teacher, to bring her infant charge to Jesus. Her success in teaching led her minister her teacher to think of a plan by which she might be more useful, and add to her very small means of living. was to assist her in opening a little school for boys and girls,-a humble infant school; for these excellent institutions were only then beginning to be heard of in country towns. A youthful group was soon gathered around her, the negroes in Jamaica are mostly engaged in cultivating the cane and in making the sugar.

Sugar is the juice of the sugar-cane crystallized. Let us explain this. The reader will notice the reed-like plants in the picture. These are the sugar-canes. The stalks are from three feet to fourteen feet high, full of joints and knots, and producing a leaf at each knot. From the highest knots the young plants are taken.

These young plants are put into holes prepared for them about twelve inches deep, two feet apart. The ground is often weeded and watered. The sprouts appear above the ground in a fortnight and in seven months the canes have grown to their full height. The cane when r pe is of a bright and golden colour. The top is of a darkish green. From the centre of it shoots up an arrow like a silver wand, several feet in height, and from the summit of this grows out a plume of white feathery grass, fringed with lilac dye.

These canes are cut close to the ground, tied up into bundles and taken to the sugar mill. Here they are crushed, and the juice is forced out of them. This juice is then purified, and boiled. After boiling it is allowed to cool slowly. In cooling, small crystals or grains of sugar are formed. The thick fluid in which the crystals are embedded and which will not crystallize (called molasses) is then drawn off; and the sugar is ready to be packed in hogsheads, and sent to the market for sale.

Besides the sugar cane, there are many other plants which yield sugar, as beet-root, and the sugar-maple tree, the latter a native of North America.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY IN HEART.

A little boy in Paris who attended a missionary meeting, was very deeply affected with the accounts he heard of the stat of the poor heathen children. His mother was a poor widow, and he was her great comfort. She loved the scriptures, and had taught him to love them too. The next morning after the meeting, this little boy collected together all the money he possessed (only thirtysix sous), and took it to the minister, saving, "I hope, Sir. the people will soon be converted to God." The minister told him that there was a great deal to do, and he feared it would be a long while before the work would be all done. "I hope, sir," he added, "it will be finished before I am a man." The minister expressed his fear that it would not. "Well sir," said the boy, "I praved to God when I went home from the missionary meeting last night, that if it was not done before I grew up, he would make me a missionary, and permit me to be useful in this work." Is there not such a desire as this in the heart of some of our young friends?

Beripture Illustrated.

Hossa vi. 4.—" Your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away."

As this passage speaks of what happens in Palestine we shall best understand it by learning what takes place there now. Travellers tell us that during the latter part of April the morning cloud is seen early in the morning, and disappears as the sun rises, that these fleecy clouds are without water, and so light that any sudden puff of wind would blow them about. To this the apostle Jude refers in the twelfth verse of his epistle. Here from May to the end of August no clouds are seen, but during the night the dew falls in such quantities as to make up partly for the want of rain. But the dew also, as soon as the sun is up, and the air a little warm, quickly disappears, and nothing more is seen of it till the following night.

Now the Bible often speaks about the clouds and the dew, for various purposes, but here it is to show that some people's goodness is no more to be depended on than these vapoury things when the sun is shining, and the wind blowing. Some people hear very good advice, and make very good resolutions; and appear, for a time, to be very happy as well as very good, but some temptation comes in their way and they soon forget it all. Their "goodness is like the morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away." Dear children, we hope this is not the case with any of you.

R. B.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

JERSÈY.

On Monday evening, January 12th, the children connected with the Baptist sabbath

the color of St. Helier, Jersey, assembled at Grove Place Chapel, and were affectionately received by the officers and teachers of the Intitution, who had kindly invited them to the anniversary festival. About 100, including teachers sat down together, and having paraken of "The cup that cheers, but not inebrites," the pastor addressed the juvenile assembly on the subject of the Missionary enterprise.

The letter of the Secretary and Treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society, requesting the contribution of £1 on behalf of the fund for the support of the Dove, was read to the children, and when the minister asked what answer he should return, a forest of youthful hands was held up to testify their willingness

to subscribe the sum required.

Collecting cards were then distributed, and, in a fortnight from that time, more than sufficient for the purpose stated was subscribed by the children, and paid to the Treasurer. The sum of £1 5s. 5d, has been received by the Secretary of the mission, with a promise of £1 every year for the support of the Dove, besides other contributions from the Juvenile Association for the general purposes of the Society. May every sabbath school go and do likewise!

THE MEETING AT B

It had just struck seven o clock, when we entered the village of B. The factories had stopped work, and

the young folks were running home in crowds for their supper, and to wash themselves for the meeting. Three years ago thousands of them went to bed supperless. and knew not where in the morning they were to obtain a breakfast. Things are now changed: God hears prayer -and now there is work for all who are willing to work. At half-past seven our meeting took place. Then you might have heard such a noise as they came trampling along in their wooden shoes, but they entered the chapel softly, and quietly took their seats. Nearly a thousand were present, and very sweetly they sung "I thank the goodness and the grace." After prayer, the awful condition of the heathen world was brought before them, and its idolatry and cruelty explained by means of a number of heathen gods that were shown to them. The tear started from many an eve. and their young hearts deeply felt as they heard of the cruelties committed in Africa, India, and China, Well, my young readers, do not think that it all ended in feeling. oh no! young people act as well as feel. There stood the good minister by the door of the pulpit, and he felt too, and it rejoiced his heart to see the young people feel: so at the close of the service he gave notice "that all the young people willing to work in this good cause, should immediately meet in the school room." There was a rush to the school room ; it was soon full. Here they were, and what were they to do? you shall hear: they appointed a chairman, and then they moved, and seconded, and carried unanimously, some holding up two hands. "That they should raise forty rounds to support a missionary of their own in Africa." Well done the young people in the little village of B----But "Stop, sir!" say some of my young readers, "stop, they only engaged to raise forty pounds : it is easier to

engage to raise the money than to get it. True, very true; but I have reason to know that they will do it; they will at least try, and I should not be at all surprised to hear that they had got more. You don't know what young people can do when they try. At least I am sure all my young friends say, "God speed the dear young people at the little village of B——: may they never want work, and when they have it, may they never forget to work for Christ."

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE DOVE.

In March, we have received contributions for the "Dove" from the following places: -- Modbury, Blandford Street, Wokingham, Dies, Cloughfold, Haslingden, Church Street, Tewkesbury, Gloucester, Bristol, Brompton, Grampound, Markvate Street, Kingswood, Bridgewater, Dover, Salendine Nook, Waterford, Luton, Preston. Alcester, Landport, Cheltenham, St. Albans, Ipswich, Naunton and Guiting, Plymouth, Launceston, Waddesdon Hill, Manchester, Woodstock, Olney, Sutton, Tottlebank, Cambridge, Waterbeach, Landbeach, Henrietta Street, Saltera' Hall, Coventry, Chard, Romney Street, Waltham Abbey, Burton, Driffield, Chesham, Chudleigh, Blunham, Guilsborough, Tenterden, Rochdale, Biddenden, Newtown, Gosport, Swanwick, Loscoe, Hanley, Linton, New Park Street. Haverfordwest, Maidstone, Southwell, Berwick, Eagle Street, Chatham, Perth, Ryeford, Ashton, Coleraine, Derby, Rowley, Newcastle, Camberwell, Loughborough, Worcester, Liverpool, Portsea, Lincoln, Dorchester. Wotton, Cheddar, Pembroke Dock, Rotherham, Salisbury, Broughton, Dunstable, Sodbury, Chowbent, Upton, Clapham, Otley, Ramsey, Windsor, Goldhill, Devonport, Eynsford, Isleham, Blackwater, Ballina, Bugbrook, Battersea.

The Children's Booksbelf.

Missionary Gleanings.

Missionary Book for the Young. Religious Tract
Society.

Need we mention these little works to our young friends? The "Gleanings" contain many beautiful papers, in language which all will understand. The "Missionary Book" is, we fear, hardly simple enough, but it contains a little history of each Missionary Society, and those who have learnt to master their minds, and love to read what is useful, will be pleased with it.

HAND-BOOK OF BIBLE GEOGRAPHY, with Maps. Parker.

A very useful little book. Here we have the chief places mentioned in the Bible in regular order, beginning with Abana, and ending with Zorah: their modern names, their position on the map, and a reference to any thing remarkable connected with them. The volume will be found a very welcome assistance to teachers and elder scholars.

THE PAGE FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

By reflection you may draw from the fleeting facts of your worldly trade, art, or profession, a science permanent as your immortal soul; and make even these subsidiary and preparative to the reception of spiritual truth, doing as the dyers do, who having first dipped their silks in colours of less value, then give them the last tincture of crimson in grain.

In the history of Christ we have the highest example made low, and yet losing nothing of its perfection; so that we may study God in man, and read all our lessons without any blot, even in our own nature.

Great promises require great cares; and he who hath deeply engaged himself in any service, must needs be either very vigilant, or very faithless.

As the stalk of a tree affordeth timber to build houses and cities, when the small though higher multifarious branches are but to make a crow's nest, or a blaze: so the knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ, of heaven and holiness, doth build up the soul to endless blessedness, and affordeth it solid peace and comfort; when a multitude of school niceties serve but for vain janglings and hurtful diversions and contentions.

Antiquity is a venerable word, but ill used when made a cloak for error. Truth must needs be older than error; as the rule must necessarily be before the aberration from it. The grey hairs of opinions are beauty and a crown, only when found in the way of righteousness.

Think not all is well within, when all is well without; or that thy being pleased, is a sign that God is pleased; but suspect every thing that is prosperous, unless it promotes piety, and charity, and humility.

THE MISSIONARY'S LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

The little daughter of a missionary left by her parents in England for education has been much pleased with the Juvenile Herald, and thinks that her little friends may be interested by one or two extracts from her dear pape's letters.

NO. I.

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER,—I hope you are well and diligently employed with your studies. May God sanctify learning to you, my dear child, and may you offer it all to him on his altar in return. Will you not from this time cry unto Jehovah, "My Father, thou shalt be the guide of my youth." Without God as your guide you must go astray. How many are wandering now, and how many will yet be led away by the snares of the wicked!

My dear loved one, beware of pride. Do not be proud of your face, it will soon be deformed by worms; do not be proud of your dress, it is only necessary because of sin; be not proud of your learning, you have only embarked on a little river—a mighty ocean of knowledge is beyond, and only a very small part of this can be explored by mortals. Do not be proud of the notice any one takes of you; but thank God for giving you friends, and ask him to make you deserving of their love. Sit at the feet of Jesus, and you will be humble. Learn of him for he is meek and lowly of heart, and you shall find rest unto your soul. Our greatest desire is to meet you in heaven.

Received the morning of New Year's day, 1845.

THE LITTLE NEGRO'S JOY.

The following piece, sent through Mrs. Upton, was forwarded some time since from Jamaica.

- "Little negro, why so gay?

 Hast thou gained a holiday!

 Where's thy driver? prythee say,

 Little negro, why so gay?
- "In thy pleasant dreams last night,
 Didst thou sit with scraphs bright?
 Or with cherubs in their flight,
 Range through worlds of cloudless light?
- "Do the flowers this morning blooming, Smell more sweet, or look more gay? Do the birds their feathers pluming, Chaunt a blither roundelay, That sorrow sits so light to-day?
- "Are the insects in the sunbeam, Glittering more resplendent now? And watching them as in a day-dream, All thy woes forgettest thou?
- "Or, perhaps, thy frock of whiteness, Given by little Miss to thee; And that toy of shining brightness, Sent by Massa, make thy glee?
- "May be, books thy teacher gave thea,
 With a look that cheered thy heart;
 Promise of a friend to help thee,
 Do a transient joy impart?

- "Little negro, why so gay?
 Hast thou gained a holiday?
 Me be free! my moder say,
 Dat make little negro gay?"
- "You ask one little negro boy
 What make him look so gay;
 And why him heart so full of joy,
 And den you make him say,
 "Me be free! my moder say,
 Dat make little negro gay."
- "Please make me peak, and tell you now,
 Why me no mo' so sad,
 Why me forget my former woe,
 And why my heart so glad?
- "Me lub to have one pleasant dream
 Of heavenly joys above;
 Me lub de flowers, and sunny beam,
 And singing birds me lub,
- "Me thankful too for every gift
 My kindest friends do give;
 For nice clean clothes, and holy book,
 Which teach me how to live;
 But all these things, and nothing mo'
 Would leave my heart quite full o' woe.
- "Yet me is glad; I tell you why
 My little heart so full o' joy;
 The holy Bible which me read,
 Say, Jesus make me free indeed."

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.

GOOD NEWS TO AFRICA.

OW often we have heard of this country! I should think almost every little child in England knows something about Africa. We have heard a great many stories about it, both sad and pleasant ones. have been told of the poor slaves

stolen from their homes and carried across the wide sea: and we have heard with joy of the kind



missionaries, Philip and Mr. Moffat, who have visited some parts of that large country.

Now I am going to tell vou of two other useful missionaries. who. about four years and half ago visited one little part of this heathen land. The people there were wicked, cruel, and ignorant, they as yet had not heard the "good news" which happy English children know, until Mr. Clarke and Dr. Prince went to teach them. You know the Bible tells us that "the dark places of the earth," that is, the places where the true God is not known, "are full of cruelty." These poor Africans were very cruel. They quarrelled much amongst themselves; often killed each other, and did many other wicked things. My dear children, we should have been just as bad if we had not had the precious word of God to teach us better.

You think perhaps that you should scarcely have liked to venture amongst such people. What made Mr. Clarke and Dr. Prince think of going? They could not tell how the natives would receive them. Perhaps they would not listen to their message; besides, there is a very burning sun in Africa, and the heat often makes English people ill. They remembered all this, but they loved God more than any thing else, and wished these poor people to know and love him too. They knew he could take care of of them, and if he chose, he could make these eruel people kind to them.

They sailed in a ship called the Golden Spring, in October, 1840, and in December they reached Cape Coast Castle, a place on the western coast of Africa, where they were kindly received by some other missionaries. But after a few days they sailed again, until they came to the island of Fernando Po, which

is not very far from the great river Niger, Here they landed on the first of January, 1841. They hoped that they might be able to do some good here, for there was no other missionary. They settled themselves in a house in the town of Clarence, and began at once to tell the poor people, the good news which they had brought. They invited the natives to their house every morning and evening, and then, by the help of an interpreter, they talked to them. Many people came, and seemed much pleased and surprised with what they heard.

After Mr. Clarke and Dr. Prince had been in Clarence some time, they wished to visit all the places round, to see whether the people would like to have a missionary sent to them.

They first crossed over to the continent, and visited King Bell, King Aqua, and King William, three kings of different towns and tribes of people there; and then afterwards they visited most of the forty little towns in the island of Fernando Po. I will tell you how they managed to get on: they first went to the king at each place, and told him that they had something to tell him and his peoplesome tidings which would make them good and happy, if they would only attend to them. Then the king ordered all his people to come to the Bala ground, a large piece of ground where they always meet to "hold palaver," as they call it, that is, to talk on any business. Here the missionaries met them, and spoke sometimes for two or three hours. They told them how

wrong it was to worship idols, and to kill each other, and their children, as they did. told them about God who had made them. about Jesus Christ who had loved them so much that he came down to die for them, about heaven, and hell, and the Bible; and then they asked them whether they would like a missionary to come and live with them, and teach them always about these things; whether they would listen to him, and learn to read the Bible, and try to please God. The poor people were much surprised at the wonderful news; they said, "No man come tell we this before." They called it "good palaver," meaning "good words." When the missionaries had finished speaking, the king replied that they were very glad to hear such news, and that if a missionary would come to them, they would find some ground on which to build a house and chapel for him, and would try and learn to be good.

At every place this was done, and nearly the same answer was received. All the poor heathens seemed ready to welcome these kind friends, and Mr. Clarke and Dr. Prince felt glad that they had come out, and thanked God for having taken such care of them.

When they came away from a town called Basapoo, a little boy followed them all the way to Clarence. He then said, that he wished to stay with them and learn to read book. His parents had given him leave to stay; so they kept him with them to teach him, until they should visit that town again.

They spent most of their time in Clarence; here they preached every Sunday; they conducted a school for men and women on two evenings in the week, and held a prayer-meeting on another evening. They asked all those who wished to learn more about God, to come to them every Wednesday evening, that they might teach them, and soon they had two large classes: so you see they were very active in trying to do good, and it was not long before God blessed their instructions to these poor people.

Several of those who visited them on the Wednesday evenings seemed much changed; they really began to love God, and tried to please him, and at the end of thirteen months, when the missionaries thought they really did trust in Jesus Christ and repent of their sins, they baptized five of them, three men and two women.

Soon after this Dr. Prince and Mr. Clarke were obliged to return to England, to tell all that had been done, and to ask for more missionaries. They did not leave these poor Africans alone however, for another missionary, Mr. Sturgeon, was then sent from England. Now there are several missionaries there, much good has been done, and hundreds of little black children attend school every day, in Clarence and many other places. I hope you will often hear fresh tidings about this mission in Africa, and then you will remember the two kind good men who first thought of going there, and who are there again now, spending all their time and strength in doing good the poor Africans.

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."

THE following is the history of one who did in very deed fulfil the command of the Lord and love his enemy; and it affords a beautiful illustration of the power of the love of God, when fully possessed in the heart. The story is well authenticated. A poor negro, in one of the West India islands, had heard one of our missionaries proclaim the gospel of Jesus, and the Lord opened his heart, like Lydia's of old, and he received the word with joy. From that time, his life, in conformity with the example of his Master, was holy and consistent, and much confidence was reposed in him by his employers. His master had extensive plantations on the island, and during some time previous to the following occurrence, there had been a very insufficient supply of workmen. The arrival of a ship, therefore, laden with slaves, was hailed with universal satisfaction by the planters, all of whom were anxious to get their own demands satisfied. The master of the poor negro, (who may be called Tom), commanded his overseer to put off immediately for the ship, and purchase for him seventy of the finest men in the lot : "and take Tom with you," he said, "he is a steady fellow, and understands better than you or I do what shows strength in his brethren."

Tom and the overseer set out accordingly, and soon reached the ship. On boarding her, Tom fixed his eye intently on an infirm old man, bending under the weight of age and servitude, and with a countenance expressive of the strongest desire, said, "Massa, dat de slave me want."

The overseer bade him select stronger men, but Tom insisted and entreated.—" No, Massa, dat de slave me must have."

Vexed at the delay which the importunity of the poor negro was causing, his superior spoke roughly, and urged him to be diligent, and select such men as he knew his master wanted.

Tom, however, was not to be diverted from his purpose; and at length, the slave-dealer himself, enraged at the obstinate folly, as he supposed, of the poor negro, said, "Take him for nothing, if you will; why, he'll die before you get him on shore."

Glad to get his prize, however ungraciously bestowed, Tom lifted the old man carefully into the boat, and then went with all diligence to his work, and soon completed the selection of the seventy slaves.

The circumstance had not passed unobserved by the overseer, and as soon as an opportunity offered, he went to Tom's hut, that he might discover the motive which had actuated him. He found the old man lying on Tom's bed, and the latter kneeling at his side.

- "Well, Tom," said the overseer, "I suppose that old man must be your father?"
 - "No, Massa, not my father."
 - "Your uncle, then,-or what relation is he?"
 - "Massa, he no relation to Tom."
- "Why then were you so eager to bring him on shore?".
 - "Massa, dat man my greatest enemy."
 - The overseer looked incredulous.
- "Dat man, Massa, sell me and all my broders and sisters to be slaves."
 - "What do you mean, Tom? why is he here then?"
- "The good white man, Massa, tell me, 'Jesus say, love your enemies.' Massa, me love Jesus; Jesus die for poor Tom, and when me see dat old man, my very greatest enemy in all de world, me thought this, Now

Tom can do what Jesus do, for Jesus love his enemies, Jesus love Tom when Tom was his great enemy; so Massa, me bring dis old man home, and so long as he live, me take care of him for Jesus' sake."

Selected from " Little Mary grown older."

WORKING SOCIETIES.

My DEAR Young FRIENDS .- It gives me great pleasure to find, through the medium of the Juvenile Missionary Herald, that so many associations and working parties are being formed in various parts of the kingdom. I rejoice that so many young people are interested for the heathen. It is very pleasant to have our fingers employed in benevolent work, but I desire more than this for you: I long that your hearts should be interested too. I hope all who work, read this little magazine; for through it I mean to ask each of my young readers a very important question. So I shall picture myself peeping in on your social meetings, and inquiring, Why are you working for Africa or China? what are your motives? One little bright-eyed, laughing girl, looking up from her work, replies, Because the poor children have no clothes to wear. Well, that is a benevolent motive, but it is not all. Another says, They cannot go to school till they have clothes, and I wish them to be taught to read God's word. This, too, is a worthy motive : but does no one say we wish them to be brought as sinners to the feet of Jesus? There are some tearful eves that respond to this desire, but have you, my dear girls, rested there? is the cross your home? is Jesus your Saviour-your friend? All you can do for the heathen will be as nothing, unless you bring yourselves

first, and then your services, a willing sacrifice to Jesus the good Shepherd. Will you not each one, when you leave this working party to-night, ask yourselves solemnly in the presence of God, Why have I been working for Africa? What are my motives? Do I love Jesus? Have I given my heart to him? Am I travelling to Zion, where I desire the poor heathen shall find a resting-place?

I love missionary work too well to discourage any benevolent attempts you may make; only remember the work, the first acceptable work you can do is, to believe on the Lord Jesus; then all your service, from love to him, will be accepted too. Will you not seek Jesus now, that at last in glory we may together, with the multitude out of every nation, unite in praising his redeeming love?

Believe me, affectionately yours,

E. C. S.

The following practical suggestions from a letter of Mr. Clarke, may assist in the formation of "Working Societies for Africa."

"lst. Those who agree to make up garments should meet to work, if possible, once a week. The vestry of the chapel is, on various accounts, the best place for this purpose. The best time for meeting is from two to five o'clock, P.M. This will give three hours for work, and leave the evenings, generally sufficiently occupied, free.

"2nd. The interest and profit of all will be promoted by one of the party reading those books and missionary notices from which information may be gathered on the natural history of Africa, and the moral and spiritual condition of its inhabitants.

"3rd. On the purchase of materials. Many will give their money freely for these, who will not support our mission. The funds necessary to sustain that need not be dimin-

ished in the smallest degree. The materials required the garments are of the cheapest description. Cott goods of any kind will do. In almost every town th are tradesmen who have prints out of fashion, old sto &c., which they will give and sell at the cheapest pric Manufacturers also may be solicited for damaged piece

"4th. In reference to the size and shape of the gments. It is enough to say, that a frock or gown for females, of the simplest description, to draw at the n and waist, with either long or short sleeves, would do ceedingly well. For the males, a shirt to button at neck and wrists would be all that we should at first quire. These frocks and shirts should be of all st from that of the child in the mother's arms to the grown man and woman. They should be made to re about half way from the knee to the ancle.

"In addition to the benefit which the poor Afri will himself receive from these Christian efforts, the m sionary cause will also receive advantage. In return presents of clothing, yams, fowls, and other necessa will be freely given to your missionaries, whose exper will thereby be diminished, while their comforts and the usefulness are increased.

"The supply cannot be too large, and for some time come, there will be full scope for the diligent exercise this labour of love."

Be humble when thou art most holy; whi way soever pride works, (as thou shalt find like the wind, sometimes at one door, sometin at another), resist it. Nothing is more bane to thy holiness. It turns righteousness in hemlock, holiness into sin. Never art the less holy, than when puffed up with the cone of it.

Scripture Hllustrated.

MARK x. 50.—" And he, casting away his garment, came to Jesus."

HE cast off his outward covering, a blanket or loose piece of cloth, the usual upper garment of an Asiatic mendicant which keeps him from the inclemency of the weather. He threw it off, that he might have nothing to hinder him from coming speedily to Christ. If every penient were as ready to throw aside his self-rightenusness and sins, as this blind man was to throw off his garment, we should have sinners brought more quickly and more often to the moveledge of the truth. The following anectore may illustrate the doctrine thus grounded in the text:—

It happened in America some years ago that in Indian and a white man were both struck with conviction under the same sermon; the indian was almost immediately made to rejoice in pardoning mercy, but the white man was for long while in great distress of mind, and ometimes almost ready to despair, till, at last, in the too found comfort in God's forgiving love. Some time afterwards on meeting his Indian prother, he thus addressed him, "How was it that I should be long under conviction, when ou found comfort so soon?" "Oh brother," eplied the Indian, "Me tell you; There come long a rich prince, he promise to give you so new coat; you look at your coat and say, "I

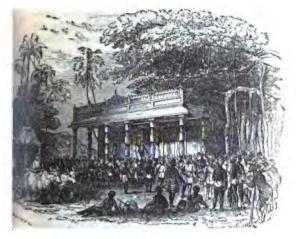
don't know, my coat pretty good, it will do a little longer.' He then offer me a new coat; I look on my old blanket, I say, this good for nothing; I fling it right away and take the new coat. Just so, brother, you try to make your old righteousness do for a little while, you loath to give it up: but I, poor Indian, had none, so I glad to receive at once the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ."

JOHN x. 4, 5.—" And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers."

A modern traveller in Palestine remarks that very near to Jerusalem, he saw a shepherd whose method of guiding his flock was by walking before the sheep, and calling them. He adds, that they immediately followed him.

This text beautifully illustrates the care and compassion of the great Shepherd, who laid down his life for the sheep. He does not drive them, but he guides them by going before them.

"A stranger will they not follow." This too is literally true of flocks in eastern countries. Accustomed to the voice of their own shepherd, they do not regard the call of a stranger. Jesus by this indicates that the people of God follow not erroneous doctrines, or false teachers, but Christ and his doctrines alone.



CHOULTRY

OR INN OF INDIA.

HERE we have a native inn or resting house such as the traveller often finds on the roads of India. These inns are generally built by some rich Hindoo for the convenience of travellers, who choose to rest in them during the heat of the day, or at night. The building in the picture is erected under a banyan tree: and the reader will see the roots or branches of the tree on the left hand. The Hindoos in front are travellers, or dealers who supply travellers with rice. The speaker in the centre is a mission-

ary preaching to the crowd. He has probably taken up his abode for the night at this place, intending to go on his journey the following day. At these inns the traveller pays nothing for shelter. Every one remains as long as he pleases, buying food of the traders or at the market of the village. When all the travellers are gone, bats, monkeys, and serpents take their place.

This picture is taken (by the kind permission of the author) from Mr. Hoole's "Missions in Madras,"—a very interesting volume.

HEATHEN PARENTS, HEATHEN CHILDREN.

I much wish to arouse the attention of the young people of England, to the fearful sufferings of the children of heathen parents. Even "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Dear young people, who are blessed with pious parents,—who know the tenderness of a holy mother's love, and the depth of a praying father's affection, think of the miseries endured by poor heathen children; and do what you can to send them the gospel.

Among the ancient heathen nations, it was a common thing for parents to offer up their children as sacrifices to the gods. There was a god, worshipped by some of those people, called Saturn; who is spoken of in the Old Testament by the name of Moloch. The Phonicians a very ancient race, and the Canaanites,

used to burn their sons alive in honour of this fearful god. "At first, children were inhumanly burned, either in a fiery furnace, like those in the valley of Himmon, so often mentioned in scripture, or in a flaming statue of Mothers made it a part of their religion to view the spectacle with dry eyes, fearing lest the victims being offered with an unbecoming grace, should anger the gods."

We read, that, on one occasion, the Carthaginians, who were descended from the Phœnicians, offered as many as 200 of their children, whose parents were of the highest rank, and 300 other persons, at a single sacrifice, in a season of great national distress.

If any of my young readers would like to learn more about this horrid practice, let them turn to the following passages of scripture:-Lev. xx. 2: 2 Kings xvi. 3: 2 Kings xx. 6: 2 Kings xxiii. 10; Jer. xix. 5; Ezek. xx. 31; Ezek. xxiii. 37, 38, 39; 2 Kings iii. 26, 27.

There is every reason to believe, that, this inhuman superstition existed among the ancient inhabitants of our own land. The Druids, the priests of the ancient and idolatrous Britons. offered up children and human sacrifices generally to appease the supposed anger of their false gods. These human sacrifices were burnt alive in large wicker baskets, sufficiently capacious to hold a great number; and thus many devoted victims perished at the same time. Children of England, remember what your forefathers were. The very soil you tread may have been stained with the blood of human sacrifices; and what has produced the glorious change which is now seen? Nothing but the gospel of Christ. Then, pray God to send the gospel to those countries where parents are still destroying their children in honour of their idols.

For, remember, that many heathen parents even now offer up their children to false gods. Mark vonder Hindoo mother standing by the banks of the river Ganges! She holds in her arms a smiling babe, over which she has often watched with the deepest interest: for a moment she hesitates in her purpose, but it is only for a moment. She deliberately throws the unconscious infant into the stream, as an offering to the fabled god of the river; and sees it sink beneath the dark waters without a tear or a sigh; and should some voracious crocodile devour it before her eyes, she would think it a mercy and a privilege, as the crocodile is an object of Hindoo worship. Children, this is idolatry.

In the South Sea Islands, before the introduction of the gospel, parents used frequently to bury their children alive. Some parents have confessed, after their conversion to Christianity, that when heathens, they have destroyed as many as six or more of their children in this cruel way.

The inhabitants of Africa, that vast continent where our brethren Clarke and Prince, and others have gone to labour, treat their children very cruelly. If a child proves troublesome, his father gives him a cut across the face. A parent has even been known to take his child up, and in an instant break his back across his knee. African parents sometimes sell their own children for slaves!

In China, if a man has a larger family than he likes, he thinks it no sin to destroy his female children. This is commonly done in the night, and the corpse of the poor child is tossed into the street, and carts come round regularly in the morning for the purpose of taking away the dead bodies. Sometimes as many as thirty or forty bodies of female children, who have been killed by their parents during the night have been picked up in one morning, in the streets of Pekin.

But, not only do heathen parents thus cruelly treat the bodies of their children, but they grievously neglect the culture of their minds. They, generally speaking, leave them to grow up in ignorance. If they teach them any thing, it is error of the worst kind. Instead of teaching them the knowledge of the one true God, and of Jesus Christ they make them bow their little knees at the idol's shrine! They train up their children to be "vessels of wrath, fitted to destruction!" And will you not pity and aid them?

JOHN STOCK.

2. Christ's Sheep are marked Sheep .- In almost every flock the sheep are all marked in order that the shepherd may know them. mark is often made with tar on the woolly back of the sheep. Sometimes it is the first letter of the owner's name. The use of the mark is that they may not be lost when they wander among other sheep. So it is with the flock of Jesus. Every sheep of his has two marks. One mark is made with the blood of Jesus. Every sheep and lamb in Christ's flock was once guilty and defiled with sin-altogether become filthy. But every one of them has been drawn to the blood of Jesus, and washed there. They are all like sheep " come up from the washing." They can all say, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," Rev. i. 5. Have you this mark? Look and see. can never be in heaven unless you have it. Every one there has washed his robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, Rev. vii. 14. Another mark is made by the Holy Spirit. This is not a mark which you can see outside, like the mark on the white wool of the sheep. It is deep, deep in the bosom, where the eve of man cannot look. It is a NEW HEART, Ezek. xxxvi. 26. "A new heart also will I give you." This is the seal of the Holy Spirit, which he gives to all them that believe. With infinite power he puts forth his unseen hand, and silently changes the hearts of all that are truly Christ's. Have you got the new heart? You never will go to heaven without it. "If any

man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." Beloved children, pray for these two marks of the sheep of Jesus — forgiveness through blood, and a new heart. Oh, be in earnest to get them, and to get them now. Soon the chief Shepherd will come, and set the sheep on his right hand, and the goats on his left. Where will you be in that day?

3. Christ's sheep all flock together .- Sheep love to go together. A sheep never goes with a wolf or with a dog, but always with the flock. Especially when a storm is coming down, they keep near one another. When the sky turns dark with clouds, and the first drops of a thunder-shower are coming on, the shepherds saythat you will see the sheep flocking down from the hills, and all meeting together in some sheltered valley. They love to keep together. So it is with the flock of Jesus. They do not love to go with the world, but always one with another. Christian loves Christian. They have the same peace, the same spirit, the same shenherd, the same fold on the hills of immortality. Especially in the dark and cloudy day, the sheep of Christ are driven together, to weep together. They love to pray together, to sing praise together, to hide in Christ together.

"Little children, love one another." Make companions of those that fear God. Flee from all others. Who can take fire into their bosom and not be burned? I remember of one little boy who was indeed a lamb of Christ's fold. He could not bear a lie; and whenever he

found any of his companions telling a falsehood. he left their company altogether. There was one boy with whom he was very intimate. This boy, one day, began to boast of something he had done, which boast our little Christian saw at once to be a lie. Upon this, he told him that he must never again come to his house, and that he would have nothing more to do with him till he was a better boy. His mother asked him how he would know when he was a better boy? He said that he would soon see some marks which would show him that he was better. "And what marks would you know it by?" think," said he, "the biggest mark will be that he loves God." [To be continued.]

THE PAGE FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

Be patient and long-suffering toward sinners: such is the value of one soul, that it is worth waiting all your days to save it.... The Lord waits with patience upon sinners, and well may you. Consider yourselves how long God was treating with you, ere you were won to him. Be not discouraged if your success presently answer not your expectation.

That flower which follows the sun, doth so even in cloudy days: when it doth not shine forth, yet it follows the hidden course and motion of it. So, the soul that moves after God, keeps that course when he hides his face; is content, yea, is glad at his will, in all estates, or conditions, or events.

LINES.

Suggested by a visit to the place of graves at the Baptist Missionary Station, Salter's Hill, Jamaica.

I lingered near a lovely dell, While Sabbath hours declined away; And visions of mysterious spell, Stole o'er me in that transient stay.

The balm of summer breath went by, And palm leaves sighed responsive there; The rich clouds gemmed the western sky, And wood-notes fill'd the evening air.

Four graves in that secluded spot In style of simplest art arose; The lettered tomb stone marked them not, As places where the great repose.

Yet were they great—for 'neath the sod, Though fame refused her worthless aid— The dust of "kings and priests to God" In hope of endless life was laid!

One fell with sacred honours crowned,*
Who fought, and wept, and toiled, and died:
And two the peaceful haven found,†
While strangers to life's troubled tide.

But there was one—the grave was new,‡ At which fond mem'ry paused awhile; For she whose form was hid from view, Had lived and laboured on that soil.

- · Rev. George Webb.
- + Edwin Dendy, and Thomas Clarkson Pickton.
- Miss Dendy, who died May 31, 1844.

Hold, stranger, hold! And who was she? Each soft memento whispers near; In sorrow's sigh the tale is told. And pictured in the falling tear. Away o'er ocean's wave afar, She bade her quiet home farewell; And led by Jacob's rising star, Came to this sunny isle to dwell. Two years had scarcely rolled away, When Jesus call'd-her work was done; And mounting from her weary clay, She sought a brighter, better sun. But many a holy lesson yet Will live in those who owned her care : For how can grateful hearts forget,

And oft beside this lonely bed,
What time the evening hours begin,
Some youthful wand'rer may be led
To think—" my teacher sleeps within."
And there the counsels taught by thee,
Shall kindle to a living flame:
Thus from thy ashes, Faith can see,
A race come forth to bless thy name!
Sleep on—sleep on—the shadows fall,
And night will come with noiseless tread;
But day shall yet upon thy pall
A pure and cloudless radiance spread!
Sleep on—sleep on—for Jesus lives,
"The travail of his soul," to see;
To other hearts his grace he gives,

Immortal shall his kingdom be!

What so much love imprinted there?

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



GALATIANS V. 19-22.

YOL. I.]

[JULY.

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THE GREAT CHANGE.

Our readers will notice the picture on the other side. The view nearest the bottom of the page, is intended to represent a cruel savage, after setting fire to the house of his enemy, killing his wife and child. The other view shows the same person, "clothed and in his right mind," praying at the death-bed of a poor woman and directing her heart to Christ.

The gospel has produced many such changes. Africaner, (as many of our little readers know) was the chief of a tribe in Africa, and the terror of the country. Among other daring deeds, he attacked a missionary station, burned the chapel, and drove the people into the desert. So cruel was he, that 1000 dollars were offered to any one who would shoot him.

Through the blessing of God on the labours of missionaries, this "wild lion of the desert," as he was called, was tamed. He then laid aside his weapons of war, and became a pious and peaceful man.

Africaner, when dying, exhorted his people to live in peace; and added, "My former life was stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven."

GREENLAND.

BY REV. C. H. BATEMAN.

Taken, by permission, from the "Edinburgh Juvenils
Missionary Annual"—a very admirable
little volume.

I DARESAY most of my young readers have heard of Greenland. It is a cold country. lying to the north-east of North America, and inhabited by a race of people, who in former times were amongst the most ignorant and barbarous of the family of man. For nine long months in the year Greenland is involved in its cold and freezing winter. Then the shores are all bound with ice; every little creek and bay is frozen up, and the ground upon their banks and all up into the country covered over with a deep bed of snow. It is so cold that all the animals change colour. The fox puts on a clean white sacket, and the partridge decks himself out in snow-like feathers; and the wolf, and the bear, and the rabbit, all change their dark coats for white ones. They do this by a kind arrangement of our God to keep them warmer, and also to prevent their being seen upon the snow, and so enable them to escape their enemies. For three months during this dreary winter the sun is never seen. When he goes down below the horizon in November, the Greenlanders know he will not rise again till January comes, and they take a long farewell of his glorious form and gorgeous beams. Some of ther

are very old when he sets behind his bank of clouds, and to them he sets for ever, for before he rises again above their hills, their heads will be lying in the cold and silent grave. "What," you say, "is it dark for three long months?" Oh. no! it is not dark. You never saw it dark when the ground was covered with snow, and hence it is not dark in Greenland. reflection of light from the snow which helps to prevent its being dark. And there is the silver moon, and the bright clear sky studded with ten thousand stars all sending forth their ravs of brightness. And then it is when the aurora borealis, the northern light, sends up its streamers, and plays upon the heavens in all its wild, and beautiful, and sparkling forms. The night of Greenland's winter is far from being dark. During this long season of cold the Greenlanders live in huts built of snow. cut out large blocks of snow, and piling them one upon another, they form a little hut high enough for a man of six feet to stand up in, and so large that perhaps a dozen people may lie down in it at night. They make a very low doorway, just big enough and high enough to allow a person to creep in on his hands and feet; and they make no chimney, but let the smoke get out as it can, or stay in if it Any openings that would let out the smoke would also let in the frost, and so they keep all tight and close. I wonder how you would like to live in one of these Greenland houses for six or nine long months? Very

likely many of you have made little snow huts in winter, with great grim looking snow men to guard the door, and sat down in them in high glee to enjoy them for an hour; but after all. when night came on, you were glad enough to creep to your nice parlour fire, or lie down in your snug little bed, and would have thought it a cruel act if your parents had made you stay in your snow house all night. What then do you think must be the feelings of the poor Greenlanders who live in them all the winter long? And vet in these snow huts they live like little princes, as free and as happy as the day is light and long when the Greenland summer comes. Some of the missionaries have told me that these huts are very beautiful too, when first put up, and as you look down from the rising ground on a little village of them they seem. when the lamps are lit within, like so many large ground-glass beehives, while the inside is like a lovely grotto. The sides and roof are covered with crystals of ice, and every crystal sparkles as the light from the lamp falls on it. and sends forth its rays like the diamond on the lady's ring. To be sure there is much that we should think uncomfortable, even amid their beauties. For instance, often when two men are sleeping together in one blanket, and the breath of one falls on the long whiskers of the other, there, as soon as he wakes, he finds a cluster of icicles hanging to his cheek, or else the bed-clothes get so hard and frozen, that as they are moved they go crackle, crackle, crackle,

—and tell them they are sleeping in an icehouse. Sometimes, too, the tea will freeze in the tea-cups before the people can get it down their throats, and others have to be quick at eating, or else their dinners would be frozen to their plates.

"But could they not make houses out of wood or stone as we do, and so be much more comfortable?" you perhaps ask. They have no stone fit for building that they can work, and as for wood, very few trees of sufficient size will grow in Greenland. Their wood is drifted to them on the water, and when they have got it they cannot so fit it together as to make houses warm enough for winter. cold wind whistles through the crevices, and very nearly cuts their ears and noses off. Their houses do for summer, but they will not do for winter; and so, for the sake of getting to a warmer house, they make one out of snow and ice.

The Greenlanders are naturally a very dirty and disgusting set of people in their manners and the food they eat. What do you think of their finest delicacies being formed of traircil, whale's blubber, or seal's flesh, only hix cooked? And yet this is the best food they get. One day while Captain Parry was there, he went into a house where there was a fine little Greenland girl, and he thought he would like to have her likeness to show to his friends at home. So he got her to sit down and let him take it. However, Miss Greenlander did

not choose to sit still, and all he could do would not keep her quiet. At last he saw she was eveing a bunch of candles hanging from the wall, with no small appearance of a wish to have a bite at them, and so he gave them to her, and there she sat munching away at the candles as quiet as a lamb, till he had finished his picture. On another occasion he went into a hut, and saw a curious k nd of lamp he wished to buy: but it was so covered with smut, and fat, and dirt, from standi g there so long, and being filled with oil and t dlow, the the did not like to carry it away, and gave it to a girl to clean. And how do you think she dilit? Why. she took up a bone lying (n the ground, scraped off all the fat and dirt, which she carefully handed to her mouth, drank off the oil, and then licked the vessel clean.

The Greenlanders dress in furs, c usily got from the seals that are caught in the seas around them, and contrive to keep themselves nice and warm, let winds and frost be ever so bleak or cold. During winter little can be done by them in the way of getting food; but when the summer comes, then out they go, and, by fishing and hunting, lay up a store of provisions against the winter time. "Summer," you say, "what! is there summer in this dreary land?" Yes! that there is, and as fine a summer as your heart could wish. Indeed, it seems that a Greenland summer is the most lovely of any, and seems to make up while it lasts, for all the dreary months besides. The sun that had

forsaken their shores now comes back, and for two or three months never sets, so that their summer is one long day. His bright beams now melt the ice and snow upon the hills and in the dales, and round about the shores. wolf and the fox, and the bear, and the partridge, put on their summer brown, and many flocks of birds that had retired to the south, now return and make the land joyful with their The green earth is seen, and a carpet of the most beautiful flowers covers all the land. There is the lovely anemone, with its scarlet, or purple, or lilac flowers, and there the pretty crocus, and the yellow daffodil, and many more that I have not time to mention During the long winter the Greenlander has been making his nets, and preparing his spear, and sharpening his harpoon, and mending his sledge, and improving his cance; and now away he goes to the open seas, and there commences fishing. He has a peculiar sort of canoe, called a kajak, made of skins, and very light. It is long but narrow, and he manages it very well. closed upon the top, excepting in the middle, where there is a hole just big enough to take him in, and in this he sits. He laces himself in lest he should be upset, and so perhaps fall out, and, with his paddle in his left hand, away he goes. Nobody but the Greenlander can manage this boat, but he does it cleverly. If he should be turned over, and his head be hanging down, with one splash of his paddle he can recover his right position; or if he sees two fields of floating ice moving towards each other, and allowing him just time to steer between them, on he will dash with the speed of the arrow, and before the fields have met, he is far away in the open waters, where he hears the tremendous crash of the floating ice behind, while he is safe from danger. In this way he fishes or hunts the seal through his seas. The way he catches the seal is this: -He holds his harpoon, a sort of spear with a loose head, in his right hand, and coming very quietly near to the spot where the seal is sleeping on the ice, takes his aim. In a minute the spear is seen flying through the air, and in the next, the seal darting down into the sea with the head of the harpoon sticking in its back. I said the head was loose. It has, however, a string attached to it, which is wound up before by the Greenlander in the canoe, and passes through a hole in the shaft of the harpoon. This string prevents the seal from escaping, and as he dives he drags it out. By and by he rises to get his breath, and another harpoon is sent into him, till at last he is fairly conquered, and the Greenlander draws him to his side, kills him, and binds him to the kajak. When he has caught all he can, and feels it time to go home, he does so, and then all his family are at once employed in helping to stow away the provisions he has brought. If he comes home with fish, this has to be cleaned and hung up to dry; or if he has many seals, then the skin has to be stripped off, and prepared and dried, that when

winter comes, it may be turned into a jacket for one of the little boys, or a pair of trousers for his little girl. Some of the bones of the seal are valuable for various purposes, and these have to be taken out. The fat, too, has to be boiled down to make oil for the lamps, and some of the flesh to be preserved to provide food for winter.

If the Greenlander finds the seas keep frozen too long for him to fish, so as to get plenty of food, then he gets out in a little sledge upon the ice. This sledge is sometimes drawn by twenty dogs, and he drives them by a little stick. If he sees one of them behaving badly, he throws the stick, strikes him on the ear, and as the sledge skims past, picks up the stick again. The women have boats and sledges too, but these are very different from those the men employ. They are intended to take the children and many other things in them, and so they are very large.

And now I have told you all about these people I think I need, as far as their manners and their customs go. In a future number of this little book you will have an account of the first missionaries that went to them, and the good that has been since done amongst them; but here for the present my story ends.

THE "DOVE."

Our young friends will be pleased to hear that all the sum required to meet the expenses of the "Dove" for one year, has been contributed by the young. The following letter will gratify the contributors very much:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JUVENILE REPAID. Madeira, Feb. 17, 1845.

DEAR SIR,-It will, no doubt, gladden the hearts of the young friends who read the Juvenile Herald, to hear something about the "Dove:" and, as many of them kindly engaged to assist in supporting this little missicnary ship, it is but reasonable that they should know as much about her as possible. Nov. my dear young friends, as I am about to keep my promise in sending you some account, I hope you too have kept, and will continue to keep, your promise, in supporting the "Dove." The "Dove" left England, on Wednesday morning, the 5th of February. In the Channel we had very rough weather, and Captain Milbourn had a very near escape for his life: he was out on the jib boom but a very short time before it was carried away with a heavy On Sunday and Monday, the 9th and 10th instant, the "Dove" had to consend with very rough weather in crossing the Bay of Biscay: but amidst it all our little "Dove" was going forward at the rate of eight and ten

miles per hour. The captain said she should be called the "Wonderful," for indeed it was wonderful to see how she mounted over the tremendous waves with such ease and facility. Now, in the good providence of our heavenly Father, after twelve days' sailing, we have arrived at this place in peace and safety; and I trust you will unite with us in thanking God for his past care and protection, and implore its continuation. There was one thing which particularly struck me, when no small tempest lay on us, and it was this. My little girl was quite happy while I was near her; but if I left her, she then cried out for her father. Now. my young friends, I thought, what a good thing it would be, if you all were as anxious for the presence, the care and protection of your heavenly Father; for unless you have him to protect you, his eye to watch over you. and his counsel to direct you, unless you seek early, through Christ, to be satisfied with his mercy, you can never be happy, or you can never be safe. But if you have God for your father, and Christ for your friend, you will be happy while you live, happy when you die, and, best of all, you will be happy to all eternity. There was another thought crossed my mind. which is very cheering to such as wish to seek God, and that was, that he is quite as near. quite as willing to hear, quite as ready to answer, and much better able to supply the requests you make to him, than I was to attend to and supply the wants of my little girl. Go to God, then, in earnest prayer, through Christ,

and you will soon prove the truth of his word, that "they who seek me early shall find me." Ever affectionately yours, THOMAS THOMPSON.

Since this letter was received, we have heard of the arrival of the "Dove" near Fernando Po.



SCHOOL HOUSE, KETTERING.

WE present to our young readers a view of the school-house at Kettering, in Trelawny, Jamaica. This school-house, which is also used as a chapel on Lord's-day, is in the centre of the new free village, formed by Mr. Knibb, a close to his residence. Our young friends will perhaps remember that here the Jamaica Jubilee of the Baptist Missionary Society was held, at which, in a spacious tent erected for the purpose, from 10,000 to 12,000 persons were present.

The village of Kettering at present contains about 200 houses, and several others are in course of erection; while in the neighbourhood mere are other villages, one of which is called Carev Park, on which many free cottages have The day school has been in been erected. operation nearly three years, under several teachers, and a very flourithing Sabbath school The former superintendent has been formed. of the Sabbath school is now a teacher in Africa. where we hope he will be very useful. The day and Sabbath schools are now under the care of the daughters of Mr. Knibb, and in the latter several of the teachers are very diligent in the performance of their arduous duties.

The school-room commands a beautiful view of the sea, and at times the distant island of Cuba is seen; where slavery still reigns in all its awful power, and where the little children are never taught either to read the word of God, or to love that blessed Jesus who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Well may each dear child in happy England sing—

"I thank the goodness and the grace, That on my birth have smiled; That made me in these blissful days, A happy English child. I was not born a little slave, To labour in the sun; Wishing I were but in the grave, And all my labour done."

There are many other such schools as this in Jamaica for the little children who used to be slaves, and it is delightful to hear of thousands who are now receiving instruction, and many of them while very young, devoting themselves to the service of the Saviour. The sacrifices the parents make to be able to send their children to school, are very great: and the strong inverest the dear children feel, and the improvement in their character, encourage their teachers and friends very much. One little anecdote will much please our young readers.

A company of strolling players had got up a play, at Falmouth in Jamaica. There was a little girl, who had pleased a young lady whom she served, and the lady in consequence offered her a ticket for the play: the child immediately dropped a courtesy and said, "I thank you ma'am, I know you mean to do me a kindness, but I hope I should never think of disgracing the Sunday school so much, as to go to such a place after the instruction I have received." This shows the good this dear child had received, and the interest she felt in the character of the school. Oh! that her conduct were imitated by every little English Sunday scholar.

A FATHER'S LETTER ABOUT THE ANNUAL MEETING.

MY DEAR BOYS,-I must not forget to tell you about the great Annual Meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society in Exeter Hall. You have never seen Exeter Hall, and it is not very easy to describe it. You may fancy, however, an immense room, capable of containing between three and four thousand people. one end there is a part railed off from the rest. where the seats rise one above another until they reach a noble organ, which occasionally pours forth its flood of music over the multitude. These lofty seats are the platform. They are usually occupied by ministers, secretaries, and other active friends of the society, and above all, by the speakers, who stand at the front next to the railing. The president's chair stands in the midst of the row of speakers. Now if you stood behind that chair, and looked to the left, you would see a little railed gallery against the wall; and if you looked again to the right, you would see another of the same These are favoured places, where only a few ladies are permitted to go. They are called the "reserved galleries." If you look straight forward to the farthest end, so far off that you can hardly distinguish the features of any one's face, you will see a much larger gallery stretching across the room, and supported by beautiful pillars. When the assembly is very

large, that place is filled, and it is called the "western gallery." Now from the foot of that gallery to the feet of the chair behind which you are standing, such a scene presents itself as I cannot describe. What a multitude of The young and the aged, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay, gathered from every part of mighty London, and from almost every county of old England, -but all listening to-day to the tidings from heathen lands. Many of them had occupied their seats for some hours before the beginning of the meeting, in order to be sure of a good place; so that when the hands of the time-piece proclaimed that it was ten o'clock, there was a deep rumbling heard all over the assembly, occasioned by the low beating of their feet against the floor, as much as to say to the speakers in the committee-room below, that they were all ready and would be too happy to see them without more delay. another moment the low murmuring sound swells to a shout. What is the matter? speakers having taken the hint, have made their appearance at a door at the top of the platform, and are moving in slow procession to the front rank. Who is that tall, military, intelligent looking man following the secretary? It is Mr. Foster, from Lancashire, who is to take the chair. The shout bursts out afresh, and hats and handkerchiefs are waving in the air: he is followed by William Knibb. memory of former days comes over the multitude. They remember his daring but bene-

volent countenance, which "the sun has looked upon " in his burning clime, and made tawnier than ever,-browner, as he is braver, than the African lion. In another moment, all is hushed. The chairman slowly and distinctly delivered a beautiful address. One of the ministers offered Mr. Angus read a report so a fervent praver. interesting and clear, that you could have understood it all. But hark! there is a cheer of welcome. Some one, beloved by all, has risen to speak. There he is! The snows of age have fallen upon him; his locks are of the It is Dr. Godwin, of Oxford. purest white. You would have been delighted to hear him. "Is not the present assembly," he exclaimed, "a gratifying and exhilarating sight? Here I see before me those who are met together in one place, and with one accord. I see, by the benevolent attention which beams from your countenances, the interest that is taken in the object which we have in view. Here I see both sexes, and not a small number of those who lingered last at the cross and were among the first at the sepulchre. Here I see the aged and the young; and I am reminded of what we sometimes sing :-

'To Thee the hoary head,
Its silver honour pays;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days:
In every age their tribute bring,
And bow to their all-conquering King.'"

In a little while after, for I cannot tell you all, a speaker was announced, whose name I did not hear, and whom I could not see at first: but when his soft voice rose up clearly after the cheer which had welcomed him. I recognized him in a moment. "When I remind this assembly," he said, "that I was, for a short time, an agent of this society in India, and have returned from that field of labour about four years. I feel that an apology is due from me for not having previously appeared at your annual meeting. My apology is one which I doubt not your kindness will accept-loss of health incurred in the service of this society." It was Mr. Tucker, from Manchester. chief of the few scenes," he continued, "I saw among the heathen, combined in a high degree the painful and the pleasing. painful to stand in a Hindoo crowd at Churuk Poojah, and to see my fellow-man swinging round and round over our heads, the iron hooks buried in his living flesh while he was offering a vain oblation, or making a vain atonement; and then to look round upon the spectators and perceive that they regarded it not as I expected a most solemn act of their religion, but as a piece of amusing jugglery. But was it not pleasant to see a row of young men piercing the crowd-young men of the same clime and language, distributing on every side sheets in the Bengalee character, which told of a sacrifice well pleasing to Jehovah, and of precious blood that cleanseth from all sin? Those tracts were printed at your press; those youths were instructed in your schools. It was painful to stand by the river at Dooga Poojah, and to see procession after procession following image after image, to cast the clay figures of the goddess into the water, that her spirit might escape and mingle with the sacred stream. But was it not pleasing, on returning to one of our elder missionaries, to be told that where I had seen 500 worshippers he had seen 50,000. was painful to know that there were millions in India who had never seen a copy of the sacred scriptures: but was it not pleasant to be told that wherever those scriptures are now distributed, the men who, in the days of Carev. would have started from the book as from a serpent, now receive it so eagerly—so eagerly that your distributor is often in danger of being trampled on by the crowd, or forced into the river?" The difficulties that attend on conversion are much greater than any encountered in this country. "Alas!" said the speaker, "for the Indian convert! No joyful parent's tear welcomes him into the church of Christ! There are tears, indeed, but they are tears of anguish-of fierce and bitter wrath; and it is well if the hand, which from that time withholds the inheritance, do not assail the outcast's life. It is not that the heathen parent cares a jot for the religious opinions or feelings of his child, but that, when that child avows the name of Christian, the family name is tarnished—its caste is gone." "Do not," he said in closing,

"do not forget Jamaica—nourish Africa—attack, if you will, the Celestial Empire itself—but still remember India. It was the land of your first love. You have taken possession of it, as the patriarchs did of Canaan, by the graves of those most dear to you."

Now, my dear boys, I must honestly say that when this speech was over I was very tired, tired because every thing had been so interesting. So I slipped away to the room below, where I espied a number of oranges. They seemed to have been placed there for thirsty lips by some considerate person; so, without ceremony, I plunged into one of them and was speedily refreshed. I had not remained long before a dreadful thundering rolled over my head in the assembly. "This is something," I exclaimed, and darted through the upper door upon the platform. It was Mr. Knibb rising to speak. The cheering was just passing away when I entered, and I heard these words in the pathetic and majestic voice of the West Indian pastor .- "Little did I expect, when I took, three years ago, a farewell of you and received those kind sympathies which bind heart to heart, and spirit to spirit, that I should so soon appear among you for the purpose of laying before you scenes of wrong perpetrated under the forms of law upon the emancipated population of Jamaica. I did trust that my work of agitation was done; that I should be permitted to enjoy, in calm serenity, the victory you had won, and pursue that which is much more congenial to my taste, the extension of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

Then he told us a heavy tale of the wrong and outrage "with which earth is filled," and closed by narrating this affecting fact, which shows that slavery is not the easy life which some have said it is. "I trod, the other day, the deck of the British vessel that conveyed me to this country, and on that deck, a few weeks before I entered thereon, a poor slave sought refuge from Cuba; unhappily he was discovered before the vessel left the shores. The man came on deck, was ordered to get into a boat and go back to slavery. The poor fellow said, 'Never,' and taking a razor, slashed his throat in pieces, and fell dead on the British vessel's deck. We need your sympathies for the great, the mighty work of freeing man. Oh! that this great and mighty work may advance, and that it may soon be proclaimed from the mountain's top, that a slave exists not on earth, and that no part of the universe is cursed by bondage,"

A minister from the United States of America, next expressed the warm feelings of his heart and the cordial regard of his brethren far over the Atlantic towards English Christians and the work of missions. Then the whole assembly stood up to sing. All hearts seemed poured out in the praises of the Lamb. I thought of that happy day when people from all countries and of all languages will join together; above. Do you not think it a great

honour to do any thing to hasten it on? I hope your missionary meetings at home will be as good as the one I have described.

Your ever affectionate Father.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

JUVENILE AUXILIARIES.

Patience, dear young readers! Reports of auxiliaries crowd in upon us from all sides. Bedfordshire has had meetings at all its principal towns and villages: all of them admirable. Mr. Fraser and Mr. Adey attended them. Here is a report of three of the meetings—specimens of the whole.

At Bedford, where John Bunyan, the author of the Pilgrim's Progress, lived and laboured a delightful meeting was held in the large Independent chapel, called Howard chapel, in honour of John Howard, the good philanthropist. The beautiful chapel was filled in the afternoon with the scholars of the Independent, Wesleyan, and Baptist Sunday schools, who listened with the best attention to the address of Mr. Fraser; gazed on the idels with sorrowful interest, and answered the questions of the minister with much propriety.

At Leighton Buzzard, the Baptist chapel was attended by the scholars of the British and infant schools of the town, and those of Mr. Adey's Sunday-school. The correct replies returned to the numerous inquiries of Mr. Faser, proved that the children were well instructed in the scriptures and in general knowledge. At the close

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of the meeting several young persons gave donations and took missionary cards.

At Keysoe, the ancient Baptist chapel was well filled with the Sunday-school children, and the unavoidable absence of Mr. Fraser was supplied by Mr. Adey of Leighton, who showed the idols, and told the assembly many things about the heathen, and also what good children were doing and giving for their welfare. All the dear children, although very poor, put some copper into the plates, and made the best juvenile collection of all the March meetings in Bedfordshire.

In London, Keppel Street has had its juvenile meeting, when Mr. Davies presided. Upwards of £6 was divided among the societies; and one hundred and fifty Juvenile Heralds have been sold in the school and congregation. "By another year," says our friend, a we hope for a still increasing sale of the Herald, a larger amount of contribution, and, above all, more love to Christ, and more self-devotedness to his service." May our friend's largest hopes be all fulfilled!

At Little Alie Street, our young friends have been at work right heartily. One Lord's day in November, last year, two little girls asked for cards. These were supplied. Seven others, on the following Lord's day, made the same request. The result is highly encouraging: and at the same time several of the young folks have been helping to support the "Dove." Go on and prosper, is at once the exhortation of our correspondent and of the committee.

Thus far we have ventured to give the substance of the letters sent in, being pressed for space.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD



THE BASTERN MARKET.

YOL. 1.]

[AUGUST.

THE EASTERN MARKET.

HERE we have a view of one of the places where missionaries preach and distribute tracts—the market, or bazaar. Often these markets are held in the open air, but sometimes in large buildings. This is a large building, and on the walls may be seen shawls and dresses for sale.

The following, taken from a letter of Mr. Denham's passage, will show how the mission-aries are engaged:—

"Brother Leslie and Wenger continue their labours with great assiduity. Brother Leslie is a thorough missionary and an admirable I should like our friends in England preacher. to witness a service here. Brother Leslie collects an auditory in the bazaar or highway with great tact, rouses their attention, and keeps up a fixed interest. He possesses a perfect mastery of the Hindoostanee, and the Mussulmans hear with evident attention. Brother Wenger follows in Bengalee to the mixed people; and thus poor Hindoos and Mahommedans, each in their mother speech, are pointed to the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ the only Saviour. Such preaching as I have heard here cannot return void. Isaiah lv. 10, 11."

GREENLAND .-- No. II.

(Continued from page 154.)

In a former paper in this book, you have an account of the Greenlanders, and their cold and dreary land. I wrote you that account to interest your minds in the people before I said anything of the efforts that have been made to spread the gospel in their midst; and this is what we have to do at present.

Nearly two hundred years ago, a number of people from Norway settled on the shores of Greenland, and built churches and houses, and lived there many years. Their object was not to convert the heathen, so much as to make fortunes by catching the whales or killing the seals that frequent the seas, and sending the oil and other things they got to Europe. They staid there many years. These people suffered great hardships. They found it impossible to live on the food the country produces, and arranged for ships from Norway to bring out food to them every year. Many of these ships, however, were wrecked in trying to get to them; some were frozen up in the ice, and others were forced to return to their country, after many fruitless efforts to get near the coast. Their friends at home often felt very anxious about them, and wished they would return.

Amongst those that thought most of them, and prayed for their protection, was a good man, called Hans Egede. He felt much for the lop

Christians on that inhospitable shore, but more for the poor Greenlanders about whom he had heard, and for whose salvation he sincerely longed. He spoke to his friends about them. and tried to persuade them to allow him to go and preach to them the gospel. But all opposed his wishes. He then wrote to two good bishops, the bishops of Bergen and Drontheim, beseeching them to try to send the gospel to these ignorant Greenlanders, and offering to go if they would give him the necessary means. All his friends made sport of him, and 'called him a fanatic and a madman: and when their scorn did not move him, then they said he was cruel, and deserved to be called a monster, for that he was only anxious to take out his wife and children to destroy them by the rigour of the climate.

The way he was treated wrought sadly on poor Hans Egede's mind, and his anxiety to go, threw him into a state of ill health, and nearly brought him to the grave. This made his wife and children consent to go with him, and what was more, become quite as anxious as himself to go. Still Egede had neither money nor means to go without other people's help, and he had much to bear and fight against before his wish could be complied with. For ten long years he laboured to gain his end, and at last the king was persuaded to give him leave to go, and to promise £60 a-year towards his support. He then collected money enough to buy a ship, and induced a

number of people to go out with him and settle on the coast. You may think how delighted Hans Egede was when he saw his wishes so near being realized, and looked at his vessel floating on the water, ready to bear him and his family away. He called the ship, "The Hope," and set sail in it on May 2, 1721.

He had a difficult voyage. Sometimes his ship very nearly dashed to pieces amongst the pieces of floating ice; but at last they reached the coast on July 3rd of the same year in which they left their homes. They landed on a bleak wild part of the shore, where they saw the summer village of a party of Greenlanders. These people stared at them as they landed, as if they had dropped from the skies, and wondered why they had come, but they showed them no kindness. Hans Egede had to build himself a house, which he did of loose stones and mud, and then moved all his family into it. His first efforts were to try to find out where the Christians were of whom he had heard so much: but he only found the ruins of their houses and their churches, and supposed they had long since perished or removed. He then set to work to convert the heathen, but found great difficulties in the way. He did not know their language, and there was nobody to teach him, and nobody either that could speak Norwegian, the only tongue he knew. So he began and tried to teach himself. He took notice of what they said, and at last found out that, when they wanted to know the name of a thing, they cried out "Kina," and he supposed this must mean-"What is it?" or "What is This word was of great use to Egede. and, indeed, was the key to the language. Whenever he saw anything new, he said, "Kina," and the Greenlanders answered in their language, and he put down what they said, and remembered it. In this way he learned many words. He had two little bovs with him, and these learned the language much quicker than himself, and then helped him out, He found the Greenlanders so ignorant that they could not understand any of the stories of the bible, and so he got Paul, the oldest of his boys to draw pictures about these stories, which he showed them, and then tried to make them understand them. His wife also laboured hard to teach the women, but could make very little wav.

The ignorance and wickedness of the Greenlanders were very disheartening to poor Egede, but he could have borne with these, if the men he had brought with him would only have been contented with their lot. These men had come out at first quite willingly, but when they began to suffer from the severity of the climate, and found their provisions begin to fail, they got dissatisfied, and declared they would go back, and if Egede would not go with them, they would leave him to perish amongst the heathen. They had expected a ship to come from Norway and bring them food, but it did not come when they looked for it, and this made them still more anxious to return. Egede begged them to remain, and his wife did all she could, and declared she was sure the ship would come; but whether it came or not, she for one would never desert her post. At last it came, and with it came plenty of food; and their murmurings were over for a time.

I have mentioned Egede's wife. Her death was the crowning trial to poor Egede. His spirits sank; he could bear no more, and he returned to his own country in 1736, after bearing fifteen years of hard labour, and all without success. His last sermon was from Isaiah xlix. 4, "I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought; yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." You may think how much he felt to take a text like this. His son Paul stayed behind, but his elder daughter went with him. and never left him till his death, which happened some years after, in the 73rd year of his age.

Before Egede left the country, he had written to Europe to beg others to come out; and made such statements of the condition of the people as deeply interested many Christian friends. Among those who heard of his labours through these statements were two young men in Germany, called Matthew and Christian Stach. They were brothers, and belonged to the good people called Moravians. These young men felt much for the Greenlanders; and as they loved Christ with all their hearts,

and wished to see all the world converted to him. they determined to go and help Egede. They lived in Hernhut, a little village in Saxony, and though they had neither money nor means to get over to Greenland, yet they were determined to let nothing keep them back. So they set off, and walked on foot some hundred miles till they got to Hamburgh. Here they waited on the king's chamberlain, to whom they had a letter, and told him what they were going to do to get a living. They said, "they would build a house and cultivate the land:" but when he told them there was no wood to build it with, nor land to cultivate, they said, "Then we will dig a hole in the ground, and live On this he was so pleased with their zeal. that he gave them fifty dollars with which to buy timber. Other people also gave them money, and by these means they were enabled to purchase food, tools, timber, seeds, and books, and they set sail on April 10, 1733, accompanied by Christian David, a good old man, who went with them to see them settled. Hans Egede was delighted to see them. and directly set to work to teach them the language; but they had first to learn his language before he could teach them Greenlandish, and this made the labour very great. At last they mastered both, and were very glad when they found they could talk to the Greenlanders of Christ in a tongue they understood. In 1734 two more missionaries were sent out to them, and in 1736, the same year that Hans Egede left, Christian David and Christian Stach both returned to Europe.

This year was the most trying of any the missionaries ever had. No ship came out to them with food, and they were in consequence very nearly starved. They waited long for supplies, but they did not come, and then they tried to make their little stock of oatmeal last They mixed it with train oil and old candles, and were so hungry that they felt thankful even for this. At last all this was done, and what then were they to do? The Greenlanders would give them nothing, and laughed at them, and ridiculed their sorrows. One day they saw the Greenlanders feasting on eleven seals, but they could not get them to give them a single bit. They would have gone out fishing, but were too weak to manage the boat. They were once five days without any food, and then only got a supply by finding an eagle's nest. They shot the old bird, and took the eggs. After bearing their distresses for some months, and being reduced almost to despair, they one day saw in the distance the white sails of a ship. It seemed to be coming near the shore; and they secretly lifted up their hearts in prayer that it might come to their assistance. At last it cast anchor in the bay before their settlement, and, to their delight, they found it was their own ship come out to them with food, and bringing also M. Stach's mother and sisters, who had come to share their troubles, and teach the Greenland women.

The missionaries were very thankful to God for this timely help, but were still much tried with the Greenlanders. One day while John Beck, one of the missionaries, was sitting in his house finishing the translation of the gospels, a party of savage Greenlanders came round it. under the guidance of a wicked leader called Kajarnack. I believe their purpose was simply

that of plunder.

Several of them, and amongst them Kajarnack, entered the house, and seeing the missionary writing, asked him what he was doing, "Writing," was his answer. "Writing! and what is that?" asked Kajarnack. The missionary tried to explain it, but Kajarnack did not understand him; so he told him to sit down. and he would read what was written. Greenlanders all looked on with some amazement, expecting the writing to talk, or something of the sort, and the missionary began to read. He read all about Christ's agony in the garden, and about his being dressed in the purple robe, and crowned with thorns, and crucified on Calvary; all, in short, about his sufferings and death. As he went on, Kajarmack got deeply interested, and, stopping the missionary, asked, "But why did they treat the man in that cruel way? What had the man done?" Beck saw the way open at once to preach the gospel, and replied, "This man did nothing amiss. He was holy, harmless, and But Kajarnack did; Kajarnack murkind. dered his wife; Kajarnack injured his neigh-

bours: Kajarnack filled the land with his wickedness, for which Kaiarnack deserved to go to hell: and this man was bearing Kajarnack's nunishment, and Kajarnack's sin!" and then he opened up the gospel, and told him all of what Christ had done. Kajarnack paid deep attention, and by and by the tear was seen to roll down his cheek. His whole frame was agitated, and rising from his seat, he came forward to the missionary, saying, with great earnestness and feeling, "Oh! tell it me all over again, for I would like to be saved too!" and then burst into tears. The missionary wept too. His prayers were answered. The Greenlander's heart seemed thawed, and how could be help his tears? The savages stood round in wonder, and as soon as Beck could calm himself to speak, he told them all again the story of a Saviour's love. Kajarnack was converted, and became a preacher to his nation. A great work was now commenced. Other Greenlanders were converted, and in a little time Kajarnack. his wife, and son, and daughter, were all baptized. A school was now established for the children, and the people began to give close attention to all the missionaries taught. missionaries' village now became a scene of constant joy. The time of their distress was over.

The conduct of the Christian Greenlanders now became all that could be wished, and the very opposite of what it was before. They became kind, and gentle, and generous. Some of them heard that the poor Christian Indians

were in great distress, and they directly brought their presents to send them help. Many of them began family worship in their houses, and if you had taken a walk amongst their snow houses in an evening, you would have heard many happy voices singing to the Saviours praise.

Kaiarnack died in 1752, and on his deathbed gave beautiful evidence of his union to Christ. "I am very glad," he said, "that I shall so soon go to our Saviour. I love him exceedingly." He kissed the missionary's hand, and said, "I love you much." When his breath failed, and he could not sit up, he still seemed to be lost in happy thoughts. Just before he died, he opened his eyes, saw his friends standing round, and began to sing a hymn, but was unable to go on. His friends caught the tune, and as they were finishing the verse, his bright spirit passed to glory.

Above a hundred years have passed away since the work of God began in Greenland, and many, very many, have gone to heaven from its shores. There are now about 2,000 converts in the country, and the work is still "The Lord hath done great progressing.

things, whereof we are glad."

My little story has taught you many lessons.

It has shown you,

1st. That patience and perseverance will be sure, sooner or later, to meet with their reward. 2nd. That the gospel alone is the great instrument, under the power of the Holy Ghost,

to melt and save the soul. And,

3rd. That the only thing we want to change this desert and wicked world into the very garden of the Lord, is the diffusion of the truth of Christ throughout its bounds.

I ask you, has this gospel melted you? and if it has, will you not send it to the ends of the world?



The shrub on which coffee grows, and a branch of which is seen above, is an evergreen: its height is seldom allowed to exceed four

tive feet. The branches are covered with a rough bark of a whitish colour: the flowers resemble those of the jasmine, and diffuse a strong balmy fragrance. When the blossom dies, the fruit appears in its place: green at first, but red, and like a cherry when ripe. In the centre of this fruit lies the bean, which is the coffee, in use in this country.

There are two or three crops in the year, and it is quite common to see fruit and flowers together on the same tree. May is the proper

harvest month.

Coffee is a native of Abyssinia, and is now grown very extensively in the West Indian

The left-hand half of the cut shows at the top the entire berry, and a berry with half the pulp removed; below, the separated beans or seed, and last of all the flower.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

A LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY TO HER LITTLE BROTHER IN ENGLAND.

Thank you too, my dear brother, for your acceptable packet of books. They are, indeed, very saitable and very precious here, I can assure you; and here money will not procure one of the sort. Indeed, I should like to have you here very much in my parlour as well as my school-room. Did you enter the latter, I should soon set you to work, for I allow of no idle hands here, and

should find you very useful. I dare say, in teaching the boys. You would, I think, like Cevlon better than you imagine. It is a levely country, and here not so very hot, though you would find romping or playing at heep rather too violent exercise. The trees would please you much. I should like to set you to fetch me a nut from a cocce-tree. This is, you will have seen in pictures, a straight stem without any branches, and exty feet high. Now how would you ever reach the top? Indeed, I should not like to wait for my curry until you had brought me one, so Oppus must bring me one from the Besser, whilst I tell you how the Cinchalese would do it. They have no shoes, you know; but if they had, they must throw them off. Then they take a cloth. and tving the ends together thus, twist each ancle in it. Thus they cling upon the bark, which, from being ridged, affords the cloth a little hold; and they run up astonishingly fast. It is best to gather the nuts : for if they fall on a house they break through the roof sadly. I am glad to hear you are still at school. How do you get on with your studies? You are happily privileged in England. Here poor boys, whose parents would willingly pay a good deal of money, cannot get taught at all. Good bye, dear brother. May God bless all your mer cies to you, and make you his own child.

Your affectionate sister,

M. B.

THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK.

BY THE REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE. Continued from page 142.

Let us now consider,...
II. WHAT JESUS DOES FOR HIS FLOCK.
He died for them..."I am the good shee

herd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." This is the chief beauty in Christ. The wounds that marred his fair body make him altogether lovely in a needy sinner's eye. All that are now and ever shall be the sheep of Christ, were once condemned to die. The wrath of God abode upon them. They were ready to drop into the burning lake. Jesus had compassion upon them, left his father's bosom, emptied himself, became a worm and no man, and died under the sins of many. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." This is the grace of the Lord Jesus. Every one in the flock can say, "He loved me, and gave himself for me."

2. He seeks and finds them.—We would never seek Christ if he did not seek us first. We would never find Christ if he did not find "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." I once asked a shepherd, "How do you find sheep that are lost in the snow?" "Oh," he said, "we go down into the deep ravines, where the sheep go in storms; there we find the sheep huddled together beneath the snow." "And are they able to come out when you take away the snow?" "Oh, no; if they had to take a single step to save their lives, they could not do it. So we must go in and carry them out." Ah! this is the very way Jesus saves lost sheep. He finds us frozen and dead in the deep pit of sin. If we had to take a single step to save our souls, we could not do it. But he reaches down his arm and carries us out. This he does for every sheep he saves. Glory, glory, glory be to Jesus, the Shepherd of our souls! Oh, children, let Jesus gather you. Feel your helpless condition, and look up and say, Lord help me.

3. He feeds them. "By me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." If Jesus has saved you, he will feed you. He will feed your body. "I have been young and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

"The birds without barn or storehouse are fed, From them let us learn to trust for our bread; His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied, So long as 'tis written—the Lord will provide."

He will feed your soul. He that feeds the little flower in the cleft of the craggy precipice, where no hand of man can reach it, will feed your soul with silent drops of heavenly dew. I shall never forget the story of a little girl in Belfast in Ireland. She was at a Sabbath School, and gained a Bible as a prize for her good conduct. It became to her a treasure indeed. She was fed out of it. Her parents were wicked. She often read to them, but they became worse and worse. This broke Eliza's heart. She took to her bed and never rose again. She desired to see her teacher. When he came he said, "You are not without a companion, my dear child," taking up her Bible. "No," she replied"Precous Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford;
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I ask no more."

She had scarcely repeated the lines when she hung back her head and died. Beloved children, this is the way Jesus feeds his flock. He is a tender, constant, Almighty Shepherd. If you become his flock, he will feed you all the way to glory.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

CANNOT YOU DO SOMETHING LIKE IT? In an annual report now lying before me, I see one or

two very good stems. Here they are: -	z.	a.
Eggs from a little girl's missionary hen	4	6
Pears from a missionary tree	1	0
Carnations, tulips, and pansies, by Miss Cun-		
liffe, from her flower-bed	2	6

Do not these facts remind our young readers of the words of the Psahnist: "Fruitful trees and all cedars, creeping things and flying fowl; both young mea and maidens, old mea and children; let them praise the name of the Lord," Psalm cxlviii. 9—13.

COUNTERSLIP, BRISTOL

The sabbath-school at Counterslip, Bristol, has, for many years, been in the habit of contributing a small

sun to the Baptist Missionary Society: the average has been about £3 per annum. In June last, when the Rev. W. Fraser visited Bristol, it was resolved to attempt m improvement by forming a missionary association in the school, by which means it was thought the children would become more interested in missionary operations. Every teacher was accordingly furnished with a book to collect from the children in his or her own class exclugively; and as many of the children themselves as wished were provided with books or cards, with this restriction only, that they should confine their appeals to their friends, and not molest strangers. On Thursday, April 10th, the first anniversary was held, when it appeared, from the report read, that no less than £25 5s. ld. had been collected and contributed by the children. two bible classes (girls' and boys') support one child each, in India; the one a girl in the Patna Orphan Refuge; the other a boy at Entally, Calcutta.

May not most of our sabbath-schools increase their contributions in like proportion? let our friends make the attempt, and we doubt not, some hundreds of pounds will be added to the missionary funds next year, and let not our friends think they have done their duty without attempting it.

It may not be amiss to add, the Juvenile Missionary Herald has a good circulation in the school alluded to, not less than about four hundred and fifty being disposed of monthly.

C. H. F.

CANTERBURY.

DRAR STR,—Knowing you are very anxious to hear of the progress of all juvenile associations, I send you a brief account of what has been done by our society since he formation by Mr. Fraser, in August last.

On March 25th we held our quarterly meeting, when the collectors paid in their moneys to the amount of £18 6s. 8d.; and the missionary boxes were opened, and found to contain £10 8s. 3d. In addition to these, several contributions for the "Dove" were received from kind friends; and the total sum raised by the association during the eight months was stated to be £61 14s. 3d.

I doubt not that this cheering result will he as gratifving to yourself as it is to our young folks, who took tea bgether, and spent a delighful evening in singing and Bearing instructive addresses from their elder friends. While we desire to feel grateful for the success which has followed our labours, we trust it may encourage us to increased effort, and prompt others, who are not engaged in the holy cause of missions, to exert themselves on behalf of the heathen. Remembering that important consequences often proceed from small beginnings, and that every one can be useful in this good work, it becomes the duty of all to give their help, and to seek the divine blessing on their labours, bearing in mind the motto of Dr. Carey, "Attempt great things; expect great things."

Our young people are much pleased with the Juvenile Herald. One Sunday-scholar, who is a collector for the mission, and resides at a village three miles distant has been very active in aiding to sell the magazine; and to succeed in this, she has called from door to door, in order to obtain readers among the cottagers and others. The result is, she disposes of fifty Heralds monthly. Now, here is surely a good example for the imitation of dest children. This sabbath scholar must have considerable trouble in her duty, for persons are not always to be found at home, and then a second visit is necessary. But nothing can be done without labour; and if every

little boy and girl would do the same, how soon we should be able to sell the other twenty thousand copies required. Let us try.

Canterbury, May, 1845.

Learn from these letters this lesson: those schools that buy most Juvenile Heralds collect most for the mission.

LONDON.

In June, several interesting juvenile meetings have been held. An auxiliary meeting at Regent Street, and a meeting of Sunday-school teachers at New Park Street, deserve special notice. The first was quite a model of a meeting, and must have been very encouraging to our friends there, who, during the last year, have collected for the mission nearly £100. The meeting at Park Street was held to receive Mr. Knibb. About six hundred teachers and other young friends were present, and Dr. Campbell took the chair. Every one felt it to be most important that the young should be encouraged in their missionary movements. Thomas Thompson, Esq., W. H. Watson, Esq., and others, took part in the proceedings.

The Children's Bookshelf.

Missionary First-Fruits: Religious Tract Society.

Short Stories for Children; from the Records of
the Baptist Mission: Houlston and Stoneman.

Two beautiful volumes. Each of them was first published in little numbers or tracts, and these are now collected, and bound in cloth. Several wood-cuts e

bellish them, and will serve to make them the more welcome to our young friends.

Perhaps both of these books contain words which may puzzle some of our little readers; and now and then, a sentence will seem so long that they will need to read it twice before they see what it means. Never mind. We must crack the nut before we find the kernel. If we wish to 'enjoy a beautiful scene, we must climb a hill or mount a tower: so in reading books, some words may be hard, and some sentences difficult, but when once we have broken the hard word, and found the kernel (its meaning), we shall find it sweet. In the mean time we must all try and write so plainly, that every one who runs may read, and every one who reads may understand.

THE PAGE FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

Jesus Christ intended when he opened your eyes, that your eyes should direct your feet. Light is a special help to obedience, and obedience is a singular help to increase your light.

The only certain proof of regeneration is victory: "He that is born of God, overcometh the world."

All heavenly hearts are charitable. Enlightened souls disperse their rays. I will, if I can, do something for others and heaven; not to deserve by it, but to express myself and my thanks. Though I cannot do what I would, I will labour to do what I can.

The Christian race is not to be run by so many fits, but by a constant course and progress; still getting ground upon our lusts; still approaching nearer to the kingdom of heaven. A Christian is not made in a fit: neither is the work of grace wrought in a passion; but it is a settled, solemn, and constant frame of heart, that brings a man to Christ and salvation.

Grace never destroys, but only regulates and corrects nature. It will permit thee to shed tears, so long as they run clear, and the course of them doth not stir up the mind of thy sinful passions and violent affections.

There is nothing wherein God doth so much put himself, wherein he may be so fully known, communicated with, depended upon, and praised, as in the gospel. In the creature he is a God above us; in the law he is a God against us; only in the gospel, he is "Emmanuel, God with us," a God like us, a God for us.

In aspiring to the throne of power, the angels transgressed and fell; in presuming to come within the oracle of knowledge, man transgressed and fell; but in the pursuit towards the similitude of God's goodness or love, which is one thing, (for love is nothing else but goodness put in motion or applied), neither man or spirit ever hath transgressed, or shall transgress.

HOW HOLY AND THANKFUL ENGLISH CHILDREN SHOULD BE.

[Taken from a beautiful collection of hymns, by Mrs. Giller, This collection, and several others by the same authores, admirably suited for the young, may be had at Jackson and Walford's, London.

> LORD, while the little heathens bend, And call some wooden god their friend, Or stand and see, with bitter cries, Their mothers burnt before their eyes,

While many a dear and tender child Is thrown to bears and tigers wild, Or left upon the river's brink, To suffer more than heart can think;

Behold! what mercies we possess! How far beyond our thankfulness; By happy thousands here we stand, To serve thee in a Christian land.

Oh, when that awful day shall rise, When Christ shall come in yonder skies. And we must answer, one by one, For every deed our hands have done.—

Lord, let us not, with shame and fear, Look back on mercies wasted here; And guiltier in thy presence stand, Than children from a heathen land.

Eternal Spirit! deign to move Our hearts thy bounties to improve; And oh! to little heathens send The news of Christ, the sinner's friend.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD



SUJATALI.

VOL. I.]

[SEPTEMBER-

SUJATALI.

LUCKNOW is one of the largest and richest cities in upper India. It is the capital of the province of Oude, and is full of splendid palaces and mosques, the roofs and spires of which are covered with gold, and present a very dazzling appearance. The Nabob, or king of Oude, lives there, and keeps a very grand court. He has more than a thousand elephants, many thousand fine horses, and innumerable rich and beautiful palaces.

About fifty years ago a little boy called Sujatali was born in Lucknow. His father was physician to the king's prime minister, and gave his son a good education. I dare saw he used to bathe in the clear waters of the river Geometr. which flows past Lucknow, and row shout in the king's pretty pleasure boats, and play among the woods and flowery banks by the river's -but he was not happy then, for he know nothing of the true God. As he grew older be became very wicked, and did many things he was afterwards schamed even to think of. When he was grown up, he left his native city and came to Calcutta. As he was strolling along the streets one day he passed a Baptist chapel, and seeing a number of persons going in, he followed them, being curious to know what led them there. Mr. Eustace Carev. whom many of you know, was preaching in

Bengali, but Swiataki did not understand him, as he came from the northern provinces and could only speak Hindustani. However. Bagchi, a converted brahmin, who was helping Mr. Carey in the service, noticed the young stranger. Perhaps he liked his look, for Suistali had a very mild and serious face, and wore also the large turban and flowing dress of the Mahometans. So when the service was done. Bagchi went up to him, and gave him a Testament in Hindustani, and asked him to come back again the next time there was service in the chapel. Sujatali went home and read a litfle in his New Testament, and became so interested, that he resolved he would return to see his new friend again. He came too soon, and after waiting a little without meeting the missionary, or Bagchi, he was obliged to go to another part of the town where he had some business to do. So he took up a piece of charcoal lying near, and wrote on one of the chapel steps these words, "I, Sujatali, came to meet you, but you were not here, when you come wait for me." Very soon after the missionary and Bagehi came, and when the latter read the writing, he knew who had been there, and waited till the young Mahometan returned. They talked a great deal about Jesus Christ, and the more Sujutali heard, the more he wanted to hear. He was like a thirsty man longing to drink of a well of living water; so when Bagchi urged him to come and receive more instruction from the missionary Mr. Yates, who could speak

his language, he was easily persuaded to do so. He remained about a month with the missionaries, diligently reading the New Testament, and feeling more and more ashamed of his old sins, and more love to Jesus Christ, whom he now found to be a far better Saviour than that Mahomet whom he formerly trusted.

Whilst he was spending his time thus happily among the missionaries, his mother came to fetch him away, declaring with the most vehement threats that she would destroy herself, if he did not return home with her. Love for his mother made him bid farewell for a time to his Christian friends: and now a hard trial awaited His wife, mother, and sister, all gathered round him, entreating him to give up the new religion, which they thought would bring disgrace on the family; and many learned doctors came to argue with him, and to prove to him. out of the Koran, that the Bible was all wrong. But Sujatali was enabled to overcome them all. and at last so won on them by his gentle temper and lovely conduct, that they allowed him to return to his dear friends in Calcutta.

Here he was baptized by Mr. Yates, in the river Ganges, in the year 1824, in the presence of many, both of his white and swarthy faced friends. He has laboured much and undertaken long journeys to see his mother and other friends, desiring to lead them to Christ, though it is feared as yet without success. He is still living, and has for many years been a useful and holy man, winning love wherever he goes

by his kind and gentle manners, and never tiring in his attempts to bring his poor benighted countrymen to the Saviour whom he loves and serves.

Edge Hill.

THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK. BY THE REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE.

Concluded from page 186.

Let us now consider,-

III. JESUS CARES FOR LAMBS.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom. Every careful shepherd deals gently with the lambs of the flock. When the flocks are travelling, the lambs are not able to go far. They often grow weary and lie down. Now, a kind shepherd stoops down and puts his gentle arm beneath them, and lays them in his bosom. Such a Shepherd is the Lord Jesus, and saved children are his lambs. He gathers them in his arms and carries them in his bosom. Many a guilty lamb he has gathered and carried to his Father's house. Some he has gathered out of this place whom you and I once knew well.

Before he came into the world Jesus cared for lambs. Samuel was a very little child, no bigger than the least of you, when he was converted. He was girded with a linen ephod, and his mother made him a little cont. ar

brought it to him every year. One night as he slept in the Holy place, near where the ark of God was kept, he heard a voice cry "Samuel!" He started up and ran to old Eli, whose eves were dim, and said, "Here am I, for thou called'st me." And Eli said, "I called not. lie down again." He went and lay down, but a second time the voice cried, "Samuel!" He rose and went to Eli, saving, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." And Eli said, "I called not my son, lie down again." A third time the holy voice cried, "Samuel!" And he arose and went to Eli with the same words; then Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child, therefore Eli said, "Go, lie down, and it shall be if he call thee thou shalt say, Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!" So he went and lay down. A fourth time (how often Christ will call on little children!) the voice cried, "Samuel, Samuel!" Then Samuel answered, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!" Thus did Jesus gather this lamb with his arm. and carried him in his bosom. For "Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him; and the Lord revealed himself to Samuel in Shiloh." 1 Sam. iii.

Little children, of whom I travail in birth till Christ be formed in you, pray that the same Lord would reveal himself to you. Some people say, you are too young to be converted and saved. But Samuel was not too young. Christ can open the eyes of a child as easily as of an old man. Yea, youth is the best time to

be mored in. You are not too young to die, not too young to be judged, and therefore not too young to be brought to Christ. Do not be contented to hear about Christ from your teachers; pray that he would reveal himself to you. God great there may be many little Semuels amongst you.

Jesus cares for lambs still. The late dake of Hamilton had two sees. The eldest fell into consumption, when a boy, which ended in his death. Two ministers went to see him at the family seat, near Glasgow, where he lav. after prayer, the youth took his Bible from under his willow, and turned up to 2 Tim. iv. 7, " I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me a srown of righteousness;" and added. "This, sirs, is all my cornfort!" When his death approached, he called his younger brother to his bed, and spoke to him with great affection. He ended with these remarkable words, "And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a Duke, but I shall be a King.20

Let me tell you a word of another gentle lamb, whom Jesus gathered, and whom I saw on her way from grace to glory. She was early brought to Christ, and early taken to be with him where he is. She told her companions that she generally fell asleep on these words, "His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me;" and sometimes on these, "Underneath are the everlasting

arms." She said, she did not know how it was, but somehow she felt that Christ was always near her. Another time she said. "I think it's the best way to make myself as loathsome as I can before him, and then to look to Jesus." When seized with her last illness. and told that the doctors thought she would not live long, she looked quite composed, and said, "I am very happy at that." She said that she could not love Jesus enough here, that she would like to be with him, and then she would love him as she ought. To her tender watchful relative she said, "I wonder at your often looking so grave. I'm surprised at it. for I think I am the happiest person in the house. I have every temporal comfort, and then I am going to Jesus." After a companion had been with her, she said, "Margaret quite entered into my happiness; she did not look grave, but smiled; that showed how much she loves me." When sitting one evening, her head resting on a pillow, she was asked, "Is there anything the matter, my darling!" "Oh," she said, "I am only weak. I am quite happy. said, 'Thou art mine.'" Another day, when near her last, one said to her, " Have you been praying much to-day?" "Yes," she replied, "and I have been trying to praise too." "And what have you been praising for?" "I praise God," she said, "for all the comforts I have, I praise him for many kind friends, you know he is the foundation of all: and I praise him for taking a sinner to glory."

These are a few of the many golden sayings of this lamb of Christ, now, I trust, safe in the fold above. Would you wish to be gathered thus? Go now to some lonely place—kneel down, and call upon the Lord Jesus. Do not leave your knees until you find him. Pray to be gathered with his arm, and carried in his bosom. Take hold of the hem of his garment, and say, "I must not—I dare not—I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

O seek him in earnest, and seek him in time,
For they that seek early shall find;
While they that neglect him are hardened in crime.
And never can come to this pure blessed clime—
They perish in anguish of mind.

THE BOOK BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS.

Ir was in the autumn of 1832, in the regions of the far West, when the shadows of the mountains were deepening in the twilight over the waters of the Columbian river, that a traveller whom commerce had led to seek out the tribe of Indians dwelling on its borders, commonly called the flat-headed Indians, appeared at the entrance of a wigwam, asking for food and water in broken accents, but in their own language. When rested and refreshed, its owner asked his errand, which proved to be one of barter, and which made him very welcome to these children of the wilderness. The savage who received

him was tall, erect, and finely formed, with an expression of intelligence about his eyes and forehead, which might have bespoken the power of civilization. "You are weary." said he to the stranger: "and it was well you reached our shelter before the voice of the great eagle was abroad upon the mountains." "What do von mean." answered his guest, at the same time looking forth upon the cloudy sky, "and what is the voice of the great eagle?" "Hear it now." said the savage, as the first peal of thunder rolled and echoed round the hills. "The great spirit is riding on the water-falls. Do you hear him in the wind? I am afraid of him, and so must you be; let us speak against his harm." "I fear nothing," said the hardy wanderer; "but is this spirit a good or a bad spirit? and have you more than one spirit in your country?" "We have a good spirit," was the answer, "but we never speak to him: he will do us no evil. But we have a bad spirit, who is a great eagle, and we pray to him, that he may work us no harm. What spirits have you in your country?" "I come." said the stranger, "from Ohio; and the men in those parts have a book which teaches them (they say) a new way to heaven, or as you call it, the sky. They say that they shall live again after they die, and live up there; that is, if they please the good spirit." "What is a book! I should like to see it," said the Indian. "And about living after death, I want to know. How far is it to Ohio?" "It is three thousand miles."

said the traveller, "and all the way is through the desert. You would never reach it; but what I have told you is true."

The Indian turned in his hut to sleep, but he could not sleep at all; and he walked out again in the clear still moonlight, when the storm was hushed, to think about the book which could teach him the way to the sky. There were two men in his tribe, to whom he repeated the next morning what the traveller had said; and he asked them, if they would go with him to fetch such a book from beyond the mountains. They agreed: and after a season, the traveller went on his way, and they took their journey in an opposite direction. They lived by the chase, endured innumerable perils, and were six months on the road; but at last arrived at their destination, and entreated to see the book of which they had heard, and to be taught that which they did not know.

Their history excited great interest. They were welcomed and instructed; but ere many months had passed, the savage who had first heard the good news from the traveller, worn out with the fatigues and hardships of the journey, fell ill and died; not, however, before he had listened to the tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ, and declared that he believed the book. A still deeper feeling was caused by his death. A missionary offered himself to return with the two others to their houses. He did accompany them back to the Columbian river. Accounts have been received from him of his

safe arrival and joyful reception by the tribe. He is gone to give them to drink of the river of the water of life.

From " The Journal of Civilination."



YAM.

The Yam is one of those roots which the natives of tropical countries use instead of bread. It is a native of the East; and it grows in warm climates very abundantly. The root is

like the potatoe in appearance, but larger. It is roasted or boiled, and used as potatoes are. It is the principal food of the natives in Pernando Po, Jamaica, the South Sea islands, &c.

THE ELEPHANT.

THE elephant is found both in Africa and India. It is the principal beast of burden in the east, and is remarkable for its strength and sagacity.

The young elephant is very playful, delighting to gambol and frolic, and displaying the exuberance of its feelings by a thousand antics. The following instance of the sagacity of elephants occurred at Enon, a missionary station in South Africa .- " A troop of these animals came down, one dark and rainy evening, close to the outskirts of a village, and made a tremendous noise all night. Next morning, on examining the spot where they had heard the elephants, the inhabitants discovered the cause of all this necturnal uproar. There was a ditch or trench about four or five feet in width, and nearly fourteen in depth. Into this unfinished trench, which at present contained no water, one of the elephants had fallen. How he had got in was easy to conjecture, but how, being once in, he had contrived to get out again was the marvel.

On looking again, the edges of the trenc'

were found deeply indented with numerous traces of footmarks. The other elephants, it seems had stationed themselves on either side of the hole, some of them kneeling, and others on their feet; and thus, by united efforts, and probably after many failures, they had hoisted their unlucky brother out of the pit."

Scripture Illustrated.

SOLOMON'S SONG vi. 10. "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun."

These are common figures in the east, when any one would describe perfect beauty. "Moonfaced" is in Persia an epithet often used for beautiful, and the poetical title usually given to the patriarch Joseph, who is regarded as the most perfect model of manly comliness the world ever saw, is "Moon of Canaan."

ISAIAH lii. 7. "How beautiful—are the feet."

It is still usual in the east to describe as beautiful or glorious the feet of him whose presence is attended with happiness or splendour. When the person is eminent for rank or holiness, the mention of the feet rather than any other part shows the respect and reverence of the speaker, and then also an epithet of praise or distinction is given to the feet. Thus the Burmese monarch is spoken of by his subjects, as "the golden feet."

EXECUTE XXXVI. 26. "A new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you."

Tedynseung was a noted chief of the Delaware Indians of North America in 1780. The efforts of the Christian missionaries had been the means of diffusing much scriptural knowledge among the Native Indians, and the new doctrines were frequently the subject of conversation amongst them. One evening Tedynseung was sitting by the fire-side of his friend the missionary, who mentioned the golden rule as very excellent.-That one man should do to another as he would the other should do unto him. "It is impossible, it cannot be done," said the Indian chief. After musing for about a quarter of an hour Tedynseung again gave his opinion, and said, "Brother, I have been thinking on what you told me; if the Great Spirit that made man would give him a new heart, he could do as you say; but not else."

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

DEAR SIE,—As you kindly admit into your little book statements relating to the efforts of Sunday Schools in the cause of missions, I hope you will be able to spare a corner for the use of my dear little friends here.

Our Sunday School children commenced making systematic contributions about two years ago, sir

which they have raised the sum of £12 10s. 2d., which I hope you will think is not a bad beginning. Perhaps they would have exceeded this sum had not local circumstances interfered to prevent. They are much pleased with your little "Herald," and subscribe for 100 copies monthly.

As most of them may read what I am now writing, I shall only add that I hope they will endeavour to raise more this year than they did last; and, that they entertain some thoughts of engaging to maintain a dear little orphan child at the Patna school in India.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly

Westbury Leigh.

W. R. BAKTER.

LITTLE EMILY.

Little Emily first opened her bright eye on the light of this world in a sea-port town on the south coast of Cornwall. When only a few weeks old, she began to prove that life is but a pilgrimage; accompanying the family, of which she was the youngest member, to a busy town in Lancashire. Here, though her life extended through little more than five years, she endeared herself to all by her intelligence and warmth of affection; and, on her decease, left behind her a name fragrant as the summer's rose.

Without waiting for the formal lessons of a teacher, she quickly acquired the knowledge of letters as a matter of amusement; and being furnished with some of the interesting and instructive little books which enrich the present age, and among others, the "Juvenile Missionary Herald," she read them with increasing delight. Often would she ask questions, which showed unusual ripeness of understanding; and in conversation, evince a correctness of observation and a strength of memory not frequently witnessed in one of her years.

But, what was most important of all, it became early and increasingly apparent, that the Holy Spirit had graciously begun a work in her heart, which, as it would make her holy, would make her happy, too. And never, perhaps, was there a more beautiful illustration furnished of that scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

In the house of God she generally behaved with singular gravity, and appeared shocked at the improprieties of other little folks. Most joyously did she unite in the singing of praises; and, on her return home, would refer with interest to the hymns and tunes which had been sung.

Having been early taught to pray, she attached great importance to the exercise, and was regular and serious in her morning and evening devotions. Not unfrequently would she remember beloved friends in them. In the autumn of last year, her papa visited Ireland; and with the most intense affection did she follow him with her prayers. During the stormy night in which he was crossing the

channel, she several times awoke from sleep, and, rising in bed, said to the servant with whom she slept, "I must pray for my dear papa; for God can preserve him on the water as well as on the land." Then, falling on her knees, she would pour out her little heart in renewed supplication on his behalf.

But the most beautiful flowers are usually the first to fade; they cannot sustain, without injury, the rude storms of this world. Such was the case with little Emily. At the beginning of the present year, she suffered from a long attack of low fever, which seemed to undermine her constitution. It was fondly hoped by her friends, that returning spring would bring invigorated health. But alas! the withering blast of a long winter had scarcely ceased, when it became painfully evident that disease had acquired a firm and fatal hold on her frame.

Many and striking were the remarks she made to different members of the family, during the last month of her life. From these, as recorded by the pen of maternal affection, we will select a few.

"When conversing one day with the servant mentioned before, about the angels of God, she said to her, 'Anne, Satan was not always wicked: once he was a good angel; but he rebelled against God, and was turned out of heaven.' One afternoon, as I sat with her I said, 'Well, Emily, I suppose you are happy now.' 'No!' she replied; 'and I think I

never shall be in this wicked world.' At another time, after she had been reading about the Saviour's death in the 'Peep of Day,' she said to me, 'Mamma, when I die, do not put any roses around my head.' 'Why not, my dear?' 'Because the Saviour has been so kind to me:' evidently referring to his sacred head having been crowned with thorns.

"On the first Lord's day in May she was living, and not materially worse in health. A little after four o'clock in the afternoon the following conversation occurred. 'Mamma. where is pape so long?' 'He is at the ordinance my love.' 'What is the ordinance, mamma?' 'Why. my love, it is eating some bread and drinking some wine in remembrance of what Jesus has suffered for us.' then, why don't little children go to the ordinance?' 'It is only believers who should go, my dear.' 'Then why do you not take me?' 'Why,' I said, 'what do you believe?' 'I believe,' replied she, with great earnestness, that the Father sent the Son into this world to die for sinners; and I am a sinner.' Afterwards, she frequently asked when it would be the ordinance-day again; but before the next arrived, she was sitting down with more aged mints at the table of our Father in heaven.

"The following Lord's day, when we were sitting quietly alone, she said, 'Mamma, what are you going to do with my money, when I die?' 'I do not know, my love, what would you wish me to with it?' I should wish it to

be sent to those people who put their children in the water (referring to the practice of Hindoo mothers who sacrifice their children to the Ganges), that they may be taught to know better and to love the Saviour. How many bibles and testaments will it buy?" I scarcely need say I promised to see her wish accomplished, which seemed to give her great pleasure.

"Shortly after, I was mentioning to a friend how she prayed for death. When my friend had left, she said, 'Mamma, I do not pray to die, but I pray to be prepared to die.' Three or four days before her death, she was too ill to continue her morning and evening devotions as usual, which seemed to distress her very much. At length she said, 'O mamma! you must pray, and pray for me!'

"On no occasion would she allow that she loved any friend, no, not even her parents, supremely; but would say, 'I have two fathers; I love the one that is in heaven best, and my

earthly parents next.'

"Her obedience was cheerful and prompt, even when it was somewhat difficult and against her own inclination. She was exceedingly fond of sweets; but having been informed that they were not good for her, she more than once declined them in the course of her illness, giving as the reason, 'My duty is to obey my parents.'

"Her affection was both tender and ardent. Every evening she requested to be taken to her aick sister's room, to bid her good night, and express her hope that she would rest well. On the last evening in May, about nine o'clock, and when she could articulate only with difficulty, she said, 'I want to be taken to Laura's room, before I go asleep.' The wish was complied with; and she was conveyed again to her own room. She soon after sunk into repose; and, in little more than an hour after, gently fell asleep in Jesus."

"Sweet is the scene when Christians die, When holy souls retire to rest; How mildly beams the closing eye! How gently heaves th'expiring breast!

"So fades a summer cloud away; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave along the shore!"

Youthful reader! do you know and love that Saviour, who was the object of little Emily's trust and affection? Do you pray to him? Have you entreated pardon of sin through his blood? Have you committed your spirit into his hands, to be renewed and saved by his grace?

"Oh! hasten, mercy to implore;
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before the needful work is done!"

Rochdole

THE DYING CHILD AND THE MISSIONARY BOX.

A LITTLE girl lay on her death-bed parched with fever. A lady who came in asked her if she would like an orange; "Yes, very much," was the reply; "Then there is a penny to buy one," said the lady. The little girl looked up, cast her eyes round the room, and directed the money to be placed in her missionary box.

Upon her bed of death she lay,
That geatle child and young;
And the slow moments passed away,
By fevered anguish wrung.

The burning thirst consumed her life,
The parched lips were dry,
And the last hour of mortal strife,
In fearful guise drew nigh.

A stranger friend of pitying heart
Came where the suff'rer lay—
"Would the ripe fruit of southern shies
Thy burning thirst allay?

"Then shall the solace soon be thine,
This coin the fruit will buy."

At prospect of the glad relief
She raised her languid eye.

But, wistful as she looked, her gaze
A well known object met.

Bringing that mission to her thought,
She loved so fondly yet.

And she would beer the burning thirst, So might the boon be laid Upon the sacred shrine where east Her childhood's gifts were paid.

And soon she passed in weakness on,
Through death's dark gate of pair,
To taste the living fruits, nor know
Faintness or thirst again.

What made her in that anguish hour,
That noblest aim prefer?
Oh sure 'twas love for him who once
Bore the death-thirst for her.

THE PAGE FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

Men get no profit by their labour, because they contend for knowledge, rather than for a holy life. The time shall come when it shall more avail to thee to have subdued one lust, than to have known all mysteries.

We are gaping still after new notions, but a few things wisely and practically known, drawn down from the head into the heart, are better than all that variety of knowing, which men are so taken up with.

Once take away sin, and all suffering is light

HYMN.

[The following Hymn was sung at the meeting held at Finsbury Chapel, on the occasion of Mr. Knibb's return to Jamaica.

Ages, ages have departed,
Since the first dark vessel bore,
Afric's children, broken hearted,
To the Carribean shore;
She, like Rachel,
Weeping, for they were no more.
Millions, millions have been slaughtered
In the fight, and on the deep;
Millions, millions, more have watered
With such tears as captives weep,
Fields of travail.

Where their bones till judgment sleep!

Mercy, mercy, vainly pleading, Rent her garments, amote her breast. Till a voice, from heaven proceeding, Gladdened all the gloomy West: "Come, ye weary!"

"Come, and I will give you rest!"
Satan Satan heard and trembled.

And, upstarting from his throne, Bands of Belial's sons assembled, Fired with rancour all his own; Madly swearing,

"Christ to slaves shall not be known!

Tidings, tidings of salvation!
Britons rose with one accord,—
Swept the plague-spot from our nation,—
Negroes to their rights restored:
Slaves no longer!
Freemen, freemen of the Lord!

J. MONTGOVERY.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



THE SUTTER.

VOL. 1.]

[OCTO*

THE SUTTEE.

SUTTER is the name given in India to a woman, who sacrifices herself on the funeral pile of her husband. It is also given to the horrid rite itself. The picture on the previous page represents a suttee: the dead body of her husband lies by her side, and her eldest son is setting fire to the pile.

The brahmans are blowing trumpets in the foreground, to drown her cries. They deem this sacrifice very acceptable to their false gods.

The total number of suttees in Bengal between the years 1815 and 1824, was 5597, or nearly six hundred each year. By the blessing of God on the labours of British Christians, there are now no suttees in all British India; though, also, in other parts of India there are. It is not three years since more than a hundred females were burnt to death with the body of their husband, in Northern India.

What mean that gloomy funeral pyre,
On Ganges' banks its tail head raising.
And those red gleams of murky fire,
E'en now around its broad base blazing?
What mean those wild and frantic yells,
As from a thousand throats resounding,
With drums' and trumpets' awful peals,
From distant hills and woods rebounding.
Ah! 'tis a dark and murd'rous deed,
Which cruel Brahmans there are doing;
Well may the heart turn sick and bleed.

While such a dreadful theme pursuing!

Fer, see ! on that detected pile,

By her lead's corpse the widow lying,
While Molach, with a fiendish smile,
Looks on, and views his victim dying.

See how she writhes! hark to her screams,
As now the lurid flames enfold her!
But all is vain, no pity gleams
In the stern face of one beholder!
Her kindred stand with hearts of stone,
Cased by the demon Superstition;
Hear her last agonizing groan,
Nor heave a sigh at her condition!

Ye British matrons, bushands, sires,
Your souls with soft compassion glowing,
Oh! haste to quench the horrid fires
Whence human blood is daily flowing!
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness!
On heathen lands pour forth thy splendour;
Then love and peace their homes shall bless,
And their steeled hearts grow soft and tender.

BLLEN.

WHO MAKE GOOD MISSIONARIES?

68, RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE JOHN CHAMBERLAUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY
HERALD.

In former numbers you have given interestating sketches of some of the early friends of the Baptist mission. Will you allow a small specfor a little information respecting our departed laborious missionary John Chamberlain. It relates solely to the year before he was called into the service of the Society, when he was engaged as a yearly servant in a farmer's family. Attached to the house of his master was a small chapel, where services were regularly held every sabbath, supplied by preachers in the neighbourhood.

Here an opportunity was afforded to Mr. Chamberlain for the display of his zeal. His first object was to establish a Sunday-school. For this purpose the whole village was canvassed for children: and so successful was he in this labour of love, that he well-nigh filled the place of worship with this interesting, but neglected class; so full indeed as scarcely to leave room for the congregation. tion to this effort for the instruction of the young, he had prayer-meetings in the houses of Christian friends wherever he could; and made it a matter of duty to converse with his fellow workmen and all to whom he could gain access on the concerns of their souls. The energy he threw into their social meetings is not forgotten by some even to the present day. He had so strong an attachment to the word of God, that he embraced every moment he could spare from his ordinary labours to peruse it; and as he could not carry his bible about with him, he had several copies, either of the bible or testament, in the different buildings connected with his master's farm, that he might

occasionally refresh himself with a few verses without wasting his time. He threw great energy into every thing he said or did. He was a bold reprover, not only of open sin but of inconsistency in the professors of religion, wherever he observed it.

Mr. Chamberlain was only kept in this situation one year. Mr. Fuller, who occasionally preached in the little chapel, hearing so favourable a report of his zeal, recommended him first to Mr. Sutcliff of Olney, and afterwards to Bristol, with a view to his being engaged as a missionary. This was the very object on which his heart had long been set; and the zeal with which he pursued his studies, and the ardour with which he sought opportunities of usefulness while pursuing his studies, are familiar to readers of Dr. Cox's History of the Baptist Mission.

On this slight sketch of our late beloved and devoted missionary, we cannot help remarking that the best possible test of a man's call to foreign service in the cause of Christ is when his spirit is stirred within him to do missionary work at home. Sinners are every where to be found; souls are as precious in England as in India; and the sympathy of a Christian heart ought to be the same in all countries. The late Mr. Daniel of Colombo took a station as an eut-door preacher on Tower Hill, and again in Billingsgate market, while waiting in London for the vessel which was to take him abroad. This is a test by which young converts mar

themselves; and will be found a much safer

guide than mere excitement.

One other observation naturally suggests itself:-how easy it is for God to raise up instruments when he has a work to accomplish. Elijah found Elisha ploughing with twelve voke of oxen: he cast his mantle upon him, and this young prophet afterwards became the dauntless reprover of Ahab and Jezebel. The same divine hand may be traced in the instance now before us. Who but an all-seeing God would have looked for a pioneer of Christian missions in a ploughman in an obscure country village: and yet of this obscure individual it is supposed, that he delivered the gospel message for the first time to a greater number of persons than any single individual, since the apostle Paul. This was an honour an angel might well He was eminently a missionary have envied! pioneer; he opened up the way: his frailties no less than his excellencies fitted him for this peculiar work. He could not settle down to a given round of duty for any length of time. His zeal was ardent and restless, and was coustantly prompting him to new enterprizes, and to encounter labours that knew no bound but a And vet this positively exhausted frame. servant of Christ was possessed of no peculiar powers of mind, nothing beyond what many of us possess; but he had a heart thoroughly devoted to his Master's service, willing to serve him in little things as well as in what appear to he more important enes, to teach in a Sunday.

school, or to preach the gospel in the palace of an eastern princess. It was this readiness to embrace small occasions of usefulness that qualified him for those services in the missionary cause which have endeared his memory tohis surviving brethren, and make him in many respects a model of Christian zeal, to those who shall follow him in this noble cause. H. J.

ONLY ONE MURDER.

It has ever been a fixed law in Greenland. that murder, and particularly the murder of a father, must be avenged. About twenty years before the arrival of Sasbye, a father had been mardered in the presence of his son, a lad of about thirteen, in a most atrocious manner. The boy was not then able to avenge the crime, but the murderer was not forgotten. He left that part of the country, and kept the flame burning in his bosom twenty-five years, no suitable opportunity offering for revenge, as the man was high in influence and many near to defend him. At length his plan was laid, and with some of his relations to assist him, he returned to the province. of the murderer, who lived near the house of the Saabye: there being no house unoccupied, where they might remain, but one owned by Saabye, they requested it, and it was granted, without wy remark, although he knew the object of their coming.

The son soon became interested in the kind missionary, and often visited his cabin, giving as his reason, "you are so amiable, I cannot keep away from you." Two or three weeks after, he requested to know more of "the great Lord of heaven," of whom Saabye had spoken. His request was cheerfully granted. Soon it appeared that himself and all his relationa were desirous of instruction, and, ere long, the son requested baptism. To this request the missionary answered, "Kunnuk, you know God; you know that he is good, that he loves you, and desires to make you happy; but he desires also that you shall obey him."

Kunnuk answered, "I love him, I will obey

"His command is, 'Thou shalt not murder.'"
The poor Greenlander was much affected and silent. "I know," said the missionary, "why you have come here with your relations; but this you must not do, if you wish to become a believer."

Agitated he answered, "But he murdered my father."

For a long time the missionary pressed this point, the poor awakened heathen promising to "kill only one." But this was not enough. "Thou shalt do no murder," Saabye insisted was the command of the great Lord of heaven. He exhorted him to leave the murderer in the hand of God to be punished in another world; but this was waiting too long for revenge. "he missionary refused him baptism, without

obedience to the command. He retired to consult his friends. They urged him to revenge.

Saabve visited him, and without referring to the subject, read those portions of scripture and hymns teaching a quiet and forgiving temper. Some days after, Kunnuk came again to the cabin of the Saabye. "I will," said her "and I will not: I hear and I do not hear. never felt so before; I will forgive him, and I will not forgive him." The missionary told him, "when he would forgive, then his better spirit spoke: when he would not forgive, then his unconverted heart spoke." He then repeated to him the latter part of the life of Jesus. and his prayer for his murderers. A tear stood in his eye. "But he was better than me," said Kunnuk. "But God will give us strength," Saabve answered. He then read the martyrdom of Stephen and his dving prayer for his enemies. Kunnuk dried his eyes and said. "The wicked men! He is happy; he is certainly with God in heaven. My heart is so moved, but give me a little time: when I have brought the other heart to silence, I will come again." He soon returned with a joyful countenance, saying, "Now I am happy; I hate no more: I have forgiven: my wicked heart shall be silent." He and his wife, having made a clear profession of faith in Christ, were baptized and received into the church. Soon after, he sent the following note to the murderer of his father: "I am now a belieand you have nothing to fear," and invited him to his house. The man came, and invited Kunnuk, in turn, to visit him. Contrary to the advice of his friends, Kunnuk went, and as he was returning home, he found a hole had been cut in his boat in order that he might be drowned. Kunnuk stepped out of the water, saying, "He is still afraid, though I will not harm him!"

'PRAYING WITHOUT GIVING.

The native Christians of Polynesia have their missionary meetings as regularly as the friends of the heathen in England or the United States. On one of these occasions, a darkbrowed man rose and said: "We have not hitherto collected much property, but let us add our prayers to that which we have given. The gospel cannot be conveyed to distant lands without means. This is the way; pray with the heart, and give with the hands. To pray without giving is a lying prayer." Are there not many in Christian lands who show more zeal for the heathen by their prayers than by their alms?

WHAT IS THE USE OF A TREASURER AND SECRETARY >

OR THE DUTY OF RACH. AS EXPLAINED IN THE BOOKS OF THE CANTERBURY AUXILIARY.

THE TREASURER'S DUTY.

1. To receive from the Collectors at each Quarterly meeting the several amounts they have collected on behalf of the Juvenile Mistionary Association.

2. To enter regularly in his account-book the moneys received from each Collector, or from my other contributor; and also to keep a correct account of all sums received and paid

on behalf of the Association.

3. To hand over each quarter to the Treasurer of the Auxiliary Society the money in hand, for transmission to the Parent Society.

THE SECRETARY'S DUTY.

- I. To keep correct minutes of each Committee Meeting, and to enter the same in the Minute Book.
- 2. To enter a true list of all those who are Collectors on behalf of the Association.

3. To give each member of the Committee due written notice of every Committee Meeting.

- 4. To render assistance to the Collectors in the discharge of their duty when required to do so.
- 5. To bring the minute-book with him to the Committee Meetings.



THE PALANKEEN.

The following account is taken from Mr. Hoole's Madras, and gives an interesting account of one mode of travelling in India, namely

by palankeen.

On Tuesday the 24th of October, at four P.M., I set out on my journey, having ten bearers to my palankeen, and six men to carry my baggage, cooking utensils, &c. The palankeen with which I was provided differed from those commonly used in India, being a double tonjon, admitting two persons to sit face to face and being sufficiently long for one person to recline in. The possibility of thus changing the position, on a journey, is a great advantage; the common palankeen does not admit of it, but requires a position like that of sitting up

in hed, supported by pillows: easy at the first, but when long continued, very tiresome to persons unaccustomed to it.

In the first stage, I sat or reclined about two hours and a half, the poles of the palankeen supported on the shoulders of four men, who were relieved about every ten minutes by four others; those who were not actually carrying, running before or behind; the whole party talking, laughing, and singing, and moving at the rate of about five miles an hour.

. When I first saw this mode of conveyance. I heartily pitied the men, employed in bearing the palankeen; and could not dismiss a strong sense of self-disapprobation for allowing myself to be carried by them. But this method of travelling is often indispensable to a European. in a torrid clime like India; and in a country so extensive, where the roads are commonly little more than tracks, through swamp and jungle, where bridges are comparatively rare. and the passes of the mountains not unfrequently impracticable to any beast of burden without extreme difficulty and danger, experience has fully established its necessity. Travelling on horseback is the only alternative; and with this mode, tents are required; the stages, too, must be short, unless the traveller can bear exposure to the dews of the night and the heat of the Observation has convinced me. also. that there is no description of men in India better satisfied, in their employment, than palankeen-bearers: they are cheerful i

performance of the journeys they undertake; and though they run thirty or even forty miles at one stretch in the course of a night, they are prepared to recommence their task on the succeeding evening. Six men once carried me thirty-two miles, between sunset and sunrise; and on another occasion, six men took up my palankeen, at the mission-house door in Madras, with the intention of performing a journey of six hundred miles, and said they were ready to travel with me even to Kási, or Benares, (the most distant place a southern Hindoo thinks of visiting,) if I desired it.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

My DEAR LITTLE BROTHER H.—You will have heard before this reaches you how very acceptable your kind present has been to my little flock. Thank you, dear Howard, for thinking of such nice little books; some boys and girls older than yourself read them very nicely, though I am sorry to say they cannot have all the pleasure that you can in doing so, because you know they do not understand the language in which they are written as well as you do. We were wanting reading books very badly; so you see even a little boy like yourself can be of use to the heathen, whilst he is still sitting by his fire-side in Ragland. But I hope my dear boy will try to remember that he cannot go to heaven himself to his sweet brother and sister unless he asks God to help him to go to Christ and believe in him. If he does this, then

he can do much more than send little books to these. poor children; he can pray that God will turn their hearts to love and serve him. Dear Howard must love God very much for giving him so many good things that others have not got, especially a dear mamma and papa who teach him about Jesus Christ and his love, instead of teaching him to cross his little hands and say a prayer before a large doll dressed in fine clothes which cannot hear any thing he says. Many who come to my school only know God's name by hearing bad people swear by it: and at first they cannot tell what we mean when we talk about him, but many of them now love to hear about him. One little darling of four years old told me, "God gives me all, all my rice and curry, and flowers, and fruit." You may feel inclined to smile, but you know she lives on this food, and so she meant any thing she needed. Love him then, dear little Howard, now while you are a little boy, and then your life, however long or short it may be, will be happy, and perhaps too he will let you show your love to him by working for him.

With best love, I remain,

Your affectionate Sister,

META.

August 4, 1844.

FEMALES IN INDIA.

Having just been reading some extracts from a sative newspaper, I think, calculated to interest my country women, I send you a few passages to make use, of as you deem proper. The writer, a Hindoo, is adverting to a law made by the British for the wives of, Hindoos; he says.—"The women of this country to all.

appearance, differ from inferior animals only in these respects:-the brutes do not speak, nor wear clothes, and they walk on all fours. Whereas women do speak, and bedeck themselves with apparel and ornaments, and they have not four feet: as to other matters they are alike brutishly ignorant." Again,-" European females are capable of acting in accordance with the design of the said law: for they are educated from their childhood in schools." Again, - " European females are free in all respects; their relatives cannot give them away in marriage to whom they please when they are yet mere children, but they look about them, and choose their husbands for themselves, when they have arrived at mature age; owing to this circumstance, they seldom, if ever, disagree with their husbands. In early childhood, a Hindoo female, ere she can possibly have learned any thing whatever, is delivered by her own relatives into the hands of her husband, wholly a stranger to her-to one who may chance to be a man or a tiger-but who is almost always thereafter an object of dread to her."

Little readers, can you do nothing to send Bibles to these poor Hindoos. The Gospel alone can raise them to their proper place, and teach them to respect and love each other as they ought.

THE "DOVE."

Our friends will be glad to hear of the safe arrival of the Dove at Fernando Po. She reached the island after a very prosperous voyage, and is now engaged in visiting different parts of the continent. The following letter is from one of the friends who went out in the Dove, and is addressed to the scholars of Lion Street Sunday-school.

My DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,-I have not forgotten your kindness to the African mission: neither can I forget your kindness to me a few evenings before my departure, and, remembering my promise to write you when an opportunity occurred. I take this, the first I have had. I need not tell you any thing about the voyage further than that a merciful God gave us a quick and comfortable passage, and we all arrived in good health. And what do you think I saw when I landed at Clarence? Several of the inhabitants of the island, and miserable enough they were, as nearly naked as possible, with just a small piece of cloth wound round them, their skins all stained red with a leaf which they grime with ashes and rub over their bodies. Just above the bend of the elbow, a piece of string was tied, on which was a short tobacco-pipe and a knife. With this knife, and it is a very rough one, they do all sorts of things. If a man is hot and perspiring, he takes this knife and scrapes himself dry; if his hair grows long he shaves his head with it; he cuts his food with it, and destroys his enemy. He wears a hat adorned with feathers which is secured by a piece of string behind his His hair is well matted with small pieces of clay mixed with red dve, and he carries in his hand two or three wooden spears. His face is often scarred all over with what were once deep gashes made with the knife I just mentioned, which gives a very hideous ap-Dearance.

A few days after my arrival I took a walk to a farm, where yams were growing, to see a man who was once a amous chief. Mr. Clarke was our conductor, and, after walking for about a mile and a half, through a narrow exack, we came to the huts where this chief and his wives lived. They were like beasts of the earth, sitting in houses which just afforded shelter from the wind, but scarcely from the rain, they were so open and unpretented. The chief, whose name is Glorie, was ill, and Mr. Clarke tried to point him to God who could heal him, and read to him. He paid but little attention: He is a bad man, and has done many wicked things. Murder and war were his chief delight. I hope, before he dies, he will know better. You that pray remember hoor degraded Glorio, and ask that God may change his heart.

· On the Thursday after, Mr. Clarke and two of us started in the Dove for Bimbia, to go and see Mr. Merrick who now lives there. We found him suffering from a bad leg, and were obliged to bring him to Clarence at once. Before we left we went to see king William, and passed through two towns of miserable filth and wretchedness-the people all naked, except in the manner I spoke of the Fernandians—the children entirely so. They wear beads in abundance and all manner of charms. One woman I saw with a large piece of stick through the lobe of her ear: another had her less covered with white shells strung like beads. We arrived at last at the king's house, and were told he was asleep. We sent word of our arrival, when his servant informed us that he was washing himself to come and see us, and we were asked up into the hall above. His home had charms in every part-some, pieces of stick tied up factastically to keep away evil spirits, and to preserve him from harm. His riches were all displayed-hipe pierglames, quite inferior ones, on the walls, several basins and ewers, an old hammock, twenty-two trunks, and & few chairs and benches. Presently his majesty came;

and politely requested us to sit down. He is a fine infelligent man : his dress was the usual cloth round thewaist and a white shirt and a vellow handkerchief-and here was the king of Bimbia the first African king L have seen, and this is a specimen of what I shall see. all about here. The king does not know yet what a change of heart is: brother Merrick has talked to him and done much good, yet he does not give himself to God, and, unless he alters, he cannot go to heaven. Pray for king William. I shall soon live close to him, and I hope to do good; pray for me that I may; and give your money that these poor Bimbians may come to Christ, and then they will dress themselves like you, and build good houses, and throw away their charms, and give up all their evil ways. I know you will not forget me: do not forget them.

I am soon going to Cameroons and Calabar. I will then write again and tell you about the people there: but I cannot tell you much, because no one can give a correct idea of the dirt and wretchedness everywhere. Since writing the above more than a month has passed. I have been a trip to North West Bay. I have had twoattacks of African fever, but I am now much better, and shall soon sail for Calabar. Dr. Prince has just been to Cameroons, as many sailors are sick there, and old king: Aqua very ill. You have perhaps heard of him before; he is new dying or soon will be, and is not yet brought to know Christ. Very likely before this reaches you he will. be in his long home, but I fear not a place of happiness. I told you about king William's charms; Mr. Merrick has talked with him about the folly and wickedness. of such things, and he has now pulled them all down, and given them to Mr. M. They are now in a box togo to the Mission House.

I hope you will remember the poor heathen in your prayers; pray for us who are here to teach them, that we may be enabled to do much good while we live, and that they may listen to us and soon be enlightened with the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

You shall hear from me again.

Believe me, your sincere friend,

W. NEWBEGIN.

WHO WILL HELP JAMAICA?

WE have heard of several of our young friends, who wish to collect something for Jamaica, and so to help our brethren there to carry on their chapels and schools.

We propose, that one week should be given to these collections, viz. from the 19th to the 26th October. Collecting cards will be ready early in October, and will be forwarded to any superintendents, or other friends who may wish to use them.

The best plan would be to give these collecting cards to the children, on the 19th of October, to be brought in on the following week.

Let us see what one week's work for Jamaica can do.

Any other friends not connected with Sundayschools, can also be supplied with cards on application.

The young friends at Regent-street, Lambeth, have already collected £25.

Scripture Klinstrated.

1 Samuel xiv. 26.—" And when the people were come into the wood, behold the honey dropped."

Bees in the East, are not as in England kept in hives; they are all in a wild state. The forest literally flows with honey: large combs may be seen hanging on the trees, full of honey. Hence the article is cheap and plentiful, and is much used by the vedahs to preserve the flesh of the animals they catch in the chase.

MICAH vi. 7.—" Shall I give my firstborn for my transgressions?"

This actually was the practice of the inhabitants of Florida. The ceremony was always performed in the presence of one of their caciques or princes. The victim must always be a male infant; the mother of it covers her face and weeps and groans over the stone. against which the child is to be dashed to pieces. The women who accompany her sing and dance in a circle, while another woman stands up in the middle of the ring, holding the child in her arms, and showing it to the cacique, who probably is esteemed a representative of the sun or deity, to which the victim is offered. After this the sacrifice is made. The Peruvians of quality, and those too of mean sort, would sacrifice their first-born to redeem their own life, when the priest pronounced that they were mortally sick. And as the king of Moab when in distress, took his firstborn sen and offered him for a burnt offering, 2 Kings iii. 27, so Hacon, king of Norway, offered his son in secrifice to obtain of Odi the victory over his enemy Harold.

poetry.

THE SEEKING CHILD ENCOURAGED.

Air .-- 'Weep not for me!'

Heard'st thou, child, those accents tender-

"Weep not for me?"

Say, wilt thou thy heart surrender?

He wept for thee!

Yes, for sinners unrepenting

"Jesus wept :"—to death consenting :

Stay not; come with heart relenting,

Ere youth shall flee.

See that precious form extended,

Nailed to the tree!

Know that sorrow ne'er was blended With love so free.

Come, oh come, thy sins conferning,

Jesus' love and grace addressing, Thou shalt find his promised blessing.

Who died for thee.

TRIPHENA

"FEED MY LAMBS."

Under Afric's burning sun Countless little children live, Who have never heard of God, Or the joy his word can give:

And can we who know his love, Keep it to ourselves alone? "Feed my lambs," is his command, We must help to make it known,

There is room enough for all
In his safe and happy fold,
Gladly little heathens come
Who of this sweet rest are told.

Gladly will they leave their gods,
Gods of stone, and wood, and clay;
From a human sacrifice
Turn with grief and shame away,—

When they hear that Christ has died That their guilty souls may live: This is just the news they want, This the food that we must give.

Then beneath the palm trees' shade, On the "word of life" they'll feed; Blessing those, whose mercy gave To the little lambs in need.

A. A

THE CHILDREN'S HOSANNA.

Hark! hark! while youthful tongues
The Saviour's praises sing,
Loud be the notes we raise
To our exalted King:
Hosanna, once the children cried,
Nor was their infant song denied.

We catch the distant sound,
Renew the happy strain;
Let earth rejoice to hear,
The Saviour's praise again:
Hosanna, once the children cried,
Nor will our song be now denied.

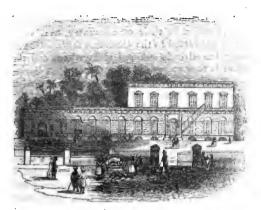
Ye sons of British soil!
Ye men of ev'ry land!
Ye angels round the throne!
Come, join our youthful band:
Hosanna, too, the people cried,
Nor were their mingled songs denied.

Thus here we'll learn to sing,
The great Immanuel's praise,
Oh! may we meet above
To join seraphic lays:
Hosanna, then we'll ever cry,
Hosanna, to the Lord most high.

. Wigan.

F. M. H.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



BAPTIST MISSION PRESS, CALCUTTA.

HE Mission Press at Calcutta was established by the Missionaries of the Society many years ago, and is now employed very, much in printing the Sacred Scriptures in the Languages of India. Seven presses are constantly engaged in

this noble work, and upwards of 50,000 volumes were printed last year. They were principally in the Hindustani, the Bengali, the Hindui, and the Sanskrit tongues.

VOL. 1.7

INOVEMBER

The following little history will show how God often blesses the Bible to the conversion of men. It was first published by Rev. C. Buchanan.

"Two Mahometans of Arabia, persons of consideration in their own country, have been lately converted to the Christian faith. One of them has already suffered martyrdom, and the other is now engaged in translating the Scriptures, and in concerting plans for the conversion of his countrymen. The name of the martyr Was Abdallah; and the name of the other, who is now translating the Scriptures, is Sabat: or. as he is called since his Christian baptism, Nathaniel Sabat. Sabat resided in my house some time before I left India, and I had from his own mouth the chief part of the account which I shall now give to von. Some particulars I had from others. His conversion took place after the martyrdom of Abdallah, 'to whose death he was consenting;' and he related the circumstances to me with many tears.

"Abdallah and Sabat were intimate friends, and being young men of family in Arabia, they agreed to travel together, and to visit foreign countries. They were both zealous Mahomes tans. The two friends left Arabia, after paying their adorations at the tomb of their propert at Mecca, and travelled through Persia, and thence to Cabul. Abdallah was appointed to an office of state, under Zemaun Shah, King of Cabul; and Sabat left him there, and proceeded on a tour through Tartary.

"While Abdallah remained at Cabul, he was converted to the Christian faith by the perusal of a Bible (as is supposed) belonging to a Christian from Armenia, then residing at Cabul. In the Mahometan states, it is death for a man of rank to become a Christian. Abdallah endeavoured for a time to conceal his conversion. but finding it no longer possible, he determined to flee to some of the Christian churches near the Caspian Sea. He accordingly left Cabul in disguise, and had gained the great city of Bochara, in Tartary, when he was met in the streets of that city by his friend Sabat, who immediately recognized him. Sabat had heard of his conversion and flight, and was filled with indignation at his conduct. Abdallah knew his danger, and threw himself at the feet of Sabat. He confessed that he was a Christian, and implored him, by the sacred tie of their former friendship, to let him escape with his life. 'But, sir,' said Sabat, when relating the story himself. 'I had no pity. I caused my servants to seize him, and I delivered him up to Morad Shah, King of Bokhara.' He was sentenced to die, and a herald went throughout the city of Bokhara, announcing the time of his execution. An immense multitude attended, and the chief men of the city. I also went, and stood near to Abdallah. He was offered his life if he would abjure Christ, the executioner standing by him with his sword in his hand, 'No,' said he, (as if the proposition were impossible to be complied with,) 'I cannot abjure Christ.' Theone of his hands was cut off at the wrist. He stood firm, his arm hanging by his side, with but little motion. A physician, by desire of the king, offered to heal the wound, if he would recant. He made no answer, but looked up stedfastly towards heaven, like Stephen the first martyr, his eyes streaming with tears. He did not look with anger toward me. He looked at me, but it was benignly, and with the countenance of forgiveness. His other hand was then cut off. But, sir, said Sabat, in his imperfect English, 'He never changed, he never changed.' And when he bowed his head to receive the blow of death, all Bokhara seemed to say, 'What new thing is this?'

"Sabat had indulged the hope that Abdallah would have recanted when he was offered his life; but when he saw that his friend was dead, he resigned himself to grief and remorse. travelled from place to place, seeking rest and finding none. At last he thought he would visit India. He accordingly came to Madras about five years ago. Soon after his arrival he was appointed by the English government a Mufti, or expounder of Mahometan law; his great learning and respectable station in his own country, rendering him eminently qualified for that office. And now the period of his own conversion drew near. While he was at Visagapatam, exercising his professional duties, Providence brought in his way a New Testament in Arabic. He read it with deep thought, the Koran lying before him. He compared

them together, and at length the truth of the word of God fell on his mind, as he expressed it, like a flood of light. Soon afterwards he proceeded to Madras, a journey of three hundred miles, to seek Christian baptism; and having made a public confession of his faith, he was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Kerr, in the English church at that place, by the name of Nathaniel, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

"Being now desirous to devote his future life to the glory of God, he resigned his secular employ, and came by invitation to Bengal, where he is now engaged in translating the Scriptures into the Persian language. work has not hitherto been executed, for want of a translator of sufficient ability. The Persian is an important language in the East, being the general language of Western Asia, particularly among the higher classes, and is understood from Calcutta to Damascus. But the great work which occupies the attention of this noble Arabian, is the promulgation of the Gospel among his own countrymen; and from the present fluctuations of religious opinion in Arabia, he is sanguine in his hopes of success. His first work is entitled, (Neama Besharatin lil Arabi,) ' Happy News for Arabia,' written in the Nabuttee, or common dialect of the It contains an eloquent and argumentative elucidation of the truth of the Gospel, with copious authorities admitted by the Mahometans themselves, and particularly by the Wahabians. And prefixed to it is

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not fail!" Then would she try to soothe herself with the thought that circumstances had been trying,—she had been off her guard, and that she would not fail to-morrow. But to-morrow came; she resolved again, and failed again; and now the thought had sunk deeply in her mind, "There is sin in me, and I cannot get free from it!" And she felt that she could not be happy while she was not holy. She had shared in the sacrifice offered on the day of atonement, and she had hoped she should then feel happy, but no! it had not purified her conscience, she felt that there was still sin within, and that it was hers, a part of her being.

No wonder that her step was sad and slow. and that ere she reached the pool every one else had filled her vessel and returned homewards. And she stooped silently and filled hers; and then she set it down, leaned her arm on the wall, and gazed in mournful thought downwards. And her young sister ran up and bathed her dusty feet in the pure water of the And while Miriam looked down and well saw the little feet, late so soiled, look fair and clean beneath the surface, a glad word, which at the synagogue the day before she had heard but scarcely heeded, flashed brightly across her mind; it was this,-"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness," Zech. xiii. 1. "A fountain for sin!" thought she; "then may I lose my sin? it clings to me now, and I cannot get free from

it; but there will be a fountain opened to wash it off. Oh, joy, joy! I may yet be happy, for I may yet be holy!" And her eyes overflowed with glad tears, and she knelt down by the well, and with clasped hands poured forth earnest prayer that for her this fountain might be opened; that whatever that mysterious way was by which the sinful heart might be cleansed, that way might avail for her. She gave God thanks for his thoughts of mercy; and though all uncertain how his cleansing love could flow, she cast herself again and again on that mercy, and embraced, with child-like spirit, the hope of purity through the way yet to be revealed.

And prayer was sweet to her, oh how far sweeter than ever it was before! and the sun went down, and the short twilight passed, and the stars came forth, and still she knelt. And not till the little one who had wearied of playing with the bright waters, came to her and put her hand within hers, did she recollect that the night dews were falling, and that it was time to seek her home. Then she rose from her knees; but with what an altered mien did she retrace her steps to the city: her heart was full of hope, her trust was in the promise of God that he would open a fountain for sin; and the grief which had bowed down her spirit was changed into grateful joy.

Oh, there are many now in India, in Africa, and in other countries, who go with their vessels to draw water, having the same trouble at their heart which bowed down Miriam's. But no



PERNANDIAN BRIDEGROOM.

THE FIRST FERNANDIAN MARRIAGE.

On the other side, our young friends will see a cut of one of the first persons married by our missionaries in Fernando Po. It represents the bridegroom in his wedding dress.—A view of the bride will be given in an early number.

DR. CAREY.

In our May Number we fairly launched our first missionaries, as you would think, for the distant shores of India. But before we speak of them as arriving there, you must be content to wait a little. Just as they hoped all was right for beginning their voyage, they met with an unlooked-for difficulty. You know, dear children, that whoever will do any great or good thing, must expect hindrance and trouble.

When within a very few days of sailing, and when all their luggage was on board, the captain of the ship came to tell them that they could not go with him, because they had not the leave of the East India Company. This Company consists of a number of merchants, privileged by the sovereign and parliament of England to rule over British India, and to control its trade.

They were compelled, with sorrowful hearts, to come again on shore. Their passage-money, they thought, would not be repaid them; and

how they should obtain another ship, and money to bear their expenses, they could not tell. The friends of the mission were much distressed. That great man, Mr. Fuller, thought that all was lost, and that the gospel could not be sent to the poor Hindoos. But, through the divine favour, this heavy trial was the occasion of great good.

The two missionaries leave their luggage at Portsmouth, and go back to their friends. Wonderful to relate, a few days after this they hear of a ship, belonging to Denmark, under orders for sailing to India, the owners of which are willing to take them for very little money. Mr. Thomas was desirous to go even as a servant, so great was his zeal. Just as some first missionaries to the poor African slaves in the West Indies, were willing themselves to be slaves, so that they "might preach amongst them the unsearchable riches of Christ." dear reader, the blessed Lord himself, in his melting love, said to his disciples, "I am among you as he that serveth," Luke xxii. 27. as it is said by the apostle, "He made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form o. a servant," Phil. ii. 7.

The captain was surprised at Mr. Thomas's great earnestness, and said, that if they could get ready in so short a time as was then remaining before the vessel should sail, he would take both Mr. Thomas and Dr. Carey, his wife, and all his family. They returned into Northamptonshire; and Mrs. Carey, who before had

allowed her husband to go on board the ship without her, was now prevailed upon to leave her home and her country. So that within the short space of twenty-four hours, they put all things together, packed up, and were on their way to London, where the missionaries again took leave: and on June 13th, 1793, they quitted their native land, never to see it again.

The captain was very kind to them; and although they had paid so little money, he gave them all (eight in number) the best cabins, and paid them every attention. After a voyage of five months, they arrived safely in India.

Great were the difficulties that Dr. Carey met with during the first two years of his residence there: but his heart was so set upon his work, that he might well have said, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God," Acts xx. 24. In a strange land, with a wife, her sister, and four young. children, he soon found himself without money, without friends, and without employment. The little money which he had was spent, and they were brought to the utmost distress. He took a boat and went up a river which passes through a part of the jungles. A jungle is land covered with brushwood, partly surrounded by water, and divided by rivers and streams. rivers and streams, through the heavy rains and the high tide rising from the sea, overflow

their banks, and make all the country a sort of marsh.

Passing up one of these streams, when the missionaries had so far expended their stores, as that scarcely enough remained for another day's support, he saw in the distance a respectable looking house. He landed, came up to it, and found the gentleman who lived in it at home. This gentleman made kind inquiries about his circumstances, whether he needed any thing, whither he was going, and what might be the design of his journey. Dr. Carey told him that he was looking out for land which he might be able to hire and cultivate for the support of his family, and with the hope of gaining something thereby for helping forward his labour as a missionary. This gentleman did not himself believe the New Testament, nor the way of salvation by Christ revealed in it. But God has every one's heart in his hands, and can dispose it so as most to honour him and show kindness to his servants. It was so in this case. The gentleman very freely and tenderly said to the stranger, "Go to your boat, dismiss all the servants, and send it away. Bring Mrs. Carey and all your family, and dwell here. Consider my servants, and my table, and my house as your own, for as long a time as you may find it convenient to remain." Was not this, dear children, a fulfilment of that passage, "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them," Isa. xli. 17.

Here Dr. Carey found a home, as to this world, and every earthly comfort. But he was not happy, nor at rest; for he could not find occasions for preaching the gospel and fairly commencing those great labours upon which his heart was set. Often he was known to leave this mansion, and to betake himself to retired places, where he might go prostrate upon the ground, and earnestly pray to his Father in heaven, that he would make his way clear before him.

At these times his family were anxious for his safety, as tigers often prowled about these parts. The impressions of their feet were sometimes seen, and their howlings often heard in the dead of night amongst the trees and bushes. In some of these places the East India Company make a great deal of salt, which they sell to merchants in India. Many converted heathens, residing in such districts, have been formed into Christian churches. They earn their living by making the salt. Their lives are often endangered by these wild beasts. year passes away without some of these poor people being seized by them and devoured. One of these humble Christians, after the labours of the day, was going into the jungle to fetch water from the tank, with which to cook his rice. Just as he was entering, he saw a tiger within a few yards of him, whose bright and terrible eyes glared upon him. did you do?" said a missionary to him, to whom he told this matter. "I went upon my knees,'

he said, "lifted up my hands, and said, O Jesus! if thou wilt, thou canst deliver me; oh save me from this tiger! and, as I looked, the tiger turned and leaped away." How much like a fulfilment of these precious words of promise, was this deliverance, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet," Psalm xci. 13.

E. C.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.

Dear Sir,—I have lately received a letter from Clarence, Fernando Po, part of which I think will be interesting to your young subscribers. It was intended to have been sent in time for the Herald of last month, but was mislaid; I will try to be more careful for the future. Mr. Thompson says, "on the continent scenes of cruelty and terror are abounding, but with the efforts which are now being made, we trust instead of cruelty we shall soon behold scenes of prayer and promise. The Dove has made three voyages since she arrived, two to Bimbis, and one to North West Bay; she is now on her fourth to Cameroons, to prevent if possible a human sacrifice which is expected to take place as soon as King Aqua dies, and he is very ill. On approaching Bimbia, the Dove was taken for a slaver; and the missionaries there

cautioned King William not to have any thing to do with her! But when she got a little nearer, they saw her beautiful silk flag, with the Dove upon it, flying at the main-top-mast, and knew that her errand was one of peace. After dinner they were introduced to the king in his Hall of Audience, and it was so oddly furnished that they could hardly help smiling as they entered. There were thirty-two jugs and basins, and thirteen looking glasses placed all around, also twenty-two large chests and trunks, and a speaking-trumpet! His Majesty was dressed in a white shirt, with a silk handkerchief over his shoulders. Mr. Clarke conversed with him for some time; told him that kind friends in England had sent out the Dove to promote the best interests of him and his people, and that she had not come for purposes of trade, but to convey the messengers of salvation from place to place. He listened with much attention, and seemed interested in what was said. Yet he practises sad cruelties: lately one of his wives offended him and he ordered her ear to be cut off, and two of his other wives refusing to obey the command, had their arms struck off for disobedience. Yet this is one of the most enlightened of the kings of this dark land.

I wonder if all the readers of your very interesting little magazine quite understand that Fernando Po is an Island on the West Coast of Africa? I wish those who do not, would just look at the Map of Africa and make themselves sure about it."

I am dear Sir.

Yours truly,

Bootle.

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LETTER FROM JOHN CLARKE.

TO YOUNG FRIENDS IN MISS WILMET'S SCHOOL, CHATHAM.

Clarence, May 14, 1845.

My Beloved Young Ladies,—Your very valuable box has arrived safely, and its contents have been examined with wonder and with gratitude to God. If you all choose the dear Redeemer, whose cause you thus serve, we shall meet, I trust, through his merits, in the other world where bliss abounds. I shall thank you there, if the engagements of heaven admit of such notice of things done on earth. I hope you all pray for Africa, as well as work to clothe and instruct her children. May our prayers be heard, and may dark degraded Africa soon be blessed by him who alone can remove the evils which now exist.

Could I conduct you to this land, what would your eyes behold? alas! fearful sights, which to you I dare not describe to the full .- you would see man acting the tyrant or the slave; and women sunk too low to be raised by any power short of that which accompanies the gospel of Christ. And woman thus degraded, shows, in awful characters, the misery of all who are without God in the world, yet I think it is less fearful to be a savage in Africa, than a hater of God in a land of light. All over this island the mothers give up their children to have their faces scarified with the cruel knife. On many faces more than one hundred gashes are made from ear to ear, and from the forehead to the chin : some of these poor children present to the feeling heart a dreadful sight. Their faces are rubbed over with palm oil and clay, their sores do not heal readily; and risings of from

one to twelve inches are seen. The largest I have seen hung upon the shoulders of the boy, from under and around his ears. Think, my dear young ladies, in what a different situation God has placed you. These poor "cut faces" are fine children, and run after me in their towns, to see some new wonder, and learn their A B C. I have about seventy of them each Sabbath, and teach them in their own tongue.

It is not so barbarous as some of the other languages are thought to be, perhaps you will like to see a specimen. If you give the French sound to the vowels, you will pronounce the words nearly aright.

The y sounds as i in die.

Loididi to be sorry.

La behah to weep.

Lubak'opwa above the clouds: heaven.

Base witta midst of fire: hell.

Ko hudi ne I love you.

A hudi lobo lobo he loves me very much.

Ko oý ba sa labé I hate to do evil.

Bois a man.

Boie ba sa labé a bad man.
Bubi a person.
Waddi a woman.

Ne opeo ule I give you this.

Bolsi, Bubi a boy.
Bolsi, Waddi a girl.
Lua a garment.
Na na lus I want clothing.

Ana lui ukoi, lu la Are you a parrot that you pena héah? make so much noise?

THE NAME OF THE LORD.

BY THOMAS SYRE POOLS, M.A.

"Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied."—I Sam. xvi. 45:

Why tremble, ye warriors of Israel with fear, When the God of your fathers in promise is near? Though terror and strength edge Philistia's sword, She comes not to fight "in the name of the Lord,"

Let Elah's green valley resound with the cry
Of the Galut*, and fury flash forth from his eye;
Though mighty in stature, and bitter in word,
He's as chaff who comes not "in the name of the Lord."

'Ere the tops of Azekah and Shocoh be dressed In the robes of the evening—the rays of the west— The vauntings of Gath shall no longer be heard In defiance biaspheming "the name of the Lord."

Hark! that sound is of triumph and death, in the vale— The weapons of faith and of meekness prevail. No shield guards the offspring of Jesse, nor sword Fills his hand—but he fights "in the name of the Lord."

From the height of her boasting Philistia is hurl'd—
And the Lion of Judah once more is unfurl'd—
And thy glory, O Israel, again is restor'd—
And thy tribes may rejoice "in the name of the Lord,"

Let the harps of thy maidens, O Sion be strung,
Which so long on thy ramparts in sadness have hung—
And the voice of thy gladness in praises be heard
At thine alters, "Our strength is the name of the Lord."

^{*} Goliath is called Galut, or Jalut, by the Arabs (See the Koran,—and the tradition of this remarkable combat is still preserved by them.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



DECEMBER.

DR. CAREY.

A FEW months after the events mentioned in our last number. Dr. Carey was invited to another part of Bengal, Mudna Batty, to take charge of an indigo factory. The indigo is a blue dve, formed from a plant, growing in great quantities in most parts of India, and is used all over the world. To this place Dr. Carey removed, and lived there seven years, diligently employing himself in the discharge of the duties of his By this means he provided for his family, and was able to bear the expenses of the mission in preaching the gospel and teaching the native children. Here, by diligent study, he made himself acquainted with the native languages. During this time he began to translate the scriptures; and by his diligence and skill, prepared the New Testament in the Bengalee, writing every word of it twice over, with his own hand.

The factory was now broken up; and four other missionaries, at this time, arriving from England, and not being allowed to settle in the British territory, they all went to Serampore, a place fifteen miles from Calcutta, belonging to the Danes. Here they set up a printing press. It was superintended by Mr. Ward, to whom Dr. Carey had said, before leaving England, "We shall want you soon, to print the word of God in India." The New Testament was soon printed in the Bengalee tongue, and other works for the instruction of the people

After some years the English governorgeneral, the brother of the Duke of Wallingten, set up a college for the instruction of gentlemen in the service, in the various languages of the tribes of India. The governor being in need of learned persons to be teachers and professors in the languages, he invited Dr. Carey to be one of them. He consented; and was first a teacher of Bengalee, and then a professor of this and of some other languages, with an income of a thousand pounds a year. This income he applied to help forward the great work; not laying up any thing for himself or his family.

There were a great number of learned perseas from among the different tribes of India. seeking employment as teachers of the languages studied in this college. Some of the best of these were employed by Dr. Carey to assist him in translating the blessed word of God into different tongues. By such important help, he being very industrious and learned himself, and God graciously sparing his life so long, he was permitted, in about thirty years after this, to see the scriptures, in some parts of them at least, in as many languages as are read or spoken by two hundred millions of the He also saw his benevolent race. desires fulfilled in the conversion of many of the people of that country, as well as of foreignem who resided there. So grateful was his sense of the goodness of Gad to himself and his brother missionaries, that when he came to die,

he said, he wished to leave this testimony to encourage others in doing good, that he had not seen any hope he had ever cherished of the success of his labours, disappointed. Yet, dear reader, he was much like his blessed Master. he was both meek and humble. He was afraid lest, after his death, any thing should be said in praise of himself, and begged, that if any minister should preach for him a funeral sermon. he might take these words, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions," Psalm li. 1.

He bore his last affliction patiently; comforted and admonished many who visited him: and quietly resigned his soul into the hands of his Redeemer. His death took place June 9th, 1834. He was buried in the missionary burying ground at Serampore. At the head of his grave is a plain stone, upon which, by his

own request, these words are put :---

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm, On thy kind arms I fall; Be thou my strength and righteousness. My Jesus, and my all."

E. C.

BEAUTIFUL REPLIES.

During the recent anniversary meetings in Hamilton, N. Y., the Chinese convert, who accompanies Mr. Dean, was an object of much He addressed the sabbath school attention.

in the village, and several congregations, and made replies to questions proposed. The following are some of the questions and answers which we think worthy of record:—"Who is the children's friend?" "Their parents are their friends, their teachers are their friends, God the Father is their friend, but I think that Jesus Christ is their best friend."

"Whom do you love most?" "Since Jesus Christ has died to make an atonement for my sins, it would be very unworthy of me to love any one in comparison with Jesus Christ." "What is now the state of your heart?" "Formerly my mind was smoky; now I enjoy some light. Formerly it was like a boisterous sea; now it is calm. Formerly I loved myself: now I love every body." "How do you feel in reference to your parents and countrymen who are yet in idolatry?" "I have a love for them as my parents and countrymen, but when I think of their spiritual condition, I feel ten parts sad." Mr. Dean explained this answer, by saving that in China the number ten is a full number, and denotes entireness. When, therefore, the Chinese said he felt ten parts sad, he meant he felt wholly sad, as sad as he could be.

What an argument do these replies afford against infidelity, what an illustration of the benign effects of the gospel, and what a motive for continued and more faithful effort in giving the word of life to the heathen!

NEWS FROM AFAR.

THE PATNA REFUGE.

DARE SIR,—Under an impression that a few lines from the "far East," would be acceptable to your young readers, I do myself the pleasure of addressing you, and trust that the following detail of particulars relative to our Patna Native Female Orphan Refuge, may prove a source of interest and gratification.

Our Refuge, which has now been established since October 1841, contains thirty-seven girls, all of when have been reclaimed from gross superstition and missry. Much has been said segarding the degradation of females in India, but it is much to be female that the west appalling ancounts have been withheld. Slavery still exists to a sad extent in British India. The system of buying and selling children is still carried on, and though the death-blow has been given to it, it will take years before it is quite extinguished.

Several of the girls have been alaves; some have run away; others, when not found likely to produce a quick return in gain, have been turned out, and being picked up, have eventually been turnsferred to our Refuge.

One little girl, about eight or nine years old, was heard not long ago entertaining her companions, by rehearing the exploits of her father, who appears to have been a thief. She remembered his bringing home the booty. But in one of his night-excursions, the unfortunate man was killed; this is not an unfrequent circumstance. The people who thus support themselves in India, by nightly robberies (and there are many that do), have a very different way of getting access to homes to what similar people have in Europe. They seldem or never enter through doors or windows. They make holes, or dig through walls, making the opening just large enough to creep in, which they do in a singular way, feet foremost.

Two if not three of our girls have been murked in the forehead to show they were alaves, and to enable the owner to identify them. What a degrading act to mark human beings just as farmers mark their cattle in England.

Now most of our girls know something of Jesus Christ and six of them are professed inquirers, and one has been baptised. The girls are in the habit of conducting meaning and evening wearship, and they often rejoice my heart to see them sing. You know the natives of this country are a musical people. There is in some of their tunes a good deal of taste and music; and, when singing the praises of our Redeemer in their own language and tunes, there is something peculiarly gratifying. Besides this, they are in the habit of forming little groups to sing and pray. Oh what a contrast this is to what they once were, and if it was not for our Refuge, they would still be.

Their appearance, in school and out of school, is alike theering and very interesting; in school, all seated on their mats, either sowing, spinning, or cleaning the cottan: out of school, amusing themselves either by playing about or sitting on the green grass in their plain white dresses, thus forming a beautiful contrast to the ground and of the trees. I hope, when I tan meet with a friend capable of taking a drawing of the Refuge and also of our chapel, to send them to embellish your magazine.

We have lost this year two by death, and two have some away; we have, however, received eight. It is resimble that we should have seceived many mera, but for a rumour that has been circulated and, strange to say, reddied by the natives, that the government was allowing children to be kidnapped, for the purpose of offering

one hundred as human sacrifices to propitiate the favour of some deity, in order to obtain water in a tank that had been dug, but in which no water was found. Another report was that government had taken possession of some uninhabited island, and wished to get female and male children to send there to form a colony. Nothing is too monstrous for the natives to believe, whilst the truth may sound in their ears without effect for years.

Yours sincerely,

HENRY BRODY.

I trust our young friends will not be wanting in testifying their interest in our Refuge.

"THE DOVE."

ONCE more we appeal to our young friends for their annual contributions towards the support of "the Dove."

She has been kept sailing for nearly twelve months by the contributions of the young.

She took to Fernando Po, in the spring, seven missionaries. She has carried the glad tidings of the gospel to several thousands of people with their chiefs. She has picked up the crews of two ship-wrecked vessels. She has preserved and recruited the health of all our missionaries.

The Collecting Cards are now ready, and any young friends, willing to use them, can obtain them on applying to 33, Moorgate-street, either by letter or personally.

The amounts collected will be inserted, as last year, in the Juvenile Missionary Herald.

The following lines were printed at Newark. and used in obtaining donations last year: perhaps they may be useful again. Two little Collectors have brought you a card. Pray think us not rude, if we beg very hard: The cause is a good one, as doubtless you'll feel, When you have perused our simple appeal. Far over the sea, where the black people dwell. The descendants of Ham are hast'ning to hell: And Christians are gone with their lives in their hand. To enlighten and bless that dark heathen land. There millions of souls more precious than gold, From the rich to the poor, the young to the old, Are bowing to idols of wood and of stone: By which they expect for their sins to atone. No preachers or teachers, no chapels or schools, No bibles or tracts, teaching love's golden rules: No meetings for prayer, no anthems of praise. And sabbaths are there like the rest of the days. A vessel is built, and they call her the "Dove. The emblem of peace, and the herald of love; To visit the towns along Africa's coast, And carry the gospel of Christ to the lost.

Full five hundred sovereigns they'll want every year,
The "Dove" to support, and keep in repair;
And a thousand collectors by working with zeal,
With their ten-shilling cards may meet this appeal.
Then whether you're rich, or whether you're poor,
O send us not empty away from your door;
But spare us a trifle to keep up the bark,
Lest the "Dove" drop her wing and return to the Ark.
Newark.

C. K.

Music.

[FROM THE "FAMILY CHOIR"]







[Will any of our friends send us a good Missionary Hymn, suitable to this tune?]



THE YOUNG JEW.

ABOUT four years ago, a young Jew left his parents and friends in Germany, and came to see England. After spending a short time in London, he went to Bristol, where he employed himself in carrying articles for sale round the neighbourhood. He sometimes met with two of his fellow-countrymen who had been led to receive Christ, and who kindly tried to persuade him to do the same; but the young Jew's heart was full of enmity to Jesus of Nazareth. and he angrily told them never to speak again about him. He kept the Jewish feasts and fasts, and attended the synagogues now and then. In this way he passed four or five months, when one day he called at a farm house, to see if he might sell any of his goods there. The kind people who lived there pitied him when they saw he was a Jew. I think they thought he must be unhappy, banished as he was from his much-loved country, but I expect they were most grieved because they knew his unbelief must shut him out of the heavenly Canaan by and bye. However, they invited him to come in, and bought a few things of him; after which they began to speak to him of the Messiah, and tried to explain some of the prophecies about him, but the young Jew was unwilling to listen and very impatient to go on with his business, so he went away, saying he would call another time. About two or three months afterwards he did

go again, according to promise. He was poorly, and the cold winter time made his travelling life the more trying to his health. His friends at the farm house received him joyfully, and when they saw him so much needing rest, they asked him to stay for a few months with them, and said they would do all they could to make him comfortable. He did stay for three weeks, and during that time they often read the scriptures to him, and took him to the house of God.

When in Germany, he had once been to a Roman Catholic chapel, and as he saw images and pictures used in their worship, he supposed that all Christians worshipped them. He was surprised to find it not so, and he began to feel afraid he was not quite in the right about religion. But his heart was quite at enmity with Christ, and he went back to Bristol again. His friends must have been disappointed; they had been trying to teach him by their words and actions how well Christ deserved his faith and love.

But we must trust in the promises of God. He has said that his word shall not return to him void. He has told us "not to be weary in well-doing, for, in due season, we shall reap, if we faint not." And these promises were fulfilled now. The Jew went to visit them again, and again they talked to him; until, at last, his prejudices were softened, and he was induced to read the bible with some ministers, who explained to him how exactly the pro-

phecies in the Old Testament of the Messiah, had been fulfilled in the history of Jesus Christ. He began to think very deeply of all that he had heard, and to pray to God to enable him to see what was the truth. God has said, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, and it shall be given him," and now he did give all the light which this young Jew needed, and he gave him too grace to do what he saw to be right, and to give up all things for the faith of Christ.

He had a father and brothers and sisters, who were very dear to him, but he now loved Christ better still; and when they sent to him to beg him not to believe in Christ, and offered him money if he would not do so, he quite refused to listen to them.

Last April he joined himself to some Christian friends, and now he tries to assist them in the high honour of bringing sinners to the Saviour. He quite expects that his relations will never see him again. This must make him sad sometimes, but still he knows he shall have his reward some day, if he prove faithful, for Christ has said, "Whoso confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father." If he pray to God, God will help him to stand against all temptation, and perhaps will make him a great blessing to all around him.

B. S.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

REGENT-STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL.

We are glad to hear a good account of the Auxiliary in connexion with this school. They had their second missionary tea-meeting in September last, when about 190 children and their teachers assembled, and were addressed by Mr. Fraser and other friends. Their collecting hones were found to contain upwards of £7. One hundred and twenty Juvenile Magazines are purchased each month, and several of them given away as rewards for early attendance.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

Lectures on Christian Missions, illustrated with Dissolving views, have been delivered to young people in Bistol and Buckinghamshire during the last month. Similar lectures are about to be delivered in different parts of the kingdom during the winter months. We say to all our young readers, "Be sure and attend them." You will be pleased certainly, and we hope, profited too.

WEYMOUTH.

We are glad to learn from the superintendent of the Sunday-school, that the young friends at this place are heartly at work for the mission. They hope to send £5 to the Society by the end of the year. "Let each class have its missionary box (says our friend), and who can tell how much our children may raise?"

Scripturs Illustrated.

ISAYAH xliv. 9th to the 20th verses.

WE shall find a beautiful and remarkable illustration of this passage of scripture in the following anecdote, as related by a missionary in Western Africa:

"One evening, a young man thus addressed him, 'Massa, those words you talk last night strike me very much; when you preach, you read the fifteenth and sixteenth verses of the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, and explain them, you show how our country people stand. Me say, Ah, who tell massa all this? never been in my country. You say, ' Do not your country-people live in that fashion?' I say, Yes, that true. God knows all things; He put them things in the bible. Massa, I so sure that the bible is God's word, for man cannot put all them things there, because he no see it. That time I live in the country, I live with a man that make Greegree. He take me into the bush, and teach me to make Greegree too: he show me one tree; he say that Greegree tree; he take country axe, and cut some of that tree: he make a god; and he take the leaves and that which was left, and give me to carry home. When we come home he make a fire, and all the people come and sit round the fire. Then they cook and eat: when they done eat, the man take the leaves of the Greegree tree, and burn them in the fire; and then all the people stand round, and clap their hands and cry, 'Aha! Aha!' Massa, when you read that verse, (16) I can't tell you what I feel. You then begin to talk about the text (verse 20), 'He feedeth on ashes,' and I was struck again; for when they done cry, Aha! Aha! they take the ashes, and make medicine, which they give to people when they be sick. You been see some Greegree, which look like dirt; that is the same ashes; they carry that round their neck, and they eat it sometimes. You see, massa, our poor countrymen feed upon ashes: for true the bible God's word.'"

THE PAGE FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

The highest flames are the most tremulous; and so are the most holy and eminent religious persons most full of awfulness, and fear, and modesty, and humility.

A Christian, for the sweet fruit he bears to God and men, is compared to the noblest of all plants, the Vine. Now as the most generous vine, if it be not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems, and grows at last weak and fruitless; so doth the best man, if he be not cut short of his desires, and pruned with afflictions. If it be painful to bleed, it is worse to wither. Let me be pruned that I may grow, rather than cut up to burn.

MISSIONARY HYMN FOR A CHILD.

Lord! can a simple child like me Assist to turn the world to thee? Or send the bread of life to hands Stretched out for it, in heathen lands?

Will this poor mite I call my own, Lead some lost Hindoo to the throne? Or help to throw the idel down, Which midst the groves of Java frown?

Oh! yes; although the gift be small, Thou'lt bless it, since it is my all: And bid it swell the glorious tide By thousands of thy saints supplied.

You mighty fleed which sweeps the plain, Is fed by tiny drops of vain: And ocean's broad, unyielding strand, Consists of single grains of sand.

Thus may the offerings children bring, Make Gentiles bow to Israel's King, If owned by that resistless power Which ourhs the sea, and forms the shower.

Da. Hust.

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THE

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FOR

M.DCCC.XLVL

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PREFACE.

For two years has this little messenger visited the friends of Christian Missions; and for two years has it received a cordial welcome.

It has visited India, and Africa, and Canada, and South America, and has spoken to all its readers the same message,—bidding them pity the poor heathen, and asking them to help in sending the gospel. From all these countries contributions have been received. Sometimes too, it has asked each reader,

very pointedly, "Dost thou love Christ? or art thou sending the gospel to others, without loving the gospel thyself?" Dear reader, what is your reply?

We still wish a larger sale: sixty thousand a month are not yet sold. A few more in each class, and a few more in each church; and the thing will be done. Who will help?

For next year we have pleasure in promising some beautiful papers and cuts! We must not tell our secrets. Who wishes to know, let him read, when the next number is published.

Moorgate Street, London. Dec. 1, 1846.

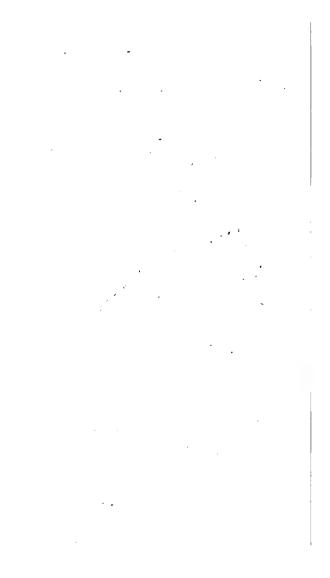
THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



GUNESH.

VOL. 11.]

[JANUARY.



GUNESH.

O doubt you have often heard of the people of India, and of their numerous idols. They have a god for every difficulty: a god of war; a

god of the winds; a god of wisdom; a god of murder. They thus confeas that their gods have even in their opinion very little power. It is only a Christian who can say—"Our God is in the heavens. He hath done whatsoever he pleased."

Here is a picture of one of these Indian idols: he is called Gunesh. He is made. von will see, partly in the form of a man, though they have given him four arms and hands. But you will be most surprised at his head, and will wonder why they should put an elephant's head on a man's shoulders. There is a very foolish story told about this head which the poor Hindoos believe. It is said that when Gunesh was born, Doorga, his mother was so pleased with her son that she called all the other gods to come and admire him. They came, and amongst them was one called Shunee, a god who (the Hindoos say) causes a great deal of distress. Shunee knew that if he looked at the child, it would be burnt; so he hung down his head; but Doorga was angry with him for doing so, till at last he looked upon Gunesh, and his head was immediately burnt up.

Poor Doorga was in sad trouble about her son, and would have destroyed Shunee; but he went out, and promised to bring her the head of the first animal he could meet with. He soon found an elephant, and cut off its head, which he carried back and fixed upon Gunesh. Doorga did not much admire this new head for her son, but the gods arranged, to comfort her, that Gunesh should be very much worshipped and honoured amongst the Hindoos.

Now you would call this story very foolish. Think how sad it is then, that so many poor heathen are worshipping such idols as these, and firmly believing in such stories, instead of worshipping our one Great God, and believing his holy book, the bible.

By some Gunesh is represented to be the god of wisdom. Parents pray to him, and children present offerings to him. Alas! they pray to an idol that cannot hear. "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not."

"I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me."

·WHAT CAN I DO FOR MISSIONS?

I fancy many of my young readers ask this interesting question, and to all of you the same reply will be suitable. You are not all in the same station in society, nor are you all possessed of equal advantages; but you are all born in a

land of bibles, in a land where Jesus Christ is fully preached, where sinners of every age are directed to him as the Lamb slain to take away sin. You are all sinners, and will be banished from his presence for ever unless you choose him as your Saviour. You remember the parable of the talents, there was one man who had only one talent given to him, he was indolent, ungrateful, and sullen, at the smallness of the gift, and he would do nothing with it. I hope none of you will imitate him. Love Jesus, give yourself to him, labour for him.

The following hints may be useful at the commencement of a new year, to aid you in your attempts to do something for missions.

Rise early, that you may have time for intercourse with God, and labour in his service.

Be industrious; let every moment be well employed. Keep a missionary basket with work always ready, cotton and needles at hand. Much is accomplished by quiet, continued activity.

Be careful in your expenditure; think before you spend any idle pence, what will this do for the heathen?

A young friend of mine once determined to keep "'tis but box" and to drop into it every penny she had intended to spend in self-indulgence. At the close of the year she was greatly surprised to find 18s. there.

Be economical, and never throw away any thing as useless until you have ascertained that it cannot be applied to any profitable purpose. And, though last on my list, yet first in importance, ask God each day to enable you to consecrate all your powers, influence, and talents to his blessed service. Then you will find plenty of work for missions.

Your affectionate friend,

E. C. S.

THE DYING KISS.

I was but five years old when my mother died; but her image is as distinct to my recollection now that twelve years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her as a pale, beautiful, gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice that was soft and cheerful when she praised me, and when I erred -for I was a wild, thoughtless child-there was a trembling mildness about it, that always went to my little heart. And then she was so kind, so patient; methinks I can now see her large blue eyes moist with sorrow, because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat, "My child, how can you grieve me so?" I recollect she had for a long time been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely, that I thought she must be well. But then she sometimes spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, and be kind to him, for he would have no one else to love. I recollect she was very sick all day, and my little hobby horse

and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me my mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do before I went to bed, and I must go But I could not. I stole into the without it. room, and laying my lips close to hers, whispered. " Mother, mother, won't you kiss me?" Her lips were very cold; and when she put her arm around me, laid my head upon her bosom, and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shuddering creep all over me. My father carried me from the room, but he could not speak. After they put me in bed, I lay a long I feared that my mother while thinking. would indeed die, for her cheek felt as cold as my little sister's did when she died, and they laid her in the ground. But the impressions of mortality are always indistinct in childhood, and I soon fell asleep. In the morning I hastened to my mother's room. A white napkin covered her face. I removed it-it was just as I feared. Her eyes were closed; her cheek was cold and hard, and only the lovely expression that always rested upon her lips remained. In an instant all the little faults for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be if she would remain with me. was buried; but my remembrance of the funeral is indistinct. I only retain the impressions which her precepts and example left upon my mind. I was a passionate, head-strong boy:

but I never vielded to this turn of my disposition, without fancying I saw her mild, tearful eve fixed upon me just as she used to do in life. And then, when I had succeeded in overcoming it, her sweet smile of approbation beamed upon me, and I was happy. My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was for ever with me. strengthening my good resolutions, and weakening my propensity to do evil. I felt that it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err, and I could not, would not do it. I was the child of her affection; I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that, even on the threshold of eternity, her affection for me had caused her gentle spirit to linger, that she might pray for me once more. I resolved to become all that This resolution I have never she could desire. forgotten. It helped me to subdue the waywardness of childhood, protected me through the temptations of youth, and will comfort and support me through the busier scenes of manhood. Whatever there is estimable in my character. I owe to the impressions of goodness, made upon my infant mind by the exemplary conduct and faithful instruction of my excellent mother.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

GANJAM.

Some of our young readers, we trust, are devoting their early days to the Saviour. Such

especially will feel interested in the following statements, contained in the report of the General Baptist Missionary Society, respecting the school at Ganjam, in the East Indies. "The Lord has been gracious to our school children, and eight we trust are anxiously inquiring what they must do to be saved. It will be pleasing to our kind friend, Mr. R. Wherry. to know that both the little boys whom he supports are among the inquirers. The three Khand boys, mentioned in our last report, have greatly improved, and two of them are we trust concerned about their souls. In August, we admitted four other Khand boys; they were from among a number of victims rescued by the Government. They are quiet, industrious lads, and are making very satisfactory progress in learning. A lad named last year has improved even beyond our expectations; and we are happy to find that he also is anxious to be interested in the blessings of salvation. We are delighted to find that several of the dear boys are in a hopeful state of mind. This is such a manifestation of the Spirit as we have not before been privileged to witness. The event which was blessed to the awakening of several, was the sudden death by cholera of an interesting little girl in the school.

"Two have been baptized from our boys' school, both orphans; the eldest, named Luke, is about fifteen years old; he has always been a very steady, thoughtful lad; he is now obtaining ans own living. As he is keeping up his studies,

we hope in due time he will become useful in the mission. The name of the other is John Wherry; he is much younger, so young indeed, that I hesitated for some time on the propriety of his baptism on that account; but as he gave such satisfactory evidence of a change of heart for some considerable time, we could discover no reason why his baptism should be deferred. He is a most interesting and intelligent boy, very quiet and industrious. He was one of the first orphans we received at Ganjam; he has always given us pleasure, and is one of those on whom our hopes rest, that he will be well qualified to aid in carrying on the work of the Lord among his own countrymen."

As there is a reference to children being rescued from the Khands, it becomes necessary to state, what we feel sure must shock our young readers, that the Khands offer human sacrifices to their gods, particularly children, whom they put to death with great barbarity. Very lately, the British government being informed of their practices, sent a force to stop them. But for their interposition, a large body of children would have been sacrificed.

JAMAICA, JERICHO.

October 6th, 1845.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,...It always gives me much pleasure to address the young, and that pleasure is now greatly increased; for I can address you through a work so much calculated to do good to you who read, and to encourage you to do good to others.

Before the Juvenile Missionary Herald made its appearance you were favoured with many very beautiful works which came out monthly; such as "The Child's Companion," "Child's Own Book," "The Child's Magazine," &c.; then comes last, but not least "The Juvenile Missionary Herald." May it prosper, and increase, and be read by the children of every class. It is my dear children just the kind of book you wanted. I only wish the children of our Jamaica schools could get them as you can.

I would most gladly address you on some particular subject at once, but as this is my first attempt through this valuable little work, I suppose you will wish to know who I am, where I am, what I am doing, &c. If so, I will answer those questions.

"Who I am?" A sincere friend of you English children. "Where I am?" In Jamaica. "What am I doing?" I am daily engaged in teaching the children of Jamaica, and have been thus engaged for nearly six years.

Now your questions are answered I wish to show you how much better you are provided for than the youth of other lands.

- 1. You are blest with good parents who are anxious for your soul's salvation. "Children, obey your parents."
- 2. You have good sabbath and day school Teachers, who labour hard to instruct you in good things, things of time and things of eter-

nity. Children "Hear the voice of instruction."

3. Good books in a continual number to enlighten your mind. Read much, but especially your bible. Seek first the salvation of your own souls, then do all you can for the salvation of others, by sending bibles, missionaries, and other good books to the lands of darkness.

In the April number I see a piece called. "The use of a penny." You will find it on the I think it would be a good plan to last page. put by one penny every week. This penny a week would amount in one year to 4s. 4d. And in a school of 200 scholars it would amount to the great sum of £43 6s. 8d. Now this would please your superintendent and teachers much. And if this were done by one school only, in every county in England, at the year's end this would amount to the mighty sum of £1733 6s. 8d. Enough to buy about 18,000 bibles, or support at least six missionaries. Now, my dear children, is not this worth doing? Try it, my young friends, you will never repent it.

Now I am about to close, let me beg you to consider this well. It is worth doing. Do try it, if but for one year.

In closing, let me beg those of you who have begun to pray, to pray for me, and all engaged in the work of God.

I am, my dear young friends,
Yours very affectionately,
JABRZ TUNLEF.



THE COCOA-NUT TREE.

THE following account of this tree will interest our readers. The plate represents a very common way of obtaining the cocoa nuts. Those who wish to have them throw stones at

the monkeys, and they send back the nuts in return.

"The very highest of the cocoas reach in the body and the boughs, (that always sprout upwards, and spread from the top of the body) to forty feet in height; that is to say, the body to thirty and the boughs to ten. The body is the exact shape of an apothecary's large iron pestle, namely, of an equal thickness at top and bottom, but somewhat smaller in the middle; its colour is of a pale brown, and the bark smooth. The boughs are of a most lively vellow, straight, and tapering like an angling rod; having two rows of green leaves, that are very narrow, though a foot long a piece (except for a little way towards the smaller end), and close set together the whole length of the boughs. The nuts hang at the top of the body in about a dozen in a cluster, and may, I believe, weigh fifteen pounds or better. The stringy substance which holds them, being wonderfully tough, and thicker than my little finger. One singularity of this tree is, that it is quite as thick when it first arises out of the earth as when it is full thirty years old; I have seen them thicker than my body when they were but three feet high; and you will easily suppose that the boughs are thin proportionably and of course must naturally lengthen, just as the trees advance in age. Their boughs are secured together at the bottom by brown stringy threads (about the size of ordinary packthread) that grow out of them; and, indeed, for about a foot space from the top of the body of the tree upwards, these stringy threads are so interwoven that they lie full as regularly up and down, and cross each other, as any coarse linen cloth possibly can."

Mome Antelligence.

A LETTER FROM A LITTLE GIRL TO HER COUSIN, ON THE DISSOLVING VIEWS.

My DEAR COUSIN,—Since I saw you I have been on a visit at St. Alban's, and while there I attended "The Anniversary of the Juvenile Missionary Society," on the 3rd of November. There was a great crowd of children and young people, as well as others, present.

It was very different from any meeting I had ever before attended; for instead of a platform there was a very large screen hanging in front of the pulpit, and I was told that Mr. Upton, the minister of the place, was going to exhibit and lecture on some Dissolving Views, provided for the information and gratification of the friends of missions. I had never seen any thing of the kind, and waited with great anxiety the commencement of the lecture. The first picture we saw was that of Dr. Carey and his pundit, which passed into a very beautiful view of the city of Calcutta, and this was succeeded by other views in India too numerous to describe in a letter. Next, we made a voyage to Jamaica, and visited many places of which we have often read in the Herald; such as Mr. Knibb's chapel, some school-houses, new town

ships, &c. Mr. Upton explained each view as we looked at it and related some nice anecdote connected with it. The Sunday-scholars at intervals sang some pretty verses, so you will conclude it was a very pleasant Mr. Upton said he had still African and Chinese scenes, too numerous to exhibit at that late hour, and was therefore requested by some of the audience to give another lecture on the next evening, which he agreed to do: but as I left the town early the following day. I could not attend the second lecture, which I much regretted. I have, however, heard from my friends there, that the attendance was as large, and the people as much delighted, as on the previous night. I hope you, and indeed all the children and young people in England, will soon get a sight of these beautiful views. This very Juvenile Society has raised in the year about £14. besides the proceeds of these lectures, which I understand were about £6. I trust the above account of what I have seen will gratify you.

I remain.

Your affectionate cousin,

Nov. 17, 1845.

ELEANOR.

HARLINGTON.

At a boarding-school about thirteen miles from London, the pupils consisting of about twenty young gentlemen, determined to try to send the gospel to distant lands. And so, in October, 1844, they agreed to ask their teacher to form a missionary society for them.

The Society was formed, and rules drawn up. Ose youth was appointed secretary, another collector, and three more formed a committee. Nearly all agreed to give either a penny or a halfpenny weekly out of their pocket money.

In October, 1845, they held their Annual Meeting. Their teacher kindly invited some of their parents and friends, and a few ministers, to spend the afternoon with them, and encourage them. The Rev. J. George, their minister, took the chair. After singing and prayer, the little Secretary read a very neat report; then the Rev. W. Collings and the Rev. L. Tyerman spoke to them, encouraging them to go on, and then the Rev. W. Frazer gave them such a nice address that they will not forget what he said for a very long time.

I had almost forgotten the money. During the last year they have raised, principally among themselves, five pounds one shilling, which is to be divided between the Baptist and London Missionary Societies.

Harlington, Oct. 1845.

WHAT CAN BOYS DOP

MY DEAR BOYS,—If you read this little magazine, I am sure you have often said, there is plenty of work for girls to do for missions, but we can't work, we can do nothing, and we have very little money to give! Don't be discouraged, there is work even for you.

I have known some boys who wrote well, print hymns beautifully on little cards. These made very nice rewards for the children in our mission schools. Others have learnt to plait coarse straw for hats, which some of the girls have made up'; whilst others again have been readers at the missionary working parties.

I know one party of boys, deeply interested in missionary work, who met together, arranged a Juvenile Missionary I 'think, Mr. Editor, if the above hints were fully carried out by all our Baptist friends, the sale of the *Herald* would not only be doubled, but increased twenty-fold.

This little missionary gift strongly exhibits the "signs of the times;" and ought to be placed by their parents and guardians in the hands of all the youth of our own denomination at least.

A FRIEND OF MISSIONS.

Zeripture Kllustrated.

The waters of the Nile, the Po, the Rhone, the Danube, the Nieper, and the Don, all flow into the Mediterranean Sea; and yet the sea does not increase in size. Can any sabbath-scholar tell how this is, and show that it is explained in Eccl. i. 7?

The Page for Parents and Crachers.

It is one of the greatest mysteries of human nature, that indulgence never awakens gratitude or love in the heart of a child.—Abbor.

If rewards are given at all, let them be rewards of merit, and not rewards of intellectual capacity. The dull of apprehension are not to be punished for being so, neither do the more gifted merit praise for what they have received from the hand of God.—HALL.

Mental precocity is not a healthy attribute, even when it assumes the character of religion. The religion of little children ought eminently to be an affection of the heart, grounded indeed upon scriptural truth, the elements of which are intelligible to a little child, but not ramified into all the doctrinal discussions and mental developments which we sometimes survey with wonder.—CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

No man can know any moral truth till he has practised it.

Success in teaching moral and religious truth, is not so much the gift of nature, as the result of piety and long and careful exercise of the heart in filial affection towards God.—BERNARD OVERBERG.

A kiss from my mother, said the late Benjamin West, made me a painter.

The Children's Bookshelf.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY KEEPSAKE. Snow. 1846.

Here we have a beautiful little present from an old friend, the lady who commenced the "Missionary Repository," and first called attention to the importance of providing missionary intelligence for the young. This little book (which may be had for a small sum).

will be a very welcome visitor in many families and we hope that the editor will be so encouraged in her work, as to visit us again in the same form, on many a new year's day to come.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD for 1845. Price One Shilling, half bound.

The Juvenile Missionary Herald bound in one volume, will be an appropriate reward-book in families and schools.

THE INFANT'S PRAYES.
THE INDIAN BABES.
VICTORY TO JESUS CHRIST.
THE BLIND GIRL OF THE MOOR.
FANNY, THE FLOWER GIRL.

By Selina Bunbury: B. Wertheim, Aldine Chambers

All these books are very beautifully written, and, as we happen to know, are great favourites with the young-Miss Bunbury is the author of the well known little tale called "Glory, Glory," a true tale, dear to little children and all who love them. It is important to add that all these tales are founded on fact. The second and third are missionary tales. We can very cordially recommend all these little volumes for the children's book-shelf.

Anna, the Lence Vender, a Narrative of Filial Love, from the German of O. Glanbrecht. B. Wertheim.

Another very beautiful book, which we cordially recommend. The whole story is founded on facts, and Anna is still living at Eichhausen.

Poetry.

MISSIONARY HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

See Juvenile Herald for December.

Now the glorious sun is shining Brightly on our earliest days, Let us, heart and voice combining, Sing the great Redeemer's praise.

Holy angels stand before him, Singing to his praise above: Shall not we on earth adore him, For the wonders of his love?

Surely, by our whole behaviour,
We should serve him day by day:
Great Redeemer! glorious Saviour!
Teach us all to watch and pray.

Oh, how many a heathen nation Sit in nature's darkest night; While in Britain, God's salvation Cheers us with its glorious light, Shall these wretched nations ever Dwell in misery most profound? Can we not, by joint endeavour, Send to them "the joyful sound?"

See a little vessel sailing
Toward benighted Afric's shore;
Bearing treasures never failing,
Richer far than golden ore.

Yes, O yes, we see her clearly,
'Tis our mission ship, "The Dove;"
There the men we value dearly,
Messengers of peace and love.

Praise to our exalted Saviour!

He has sent her o'er the seas:

May he ever, in his favour,

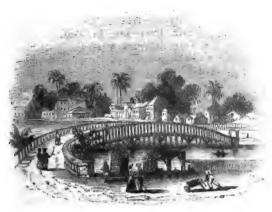
Aid her with a prosperous breeze,

Since the Lord of all creation
Condescends the young to call
"Workers" in his great salvation,
"Helps," where he is "all in all,

Let us, from our little treasure, Send some token of our love: Jesus will receive with pleasure, Mites devoted to "The Dove."

Saviour, let thy love constraining, Rule within us more and more; Till we hear all earth proclaiming, Jesus reigns from shore to shore.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



BELIZE.

On the neck of land which joins North and South America lies the settlement of Honduras. The principal river is the Belize, on which stands the town of the same name. It contains about eight hundred houses; and the whole town is shaded by groves of cocoa-nut and tamarind trees. The settlement is very extensive, and contains many thousand Indians and Spanish. Our missionaries have several stations and schools. I hope to write more about them in some future number.

VOL. II.]

[FEBRUAR

WILLIAM YATES AND WILLIAM KNIBB.

ERY different men were William Yates and William Knibb-both in their lives and in their deaths. Very different were the countries in which they lived and the people among whom they laboured. William Yates was the older man and the older missionary. He must have been nearly fifty-three years of age when he died, and had been thirty years in India. William Knibb was but forty-three, and had been in Jamaica twenty years. liam Yates was quiet, retiring, and studious; loved to spend his time with his books, died far from his family and brethren, and his body now rests under the waters of the Red Sea. William Knibb was active and bold: he lived in public, died "among his kindred," and was followed to the grave by many thousands of his William Yates was the translator: William Knibb was the pastor. Yates devoted his life to the great work of giving to India the word of God in the language of the people. William Knibb devoted his life to the emancipation of the negroes from bondage and sin. William Yates will be honoured by millions, as the man who brought to their door the waters of life: William Knibb is honoured by millions as the man who struck the fetters from the slave, and every where stood forth as

his friend. William Yates died exhausted by his labours: William Knibb died in his prime, cut off after an illness of only four days. The sun of William Yates set in the evening of his life: the sun of William Knibb "went down while it was yet noon." Very different menboth in their lives and in their deaths were William Yates and William Knibb.

Different as these koly men were, they were not unlike. They had many points in resemblance. Let us examine what they are.

They were both of them mighty men. God created them for a great work, and qualified them for it. This is what I mean by mighty.

They were both mighty in the work they achieved. William Yates translated the Bible into four languages, examining every word and every sentence several times, striving and praying to ascertain its meaning. Day after day, and year after year, for thirty years, did he study the scriptures, till he understood, as he thought, what the Spirit of God meant to teach in every verse. And now Hindoos and Mahometuns of every class can read in their own tongues, wherein they were born, the wonderful works of God. Was it not a great thing to prepare translations—and such translations—for one hundred and lifty millions of people?

And what did William Knibb? Six handred thousand slaves exclaimed, "Him make we free." Yes, he was one main instrument in accomplishing this work. He taught schools; he built chapels; he prenched the gospel; he

formed churches. All this he did. But the work for which he lived was the emencipation of the slave.

Both William Yates and William Knibb were mighty too in their weakness. that they were nothing, and that God was all. "Hitherto," said William Knibb, in a letter written-at sea in July last, "God has helped and guided, and I hope that still his kind hand will be over me for good. Without this what a poor insignificant being I am, how worthless. how wicked! But I have his promise, his own sweet promise, and on it I can rely." doubt remember this lion-hearted man! how bold he seemed! how independent! Yet here he writes like a little child. God loves such weakness. All who feel it, lay hold upon his strength. The more they feel it, the mightier So often felt, and so often wrote, thev are. William Yates.

They were both mighty-in faith. The cross of Christ was dear to them both. They clung They looked to him who was around it. Thence they derived their love, nailed to it. and their zeal, and their comfort. "I know in whom I have believed," said William Yates, "and that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day." had a thousand lives, I would deem them well spent," said he again, "in the service of Christ. I would willingly sacrifice them all for the sake of him who loved me and gave himself for me." "Mary," said William Knibb to his wife, a little while before he died, hit is all well."
"Oh my sins of omission and commission?
But He is my advocate."

"'A guilty, weak, and helpless worm, On thy kind arms I fall.'"

In the first letter William Knibb wrote from Jamaica, he expresses a hope that he may live for the negro, and that when his work is done, he may die, saying, "A guilty, weak, and helppless worm, on Jesus' arms I fall." And so it was. He looked to the cross at the beginning, and continued looking even to the end. The best and most useful men need the same sacrifice and mediation. None ever gained the victory but "through Jesus Christ our Lord."

They were both mighty—in their perseverance. in serving God they never fainted or halted. William Yates read his translation—every word and verse of it-again and again, and again and again; so that in translating the Bible into four languages, I have no doubt he examined every word of the Bible perhaps twenty times. His eyes grew dim-his cheeks pale-his frame languid, while poring over his work. William Knibb showed the same quality in a different way. Nothing daunted him. He snuffed the battle afar off, and prepared for it. When once he put his hand to the plough, he turned not back till his work was done. They both set their hearts upon knowing what the will of God was, and, having discovered it, none could turn them till that will was accomplished.

untiring, unflinching men were William Ysts and William Kaibb.

Very similar men then were William Yates and William Knibb. They served the same Master. They acted from the same motives. They each did a mighty work. They felt that they could not do it in their own strength. They believed that it must be done. . . . They entered upon their rest in the same year. They are singing at this moment the same song, for they often sang it on earth. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father, be glory and dominion, for ever and ever, Amen."

DALIMBA, THE BRAHMINEE WIDOW.

WHEN we read of the poor heathen in India we find a great deal said about the Brahmins. They are the priests, and the Hindoos pay them very great attention. The Brahmins pretend to be very holy, and they often put themselves to all kinds of bodily suffering to make the people admire their devotedness. Sometimes, too, their widows become great devotees. I will tell you of one of them who was called Dalimba.

She lost her husband and her infant sea while she was very young, and she resolved to become a devotee or very religious person.

She took her husband's youngest brother, brought him up as her son, and when he was old enough, she gave all her property to his care, and set herself to seek the salvation of her soul.

She visited the temples of all the idols: went to bathe twice in the Ganges, a river the Hindoos think very sacred; gave money away to the Brahmins; kept various feasts and fasts in the worship of some of the idols; and did a number of other things in order to please the idols, and obtain happiness for herself. you think she succeeded? Oh no! She found, after she had taken all this trouble, that she was still sinful: all she had done could not change her heart, and you know unless that is changed. unless we are "born again," as the Saviour tells us, we cannot be happy. Well. what was she to do next? You shall hear what the resolved upon, and judge whether you think the would get much good from it. She left home again to go to Juggernaut, a large idol worshipped in India. She intended to put herself under the wheels of his car, and so be killed, and, as she thought, most certainly be saved. The poor Hindoos think that those persons are happy who die under Juggernaut's car, for they say that he likes human sacrifices.

Dalimba did not tell any one what she was going to do, but she gave away all the money the had, and commenced her journey. As she was passing through a village, she saw a crowd of people. They were standing round a Chris-

tian Hindoo, who was reading the Bible to Dalimba stopped to listen, and when he had done reading, he asked her where she was going. She said to Juggernaut: he replied that Juggernaut was nothing but a piece of wood, and could do her no good, and began at once to tell about our Lord Jesus Christ, and what he had done for us. She received his news gladly, and wished to hear more about such good tidings; so he brought her to his house to read to her, and teach her more about the Bible. God mercifully blessed his endeavours, and opened this poor woman's heart, and made her believe in the Saviour. gave up all her trust in the idols, and became a Christian. She lived with the missionaries for many years, and at last died very happily, and went to heaven.

Oh how thankful she must have felt to God, who had so graciously prevented her from destroying herself. She tried in vain you see to make herself happy. Until she found Jesus all was of no use. Dear children, remember there is no other way to holiness than this for you.

CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS.

Feb. 12. In my rambles to-day among the people, I came to an incense manufactory, which is at present doing a large business. The neense stick is an odoriferous bark, ground up

and then compounded with some adhesive substance, which renders the powder capable of being formed into sticks of all sizes. The manufacturers listened attentively to remarks on the folly of idolatry and the way of life through Christ.

It is computed that ten thousand persons in each province derive a support from making incense sticks, and that in the eighteen provinces about half a million of people derive a direct subsistence from the existing idolatry. Besides incense-dealers, there are priests without number, and makers of gilt paper, and shrines, and candles, and gods. These all will of course be ready to cry out, "Our craft is in danger," should idol-worship be assailed, and the true God made known to the multitudes.

The following day was one of the most sacred character among the Chinese. "The people," says Mr. Pohlman, "all vied with one another in preparing tents in the open air, and making offerings to 'heaven's Ruler.' Thousands of dollars are yearly expended for gilt paper, gunfiring, cracker-snapping, and all sorts of obla-This they style sincere worship to the true God. 'To say that we are ignorant of the true God,' a Chinaman will contend, 'is utterly false. Here we have him; and once a year we all, from the highest to the lowest, acknowledge the celestial sovereign. Why come to teach us about God; as if we were in darkgess?'"

22. To-day an old white bearded man came

round, picking up scraps of paper on which there is writing. There is a class of men who make this their business, and thereby acquire a large stock of merit. I examined his basket, and found a large quantity of old English newspapers, and pieces of New York Observers and Christian Intelligencers. All writing 18 considered sacred: and there is the utmost care on this subject among all classes, that not a scrap of paper, on which there is printing or writing, be improperly used. All waste paper of this kind must be burned or sent adrift, and a person cannot more easily wound the feelings of a Chinaman, or even steel his heart against the truth, than to use written scraps of paper for any common purpose whatever.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Some curious letters, written by pupils in the Mission Schools, Hawaii, are given in a recent number of the New York Evangelist. We select two specimens, addressed to the "ladies of Hallowell," from whom useful donations had been received.

" Iole, Kohala.

Where are you all, ladies of Hallowell, in America? We have received your gift to this destitute company of Hawaii. Great is my joy and my surprise in seeing the character of your deeds.

Here is this. . We are learning some things taught

among you. I am preparing to study the Holy Bible with Bond. He is to teach me, and to point out and explain the word of God. Good leve to you all from the greatest to the least of you. Love upon love.

It is my wish to beg of you to write us kindly, and tell us about your land and your situation, and the new things that are done there. You will perhaps ask of us, 'How is it with your country and your situation?' Here indeed is my reply. In our opinion, our country is a good oile, and somewhat pleasant, yet not perhaps so perfectly good as some other lands under the sun.

Here is this new thing here. The fire has again burst forth from the earth. The commencement of the burning was eight months ago. It is not known to us when it will go out. That is in the counsel of God. This thought is done.

This is by me,

Pu."

≤ Kohala, Hawaii.

Love to you, ladies of Hallowell, in America.

Great is my joy and my desire for the good work done
in your country, and for the undertakings there, and for
the building up of the kingdom of Jehovah. This also
—for your aiding us with pantaloons and shirts. You
are very generous we should say. That is your character.
Bond has given them to us who dwell in these mean
houses, and in those tattered garments.

This is the reason of our miserable houses and clothes—the dark-heartedness of our fathers. They did not know the God of heaven, but they worshipped lying gods. They knew not Jehovah, the God that made heaven and earth and all things. Therefore is the ignorance of the present race of people in these islands. Because also of their great unbelief, and their prayers

made with the mouth only. They have not prayed with hearts confessing to God.

We Here also is a thought—to tell you of the labours of our teacher. These are a great many, stirring up the church, teaching in the teachers' school, and in the Sabbath school, and in the high school of Kohala, Hawaii.

This is the thought that is left—to tell you of the sickness of Bond's wife in these days.

My letter is finished.

By me,

KALANA."



Scripture Illustrated.

MODE OF THRASHING IN THE EAST.

¹⁴ Nor a few passages we have in scripture, relating to the thrashing of corn, which, to him only considers the customs in that matter of common use in these parts will appear very hard to be understood. We there read of thrashing with instruments of iron, of thrashing the mountains, and beating them small, and making the hills as chaff, with a new, sharp, thrashing instrument having teeth; as also of thrashing with oxen and heifers, with a cartwheel, and with horsemen. And when the daughter of Zion is commanded to arise, and thrash her enemies, who would be gathered as sheaves into the floor, she was, we read, to be provided with 'hoops of brass to beat them in pieces.' In some other places, also, thrashing and cutting seem to be the same thing, as when the heathen were to be assembled together for a terrible destruction in the valley of Jehoshaphat; after the preparation for the following thrashing or execution, by 'putting the sickle into the harvest,' the place of it is called 'the Valley of Decision,' or concision, of thrashing, or cutting asunder. Now certainly the usage among us of beating out corn with a flail will give us no just idea of the true meaning of such expressions as these: whereas what Mr. Pocock observed of the customs of those eastern people makes them plain and intelligible: for he tells us that the harvest being over, they lay the sheaves in order on a large floor or plain, made fit for that purpose, in the open field, and there cause their oxen or other beasts to draw over the sheaves, so disposed, either an instrument made of heavy planks of wood, with sharp stones or flints

driven into it, or else two iron wheels dented with sharp teeth, and coupled with an axle-tree or beam of wood; and that this labour is not ended till both the grain is divided from the husk, and the straw cut into small pieces; the latter being designed for proper repositories, such as caves or dry wells, where it is kept to feed their cattle, as the former is for the granary."—Tuell's lafe of Poocok.

1 Kings xvii.

In the eighteenth chapter of the first back of Kings, we are told that Elijah mocked the priests of Baal, telling them to cry alond, that their god was perhaps engaged in conversation, or was on a journey, or sleeping, and must be awaked, and we are told that they cried aloud.

These taunts were not the mere suggestions of the prophet's imagination, but were founded on the steard and growelling ideas entertained by the heathen of the gods they worshipped: they ascribed to them certain employments; to one, the management of the winds; to another, that of the water, and so on; the cares of which were surposed necessarily to distract their minds at particular periods; and some more considered to be emgaged on distant expeditions. Idealtry is still the same even in the present day. The same motions prevail among the heathen of the limited powers of their deities.

Thus Siva, the principal god of the Hindoos, we are told, once fell into a profound reverie, and that, in consequence, there were great public calamities. At a particular season of the year he is represented as engaged in the pleasures of the chase. To gratify him with them, his image and that of his favourite wife are taken from his temple, placed on a car, and carried out to the open fields. Sometimes he is supposed to have gone on a long journey. Sometimes he is said to be reposing, particularly on one occasion, when he assumed the form of a porter, he wearied himself with his task, and fell asleep through fatigue.

How strikingly do these imaginations illustrate the language of Elijah, and the language

of Isaiah too, Isaiah xl. 28.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

THE USE OF WORKING SOCIETIES.

"I am thankful to say that, through the boxes of useful articles received from kind friends in England, our school at Nassau has been almost wholly supported for the last twelve months.

"If grateful feeling be any payment of their kindness, we do our best to be as little in debt as Possible."—Mr. CAPERN.

THE LATE MRS. JUDSON.

Our readers have no doubt heard of Dr. Judson and the mission to Burmah. He has recently returned to America for a few months. His object in leaving Burmah was to recruit Mrs. Judson's health, which was in a very poor As the vessel in which he sailed drew near to the Mauritius, Mrs.: Judson was so much better that her husband resolved to return to his work in Burmah, and leave her to proceed to America alone. In the prospect of this parting, Mrs. Judson addressed the following lines to her husband. They were not, however, parted at that time. Mrs. Judson grew worse; and Dr. Judson concluded that he ought not to leave her. They sailed together to St. Helens, and there Mrs. Judson died. The lines have now therefore a double interest.

THE PARTING.

"We part on this green islet, love,
Thou for the eastern main,—
I for the setting sun, love—
O when to meet again!

My heart is sad for thee, love,
For lone thy way will be;
And oft thy tears will fall, love,
For thy children and for me.

The music of thy daughter's voice,
Thou'lt miss for many a year,
And the merry shout of thine elder boys,
Thou'lt list in vair to hear.

When we knelt to see our Henry die, And heard his last faint moan, Each wiped the tear from other's eye. Now each must weep alone.

My tears fall fast for thee, love, How can I say farewell! But go; thy God be with thee, love, Thy heart's deep grief to quell.

Yet my spirit clings to thine, love, Thy soul remains with me, And oft we'll hold communion sweet, O'er the dark and distant sea.

And who can paint our mutual joy,
When, all our wanderings o'er,
We both shall clasp our infants three,
At home, on Burmah's shore.

But higher still shall our raptures glow, On you celestial plain, When the loved and the parted here below Shall meet, ne'er to part again.

Then gird thine armour, on, love,

Nor faint thou by the way—

Till the Boodh shall fall, and Burmah's sons

Shall own Messiah's sway.

And so, adds Dr. Judson, God willing, I will endeavour yet to do; and while her prostrate form finds repose on the rock of the ocean, and her sanctified spirit enjoys sweeter repose on the bosom of Jesus, let me continue to toil on, all my time, until my appointed change, too, shall come.

The Page for Parents and Ceachers.

I value all things according to their use and ends; and I find in the daily practice and experience of my soul, that the knowledge of God, and Christ, and the Holy Spirit, and the truth of scripture, and the life to come, and of a holy life, is of more use to me, than all the most curious speculations.

Children may be governed at school by the influence of fear, without utterly depraying their sentiments; because, it is not their all; they have still a home, and a sphere of love to think of. But to rule them in any such way at home itself, is to wind out of their heart, by a slow but certain process, every root and fibre of the affections; nor will it fail to render them in the end, murky, obdurate, crafty, selfish, and malign.—TAXLOR.

Under no circumstances whatever deceive a child, or tolerate a lie.

That the mind of man may be worthily emploved and taken up with a kind of spiritual husbandry. God has not made the scriptures like an artificial garden, wherein the walks are plain and regular, the plants sorted and set in order, the fruits ripe, and the flowers blown, and all things fully exposed to our view : but rather like an uncultivated field, where indeed we have the ground and hidden seeds of all precious things, but nothing can be brought to any great beauty, order, fulness of maturity, without our own industry; nor indeed with it, unless the dew of his grace descend upon it, without whose blessing this spiritual culture will thrive as little as the labour of the husbandman without showers of rain.

"I have been the tutor of princes," said the friend of Silvio Pellico; "I am now ambitious to rise to the elevation of a schoolmaster to the poor."—Dunn.

To take the morals of the New Testament, and to discard its faith, is to sever the tree from the root while it is yet in bloom. The hues may be admired, and the fragrance he for a time, as "a field which the Lord has blessed;" but "their blossom shall go up as the dust, because they have cast away the law of the Lord of hosts, and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel."—RICHARD WATSON.

poetry.

MISSIONARY HYMN

Whence that song of joy and gladness,
Wafted o'er the wide, deep sea?
'Tis from Afric's land of sadness,
Bound in chains of misery.
Now her sable sons and daughters
Gladly drink the streams that flow,
From the fount of living waters,
Balm for all their guilt and wo.

Gladdened by redemption's story,
See they break proud Satan's chain
While they hail the rising glory,
Of Messiah's blissful reign.
God, the word of grace hath spoken,
Afric's wrongs shall be redressed;
Present mercy is the token
Of her full and endless rest.

Peaceful Dove! along the ocean
Fly with messages divine,
Make the land of Ham a Gothen,
Where the "light of life" shall shine.
Then shall Afrio's sons and daughters,
Sweetly in seraphic lays,
Louder than ten thousand waters,
Sing their Saviour's endless praise.

Shotley Bridge.

W. McG.

"GOD IS LOVE."

Go, ye heralds of salvation,
Fraught with blessings from above;
Go to every tribe and nation,
Loud proclaim that "God is love."

Spread with zeal the wondrous story, Fitted every heart to move; Go, resound Immanuel's glory, Spread the tidings—"God is love."

Waft, ye breezes, o'er the ocean, Every vale and mountain-grove, Echo with a pure devotion, Still repeat it, "God is love."

Trace the fields where hostile legions,
Late in mortal conflict strove;
Bid the farthest eastern regions
Dwell in peace, for "God is love."

Nor let prostrate Afric bleeding, Prowling "whiteman's" avarice prove; Tell her, Jesus interceding, Bids her rise, for "God is love."

Wing thy way o'er mighty waters, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove; Ti'l earth's ransomed sons and daughters Join the anthem, "God is love."

Till from every Christian mission, Myriads glorified above, Rapt in heaven's ecstatic vision, Hymn for ever, "God is love."

ÁLEPU.

THE PASTOR'S RETURN.

Sweet was the dawn of liberty,
That blest the Western Isles;
Where once the hopeless captive pined
The happy freeman smiles.

See how the swarthy sons of toil Their daily cares suspend; To welcome to that sunny isle, Their pastor and their friend.

Go forth, then honoured man of God;
Thy labours must not cease;
Go, spread thy Saviour's fame abroad,
The glorious Prince of peace.

Let warriors boast their mighty deeds, Their martial bonours claim; While many a guiltless victim bleeds, To purchase empty fame.

He gains a nebler victory,
Who breaks the oppressor's rod,
Who sets the sons of bondage free,
And leads their souls to God,

No blood-stained learnel chape thy brew Me trumpet sounds thy feare, No conquered tribes before thee hew, Or tremble at thy name.

A brighter crown than mortals wear,

Is kept for thee in store;

Thou shalt the palm of victory hear,

When all thy toils are o'er,

Go forward still, the negro's friend, True to thy Saviour's cause; His bloodless victories extend— The victories of his cross.

A mighty host of blood bought souls Shall form thy future crown; When at thy glorious Master's feet, Thou lay'st thy homeurs down.

"ZION, WHOM NO MAN SEEKETH AFTER."

JER. XXX, 17.

SCATTERED by God's avenging hand,
Afflicted and forlorn,
Sad wanderers from their pleasant land,
Do Judah's children mourn;
And e'en in Christian countries, few
Breathe thoughts of pity towards the Jew.

Yet listen, Christian, do you love
The Bible's precious page?
Then let your hearts with kindness move
To Israel's heritage.
Who traced those lines of love for you?
Each sacred writer was a Jew.

And then as years and ages passed,
And nations rose and fell,—
Though clouds and darkness oft were cast
O'er captive Israel,—
The oracles of God, for you
Were kept in safety by the Jew.

And though his own received Him not, And turned in pride away, Whence is the Gentile's happier lot? Are you more just than they? No! God in pity turned to you,— Have you no pity for the Jew?

Go, then, and bend your knee to pray
For Israel's ancient race;
Ask the Redeemer every day
To call them by his grace;
Go,—for a debt of love is due
From Christians to the suffering Jew!

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE "DOVE."

Our young friends have already made a beginning. The following are the contributions received for the "Dove," during the month of December:—

	Z	
Biggleswade, by Miss Ellen Foster	1 10 0	
Swavesey, By Misses S. and M. Carter		
Fakenham, by Master R. Cates	0 16 6	
Burwash, Mr. Noakes	100	
Kingston	0 10 0	
Harlow, by Misses Chaplin	2 0 0	
Luton, by Missses Tranter and Willis	2 1 10	
London, by Miss Evans's Scholars	0 6 3	
Total	0 1 7	

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



THE CHINESE BOOKSELLER.

YOL, II.

[MARCH.



THE CHINESE BOOKSELLER.

THE Chinese may be divided, says a recent traveller, into two classes, those who read every thing and those who understand what they read. We might fancy he was speaking of some readers nearer home; but he is very careful to tell us that it is of the Chinese he is speaking.

At all events, it seems plain that they are a nation of readers, and that there is no difficulty in introducing among them tracts and books of every kind. Many thousand tracts and Bibles are distributed every year by missionaries; and they are received and read by the people with great interest and avidity.

My object, however, in this paper is not to speak of the tracts, and Bibles, and missionaries of China, but of the language and books of China. I hope to speak of the missionaries at some future time.

The first thing it is important to remember in speaking of the language of China is that its letters do not represents sounds but things. These letters, indeed, are often differently pronounced in different parts of China, and yet they mean the same thing every-where: so that it not unfrequently happens that two Chinese who cannot understand a word of each in saying, immediately understand each other when they begin to write their thoughts. We have something like this even in Europe. If I say to a Frenchman who does not understand English, twenty-two, he will not know

what I mean; or if he say to me, vingt-deux, and I do not understand French, I shall not know what he means. But if we both put on paper, 22, we shall understand each other at once. A Spaniard would also understand me, and so would an Italian or a German. We all write the number in the same way, but we pronounce it differently. So it is in China. A native of Peking (the capital) pronounces the Chinese numerals for twenty-two, urh-she-urh; a native of Canton pronounces them ee-shap-ee, while they write them exactly alike.

But though the letters of the Chinese stand for things or thoughts, rather than for sounds, they are yet very different from the letters of characters of the ancient Egyptian language. In that language, a dog was represented by the picture of a dog; a combat was represented by two arms, one carrying a shield and the other a battle-axe. This is called picture-writing, and is very different from the language of China as it now is. Its letters are mere forms, and stand for different things without bearing any resemblance to them.

ın	15	Another
columns	that	peculiarity
8.5	it	of
these	is	the
lines are.	written	language
The Chinese	is not so difficul	t a language to
learn as you r	night suppose.	The original
letters of the lar	nguage are in nu	mber 214; and
when these are		

mence reading at once. After he has learned 4000 or 5000 letters, he is quite prepared to read or write on any common subject.

Have any of our little readers seen what is called in the north of England, "block-print-An oblong piece of wood has a number of flowers and ornaments cut upon it in such a way that when it is covered with some colouring mixture, and pressed upon a piece of cotton. it prints upon it the flowers and ornaments which are cut upon the block. It is in this way the Chinese print their books. The letters to be printed are traced upon the wood; all the surrounding parts are cut away and the letters remain - in an inverted position of course. These letters are then covered with Indian or Chinese ink, and pressed gently upon Indian paper, and the whole page is printed at once. The paper, being very thin, is printed only upon one side. The successive pages of the same leaf are then folded back, so as to bring the blank sides in contact. It is on this account that a Chinese book always seems to an English reader like a new work with its leaves uncut.

Books in China are cheap and very numerous. Three or four volumes may be bought for a couple of shillings; and some Chinese scholars or gentlemen sometimes buy many thousands of them.

Our picture represents a Chinese bookseller sitting at his ease by his stall, ready to sell his volumes to any rambling student who may be wishing to buy them.

Dr. Marshman first printed the Chinese language with moveable types, and effected a very great saving of expense; and Dr. Morrison, during one of his visits to England, was very laudably engaged in encouraging the type-founders of London to produce specimens of these difficult characters in the ordinary type metal. The following capy of the Lord's Prayer is in characters cut by Mr. V. Figgins, jun., under the direction of Mr. Thoms, the printer of Dr. Morrison's Chinese Dictionary.

We hope to give a translation word for word next month.

進誘政惟教我于凶惡。樂蓋吾亦冤負我者。勿引吾然赐吾每日吾日用糧。冤吾至來爾旨得成于地如在天至來爾旨得成于地如在天

THOMAS AND WILLIAM KNIBB.

WILLIAM and Thomas Knibb, were two little boys who lived at Kettering in Northamptonshire, about thirty years ago, not very far from the place where the great Dr. Carey was born. In many respects they were just like other little boys; and nobody, in looking at them, would ever have thought of their becoming such great and good men as they afterwards did. In some things they were very much alike; but Thomas was mild and gentle, and William was bold and fearless — we do not mean rude, but that he had more courage than his brother.

When they were very young, they attended a Sunday-school, and, judging from their after life, we should think they were very diligent and attentive. Thomas, instead of spending his pence in sweetmeats, used to buy candles in winter time, that he might learn his lessons, and read the books he had lent him, while his father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, were in bed and fast asleep. We do not tell you this that you may do so too, for we fear you might set the house on fire, but only to show how anxious he was to learn.

After some time, they left their own home, and went to live with a gentleman at Bristol, where they learned to be printers. At that time, there were no such beautiful half-penny books as the one you are now reading, about missionaries and the poor benighted heathen.

But these two youths, as we must now call them, used to print larger books of the same kind, about the spread of the gospel in India. in reading so much about the Hindoos and other heathens, they began to feel for them, to pity them, and to hope that when they grew up they might go and preach to them about Jesus Christ and his great salvation. All who print good books do not feel as they felt; some who even print the Bible have no love for it, but these two brothers had been better taught than They had a very pious mother who often praved for them, and who, when she could talk with them no longer, wrote them many very beautiful letters about Jesus Christ and his great love to sinners.

One day, in the printing office, Thomas burst into tears. On a friend asking him why, he said he was afraid native preachers, that is, preachers born in India who had been converted, were rising up so fast, that by the time he should be old enough to go for a missionary. missionaries from Europe would not be wanted. And these two brothers used often to talk about And shortly after, when Thomas was speaking of his fears as before, William, who, you will remember, was not so timid as his brother, encouraged him to hope, because the Society could not do without printers, and he was sure Mr. Fuller would recommend them, "and then," said he, "we can preach too, if we like!"

After this, Thomas wished to join the church

in Bristol, where he attended, and the church was willing to receive him. He had been greatly afflicted, and his long affliction and his mother's letters were, by the grace of God, the means of his conversion. He was baptized by Dr. Ryland.

Soon after that, he was sent to Kingston in Jamaica, and was the first person who set up a public day-school there for the negro boys and girls. These children loved him dearly, and when he died were almost broken hearted. And besides teaching children, he used to preach to the slaves, and many of them were converted to Christ. But, dear man! in the midst of his labours he died. And, having been faithful unto death, Jesus called him to glory, to enter into the joy of his Lord.

We have no room now to tell you more about his brother William, but must leave that until another number. J. G. F.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

PATNA.

To the Editor of the Juvenile Missionary Herald.

Dear Sir,—As I doubt not all good news must be peculiarly welcome to your young readers, I embrace the opportunity of communicating to you that we have in this sad place of idolatry and selfishness, some good children who, like those in England, love to do something for the Lord Jesus Christ; and who formed them-

selves into an auxiliary missionary society on the 21st of October last, called the "Patna Juvenile Baptist Missionary Society." It at present consists of twenty members, all under twenty-one years of age, with a president, secretary, and collectors. All young persons paying one anna monthly to be considered members, who are requested to solicit subscriptions in aid of our society. We are in the habit of embracing every opportunity of speaking to children, both in and out of our family, and especially so when we assemble for family worship and prayer-meeting, pointing out what exertions children make in England to support the mission, and how poor women forego many comforts in order to give their savings to the missionary society.

Now England is very different from India. In this country it is very unusual for any one to give money to children, consequently children here have fewer opportunities of obtaining money to give to Christian missions. They are, therefore, unable to meet such demands to the same extent as they do in England. However, the attempt was made by a kind mother, anxious to see her children emulate the good example set them in England; and her wishes were not without effect. They were instantly responded to by all the children coming forward to form a Juvenile Society. One of her own children came to her, shortly after the subject was mentioned, and very seriously said he had been calculating how he could obtain one rupee as his subscription, stating at the same time, that for one month he would give up his bread and butter at breakfast, and his bread and milk for supper, if permitted, in order to obtain the amount thus saved, which would be upwards of one rupee; this he requested

might be given him in order thus to appropriate it. Others came forward under similar feelings, and with similar intentions so that they might obtain something to enable them to contribute to the society. Thus the young have commenced to connect themselves with those whe are deing good in England. The names of our two cellectors at present are Issae Beddy, thirteen years of age, and Roderick Fraser, aged eight years, son of one of the deacons of our church. We have settled on having our first meeting the first Tuesday in December, and hope to have one or two more before the last opportunity for sending home an account of our proceedings for the June meeting of our society.

Yours sincerely,

Paina,

H. Brods.

November 16, 1845.

AFRICA.

My dear young Frierre,—It has much rejoiced my heart, in this land of meral derkness, to hear that you have contributed so manificently towards supporting the "Dove," In deing so, you are promoting the cause of Christ and the welfare of precious, immortal souls. You enable the servants of Christ to carry the gospel to the benighted sons and daughters of Africa, and in this you enjoy a great privilege, to be permitted to help furward the work of the Lord; this the "Dove," a floating house for God, does in an eminent degree. The "Dove" has already enabled us to commence a station at Cameroons, and one at Calabar, in addition to what is

doing at Bimbia and at Fernando Po. But there is much need for our efforts being increased a thousandfold. Slavery is still raging and the shores of Africa are daily abounding with scenes of cruelty and bloodshed.

One of H. M. steamships (Hydra) came in here on the 1st instant, and one of the officers informed me that a fortnight ago they captured a vessel with 590 slaves on board, and not long before they took one with 600. Oh how much have you to be thankful for! Think of the many thousands of poor children in Africa that have their fathers and mothers torn away from them by tyrants' cruel hands, and transported many thousands of miles away from all that is dear to them on earth. There is, therefore, much need for you to continue and increase your efforts. Many millions of children in Africa have no kind teachers, like as you have, to instruct them-no one to tell them about Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not"no one to point out the road that leads to heaven, or sav. "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." But in place of that, they are trained up in practises of superstition and cruelty—they are taught to worship the "Evil Spirit"-to erect houses in which to present offerings to appease his wrath. While I was at Calabar, during the month of June, a " Devil house" was erected by women, on the beach, in front of king Eyamba's town.

The purpose for which such buildings are erected is to contain the property of some person or persons deceased, supposing that their spirits still have need of such things, and also as an offering to the "Evil Spirit." The articles deposited generally consist of bedding, cloth, earthenware, calabashes, &c. But before they are put

into the house, the whole of them is much injured, lest any one should be tempted to carry them off.

But before finishing this paper, I must tell you a little more about the "Dove," Last month (August) she went to Calabar, and while there a slave vessel came up the river to king Evamba's town, wanting to purchase slaves; but the king said they could not be supplied. Some of the Brazilian crew went on board the Dove they asked several questions, begged some quinine and yams, and inquired particularly when the "Dove" would sail. The slaver left, and went down the river two days before the "Dove," and when the "Dove" left and got down to the bar, the slaver (Raven) was there, which immediately gave chase to our little vessel. But a good breeze springing up enabled her to make rapid flight, and left the Raven far behind. If God, in his kind providence, had not thus favoured our friends with a fair wind, in all probability the "Dove" would have been captured. Let gratitude to God fill your hearts for such a deliverance, and let me entreat you to pray earnestly to God for the protection of the "Dove," and all on board, that God may bless us and cause his face to shine upon us, that his way may be known in Africa. With earnest prayer that you may be satisfied early with the mercy of God, that you may rejoice and be glad in him all your days, I remain.

Yours affectionately,

Clarence, Sept. 4, 1845. THOMAS THOMPSON.

A STORY

WRITTEN FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS OF VERY LITTLE GIRLS.

A MISSIONARY called Mr. George Pearce lives in India, near Calcutta. Some years ago he was so ill that he was obliged to come to England to regain his health. Mrs. Pearce staid with her school of native girls, for there was no one else able to take charge of them just then, and she could not bear even to think of their being neglected. But soon she was unwell too, and so was forced to come home. She used to tall many stories of strange things which happened to herself and her husband while they were in India.

Mr. Pearce used to go and preach in seme villages situated in the Sunderbunds, as the country round the mouths of the Ganges is Mr. and Mrs. Pearce were accustomed called_ to go to these villages in a small boat. Now I dare say you think it would be very pleasant to sail down a stream in their pretty little vessel, but if you attend for a minute or two, you will find that it is not so easy or so comfortable & thing as you may at first suppose. The boat was very small, and when the missionaries were obliged to creep under the deck in order to avoid the piercing rays of the sun, the deck was so low that they could not sit upright, and this made them very uncomfortable. Besides, the Sunderbunds are full of crocodiles and wild

beasts, and in many places the stream was so narrow that a tiger could have leaped from the shore on to their boat, and then he would most likely have killed one or two of them.

Now I will tell you what happened to them one night when they were out in their tiny vessel. The river has several branches near its mouth, where the villages lay, so they had thought they would find a new way to the villages, which they expected would be more pleasant than the old one. As night drew on, they came to a very narrow part of the river. the boatman said it would not be safe to go up this narrow creek in the night, for it was a favourite place with wild beasts, and these savage animals prowl about in the night, looking for their prey. They saw on one side of the river the footprints of the tigers and wild animals, so they went to the other side, and were just going to fasten the boat there, when a very large tiger came down to the water to drink, and they were very glad to row the boat away as fast as they could in order to get out of his reach. Mr. Pearce then told the hostmen that they must keep in the middle of the stream. To do this it was needful that one of the men should sit up, for the boat was driven to the side of the river by the force of a strong cur-Mr. Pearce was very tired and lay down in their little cabin to sleep, but Mrs. Pearce said she had rather keep awake for fear the boat should be driven ashore. She was obliged to go into the cabin, because the heavy evening dews are dangerous to all Europeans. so she called every quarter of an bour to the man who was watching to know whether he was at his post. This she did for a long time till they both got so drowsy that they forgot even their danger, and the boat left to itself, drifted All at once, a sudden plunge to the bank. aroused the slumbering party, and the crew uttered such a shriek that it frightened the tiger (for it was a tiger that had jumped upon the deck) so much that he sprang back without hurting one of them. Our friends thanked God very fervently for such an escape, and you may be sure they did not let the boat go near the bank again, lest their fierce visitor should return.

Why do the missionaries go into such danger? Only because they know the poor heathen will go to hell, if they are not taught that Jesus Christ came down from heaven to save all the world, and show them the way to be happy for ever. Now will you not ask God to preserve these devoted men from all evil? I hope you all kneel down and pray every morning and night, and when you are praying, do not forget those who risk their lives, and leave their homes and friends, to tell the poor wretched heathen how they may come to Jesus Christ, who saves all who come to him, and takes them to heaven when they die.

M.

THE PICTURE.

A sweet little boy came running, one day, to his mother, saying, "Oh mamma, I know what the picture you showed me this morning means!" It was a scene in the beautiful temple of Jerusalem, where the priests were burning, on their golden censers, that fragrant incense which used to fill it with perfume.

"I know what it means, mamma," he said, setting down his little barrow he had been wheeling. "Tell me then, my child," said his And, after some little hesitation, in a mother. very quiet voice and with much solemnity of manner, for he felt it was a sacred subject, he said, "Sometimes I stop in my play, mamma, to think about God; and then I feel something rising up in my heart, and going up to God. Is not that like it. dear mamma-like the incense in the temple?" The mother kissed her little boy, telling him it was indeed the only incense in which God now delighted-the love and affection of the heart.

Do you, my dear little reader, ever pause to think of God? to adore him for the love and power displayed around you in every leaf and every flower, smiling in their bloom? And above all, do you ever pause to think of his wonderful love in sending his Son to die for us, and to open thus the way to God, which the sin of our first parents had closed up? And when you thus think of him does no holy and sweet

affection rise up in your heart—no wish to thank him for his grace and kindness? Oh then, your heart must still be hard, and cannot have been made soft by the love of Jesus. Pray then that he would send his Holy Spirit to teach you to love him.

Now, if more little boys and girls had learnt to think of God, the tens of thousands of little heathen children, away far over the deep blue sea, would not have to wait so long before they can be told of the loving and gracious Saviour who died for them. For if they loved him themselves, their first wish would be that they should love him too. And they who have never heard of him cannot love him or think about him; they see all his beautiful works, but know not the hand that made them. know very well that we must first be acquainted with an object before we can regard it with af-So if there were more holy affection and love rising in the hearts of young people towards God, there would be more effort used to spread that sweetest and best of all newsthe love of Jesus to sinners.

"What shall I do?" would be often asked, and those who are anxious to be doing, are not long in finding a way to do it. The field would be soon filled with workers, each doing that best suited to their capacity, and all useful together. Some might coffect money who had little to give, from these who had; and who, like themselves, had learnt to think of God and to love their little dark brethren dark in mind and skin; while others, possessing still more holy devotion of heart, may be fostering in their minds the hope that, when they grow old enough, they shall go themselves to carry the gospel message. Oh my dear children, pray for early devotion to the Redeemer's cause. Seek it at the footstool of his grace!

The Children's Bookshelf.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY TRACES. Religious Tract Society.

These are among the very best of the juvenile publications for the yearng. They cannot fail to be welcome to most of our readers.

We shall give an extract or two in an early number.

The Page for Parents and Ceachers.

THE SELF-EVIDENCING POWER OF THE BIBLE.

In illustration of what Dr. Owen used to call the self-evidencing power of the Bible, "I may mention that one of our missionary brethren," says Mr. Weibrecht, "was once attacked by a brahmin who affirmed that the assertion constantly made as to our scriptures being very ancient, was untrue; for, said he, 'I can prove that one chapter of your sacred book has been written since your arrival in this country.' 'To what part do you allude?' rejoined the missionary. 'To the first chapter of

Romans,' said the brahmin; 'I am sure you could never have written so exact a description of the Hindoos had you not first seen them.' Here was a testimony to the Bible—to the omniscience of Him who so well knows what is in man!"

He sins against this life, who slights the next.

CHRISTIAN TRACTS.

Who can tell what good a single tract may do? A missionary, on his return home, attended a Tract Society meeting. He had in his hand a tract, printed in the language of Burmah. As he held it up to the meeting, he said that a copy of that little book had been the means of converting the son of a native chief. "This tract," said the missionary, "cost one cent," or halfpenny. Whose cent was It will never be known here, but it will stand recorded throughout eternity as the offering of Christian faith and love. Let us, then, not forget that a halfpenny may pay for printing a tract which God may employ to the saving of a soul!

Whose cent was that? which gave the word
Of life and love,
To bid the heathen, when he heard,
To look above?

^{*} Juvenile Missionary Tracts.

No more to worship idols vain
Of wood or stone,
But trust in him who death hath slain,
And saves alone.

Whose seed was sown in faith and prayer,
And watered well
With tears of love divinely fair?
No one can tell—
Yet in the long, unending day
Beyond the tomb,
Twill be transplanted where it may
For ever bloom!

Poetry.

A HINT FOR SUNDAY-SCHOLARS.

Twas in a sunny island,

Far off in southern seas,

That the white man walked abroad

In the cool evening breeze.

The golden sun was sinking
Behind the glassy deep,
The bright plumed birds were roosting,
All nature seemed to sleep.

And lonely as he wandered,
And breathed a silent prayer,
That God, at whose command he came,
Would bless his labours there.

A sound of something rustling Distinctly met his ear, While the leaves of the mimon, Recoiled as if in fear.

Parting the leafy branches, He saw beneath their shade, Three of the native scholars In peaceful slumbers laid.

- "Why sleeping here, my children?"
 The missionary said:
- "Why have you left your sheltered home, And sought this open bed?"
- "Teacher," a soft voice answered,
 "We wished to be in time.
- When with the dawn of morning, The first school-bell shall chime."

And now, dear English children, As you this answer read,

Ah! what has conscience said?

Has it not leadly whispered,
Of teachers waiting kept?
Their precious moments wasted,
While you have idly alept?

Think of the island children;
With seal like theirs be fired;
Remember that where much is given,
There much will be required!

* A species of the sensitive plant.

TRY AGAIN.

A swallow in the spring,
Came to our granary, and heath the caves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did hring
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned
Some and mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought;
But not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft teather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again ;—and last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O Man!

Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?

Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?

Have warru, and struggle on!

Presbyterian.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE "DOVE,"

RECEIVED SINCE JANUARY.

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THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



KALEE.

YOL II.

[APRIL.

KALEE

I DARE say that some of my young readers are almost frightened at the ugly picture on the other page, and you will all I think be much surprised when I tell you that it represents an idol very much worshipped by the poor heathen in India. You have heard before that there are a greatmany idols in India, many, many hundreds—this is the goddess Kalee. Let us look at her; she has four arms here, sometimes they make her with ten or twenty arms; her tongue is covered with blood; around her neck you will see a long chain of human skulls; and around her waist there are the hands of some giants whom the Hindoos say she conquered. She stands on the body of her husband Shivu.

Kalee is the goddess of cruelty and theft. She is thought to be fond of blood, and most particularly of human blood. The Hindoos think that the sacrifice of a man pleases this idol for a thousand years, but a tiger only for a hundred years. They pray to her for her assistance when they are wishing to rob a house or commit murder. The thieves meet together, offer some large sacrifice to Kalee, beg for her blessing, and then go upon their wicked business,—cutting a hole through the wall of the house, plundering it, and sometimes murdering the inhabitants.

There is a very grand temple of this goddess near Calcutta, and hundreds of people go every day to worship her, and bring their offerings. Poor creatures, do you not pity them? They think this cruel goddess is always wishing to do them harm, and they are constantly bringing presents to her in order to gain her favour; spending their time and money and thoughts on an image that can do them no good.

A few years ago more than £500,000 was spent in her worship during one year: a larger sum than all our Missionary Societies receive for diffusing the gospel throughout the world.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF WILLIAM KNIBB.

ABOUT twenty years ago a young missionary was taking leave of his kind and pious mother. He was going to Jamaica. His brother had gone there two years before; and there he had died. Poor mother! Did she not feel anxious lest this her second son should die as his brother did? Would you like to hear her parting She said to him, "William, I had words? rather hear that you had perished in the sea, than that you had dishonoured the society you go to serve." Ah, then she cared more about his usefulness than about his health and life OR This missionary was the William Knibb of whom you have heard so much. indeed, as earnest and bold in his missionary work, as his noble mother had hoped that he might be. I shall not have time to relate all his history to-day, but I will tell you as much as I can. He had a long and stormy voyage; indeed the ship was nearly wrecked before it had left the shores of England. When they were near Jamaica a canoe came alongside, and a negro said to him, "Please massa, you massa Knibb?" "Yes," he answered. "Me thought so, you so like your broder; me glad to see you. We thought you drowned. We have been looking for you this month."

The children at the schools at Kingston leaped for joy, when he went to teach them. They had loved his brother, and they saw that he, like him, loved little children. It must have been sad work to teach those dear children. They were slaves, and the missionary knew that it would not be many years before they would be toiling like their parents in the fields, having no money paid them for their work, and no kindness shown them when they were ill.

There were 224 children in the schools. Most of them were very regular and attentive at school, but now and then they were tempted to play truant as naughty children in England do sometimes; and there was one little curly-headed boy who was sadly fond of wandering instead of learning lessons. One day when he came back, after playing truant, Mr. Knibb called him to the top of the school, and said to him, "Now, sir, what reason can you give why severest punishment should not be inflicted on you for your bad conduct, and for the sad example you are setting to the school?" The boy looked at the master and said, "You top schoolmassa make me 'peak, me no tell a false. Me

know me bad, me bad for true, 'pose schoolmassa, you lock me up in de school ali de night, me know verv well dat dere is not a man in de whole world can hinder you. Top school-massa, me know dat you is one great buckra manme is a poor little negro boy; 'pose, schoolmassa, you flog me, you flog me, you flog me till your arm him so tire dat you no able for lift him up to give one more stroke, me know very well dat dere is no man in de whole world can hinder you. You top school-massa make me 'neak dis once. You see, school-massa, me know very well dat you is one great big buckts man, and you see, school-massa, dat me is a poor little negro; 'pose, school-massa, you forgive me dis once, and if ever me do de same again, den vou punish me. You know, schoolmassa, dat dere is no man in de whole world can hinder you." I think Mr. Knibb did forgive him. I hope the boy remembered his promise, and never committed such a fault again.

Mr. Knibb used to preach on Sundays whilst he was a school-master in the week; but this was too much for his strength, and after a few years he gave up the school to another master, that he might spend all his time in preaching and visiting among the people.

When he had been in Jamaica about eight years the slaves who had been treated so unjustly and cruelly, rose against their masters. The masters thought that the missionaries had encouraged the slaves to fight against them, and in revenge they burned down the chapele,

and put Mr. Knibb and some of the other missionaries into prison; and, if they had dared, they would have killed them. One day the missionaries were just going to eat a loaf which had been given them by the jailor's wife, when Mr. Burchell, who had tasted some, was seized with pain, and Mrs. Burchell feared he was poisoned. She would not let them keep the bread but carried it home in her bag, and gave some of it to a pig, which died in a very short God can and does sometimes detect the wickedness of men. He had some important work for his missionaries to do, and he would not let their lives he cut short so soon. Mr. Knibb was set free from prison, he came to England to collect money to build new chapels. And it was then, for the first time, that he spoke what he had always strongly felt, that the negroes must not be kept in slavery any longer. And, after many months of anxious labour, he carried back the joyful news to his dear people in Jamaica, that the slaves were to be free.

I cannot tell you much more about Mr. Knibb, but there is a little story I think you will be pleased to hear.—One day a ship which was full of slaves stolen from Africa, was seized near the coast of Jamaica, and brought into Falmouth harbour where Mr. Knibb resided: he went on board, and whilst looking at the wretched negroes, he saw among them two young girls whom he pitied very much. They were sisters, and they were crying bitterly, Mr. Knibb got leave to take them home. He

went up to them and laid hold of the hand of one of them, but she slunk away and cried the more. I have heard him say that he felt almost ashamed of being a white man, when he saw how these poor children had learned to expect all white men to be cruel and unjust. However he took them home in his chaise, and very soon they found that they had only friends—very kind friends—round them.

Mr. Knibb called them Catherine and He liked those names because they Ann. were the names of his own dear children. took care of his negro girls in his own house. and sent them to the negro school. day, when he visited the school he heard a girl read from the Testament, "In Ramah was there a voice heard. lamentation and weeping. and great mourning. Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." Mr. Knibb saw that it was one of his own negro girls. He had never heard her read the hible before. He could not help thinking whether some tender mother in Africa might not be weeping over the loss of these her stolen children. However it was a happy change for them, though it had separated them from their nearest earthly friends. They had found the Bible, and received it as a message from God to themselves, and asked for mercy through the Saviour of whom it told them. Mr. Knibb afterwards received them into the church, and I hope God has received them into the list of his own family above.

You have all heard of the death of Mr. Knibb. On Sunday, the ninth of November, he baptized in the morning, and preached in the evening. It rained heavily as he walked home from chapel in the evening, and he got very wet. On Tuesday the yellow fever came on, and he died on the next Saturday morning. During a great part of his illness he was unable to think or talk to his friends, but once he said to Mrs. Knibb, a short time before he died, "It is all right," and at another time he said,

"'A guilty, weak, and helpless worm, On Jesus' arms I fall.'"

Do you not think that some who heard him preach his last sermon must now have tried to remember all he had said? Perhaps some who had been there did not pay attention to those last words of their dear minister. They did not know how soon he was going to leave them, for he seemed well and strong, and not at all old and infirm. Oh! how well for us it would be if "every sabbath should be passed as if we knew it were our last."

Dear children, some of you heard Mr. Knibh for the last time when he was in England. Shall I remind you of what he said to you? These were his words,—"I have stood more than once when I expected that a few brief hours would close my existence by a bloody death, and I tell you, to the honour of that Saviour whom I wish you to love, that I never felt so calm and so happy in my life as—

the bayonet was at my breast, and I expected in a moment to be gone. My beloved young friends, I commend this Saviour to you—I commend his cause to you. We and our fathers will soon retire from the work; we expect you to take it up, and we know you can never take it up effectually until your hearts are right in the sight of God. Farewell!" E. S.

WHAT IS YOUR WISH?

I FANCY I hear you say, "Oh, I have a great many wishes!" No doubt you have-some of them wise wishes, and others perhaps so foolish that you would scarcely like to tell any one what they are. But have you not some wish stronger than all the rest? some wish that you have set your heart upon, and about which you think much oftener than about those other wishes? Most persons have some such wishwith many people it is the wish to be lovedwith some it is the wish to be admired-with others it is the wish to be amused, and with a few it is the wish to excel their companions. Now it is very uncertain whether these persons will gain their wish-very likely they may not, and then they will feel very unhappy at the disappointment. But some perhaps will gain their wish, and do you think they will be happy if they do? Oh no! No one ever yet found that gaining either of these wishes made them happy. When you are older you will read books written by persons who have had such

wishes, and have striven with all their might to gain them, and have gained them, and in those books they tell us that these things, when gained, have failed to make them happy.

But there is one wish which every one who has formed and pursued after has obtained; and every one who has obtained it has found happi-Should not you like to know what ness in it. it is, that you may make it your wish instead of setting your mind on wishes which always in one way or other bring disappointment? will tell you what it is; it is the wish that you may see God's kingdom come. You know what I mean by God's kingdom coming, do you not? I mean his being loved and served with the whole heart. Now if you make this your wish. you will first learn to love him and serve him yourself, and then you will wish, and pray, and try that others may love and serve him. But remember you must not be satisfied with saying you wish it, but you must do as you do when you wish for any thing else; you must keep it in mind and try to obtain it; and then it is quite certain you will have your wish, because God has promised that if we do delight in his service and love, we shall have the desire of our heart. He has not made any promise that those other wishes I mentioned shall be granted. Now do not you think it will be much better to begin your life by forming a wish which is sure to be fulfilled, than by desiring something which you may or may not And then too the fulfilment of thiwish will bring happiness. No one has ever found when they have gained this, that they have been unhappy. Take my advice and make this your wish. Think much about it. When you find yourself forming some other wish, then remember that this is the only one that is sure of fulfilment. When you read these little magazines, call to mind their connexion with your wish: do not read them that you may be amused only, but that you may see how the fulfilment of this wish goes on.

One thing more I must say to induce you to take this for your chief wish. It was the chief wish of the Saviour when he was on earth. was for this he strove during his life here, and it was for this that he shed his blood on the Will not you take that for the one great cross. wish of your life which was the one great wish of the blessed Saviour?

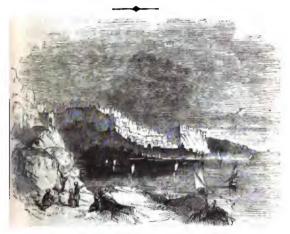
Scripture Allustrated.

Exopus xxx. 12. "Then shall they give every man a ransom for his soul unto the Lord."

An American missionary who resided for seven years in the island of Malta, was witness every Monday morning to an affecting and admonitory scene. A man passed through the streets, ringing a bell in one hand, and rattling a box in the other, crying out at every corner, "What will you give for the souls?" women and children came out of the habitations of poverty, and cast their mites into the box.

When it was full, it was carried to a neighbouring convent, to pay the priests for praying the souls of the dead out of purgatory.

This dear children, is what the Roman Catholics do. Should not we, Protestants, be anxious "to give money for the souls," in a very different manner? We can do so, by assisting the Christian missions, and the circulation of the word of God.



NEWS FROM AFAR.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I am now a very long way from you in body but at the same time I am with you in mind. Ah! I often think of you and pray for you.

You are favoured children indeed. I hope you all prise the bleasings you enjoy; and sing from your hearts that nice little hymn, which I think you all know; it begins,

> I thank the goodness and the grace, Which en my birth has smiled, And made me in these Christian days, A happy English child."

With however much feeling you may sing these best-tiful lines, I cannot help thinking you will sing these with much greater thankfulness, when I tell you a little about the poor children in this land. It is but little that I can tell you at present, as I have been journeying almost the whole of the time since I left you. I am very glad to hear that you are collecting among yourselves for the support of a school in this heathen land, may the Lord enable you to go on in this good work; send not only your money but your prayers.

And now that it is almost 9 o'clock in England (being half-past 2 in Muttra), I fancy I can see you all assembling in the school-room, quite clean and quite happy. I wish we could see a sight like this in India, we we must hope that ere long we shall see it. It is not difficult to establish a boys' school, as the parents think the children will be able to earn a little more money if they can read. The difficulty is with the girls. The females are treated in the most degrading manner. Their male relations think they have no minds, and that they may treat them just as they like. They will not even allow them to be taught. But the greatest difficulty arises from the seclusion in which they are kept. They are never allowed to go about and see any one like you are.

The rich natives keep their wives and female children entirely excluded from all society; now and then another female is allowed to see them, but no one class. When

they go out they are taken in a thing something like a box, which has long curtains all round. Sometimes, as I have been going along. I have seen the poor creature inside just peeping out with one eye, but as soon as she saw Mr. Makepeace, she closed the curtain tightly. While I was at Agra, I saw one of these poor creatures. She had come with her mother, who was an old woman that nursed European children sometimes. Her daughter's husband had gone to some distance, so while he was away she stole out. She would not allow Mr. Makepeace to see her on any account. When any of the missionaries' wives have succeeded in collecting a school together, it has been by promising to clothe and give them a piece of money every week. But even after giving them this promise they are obliged to employ a native woman to bring the children to school and take them away again. Then if any one offends this woman in the least, she will take all the children away, and then you may promise what you like, but you will not persuade one to return. Such a school as this is called a Bazzar school: but it is found that among the girls very little good can be done by this means, owing to the shortness of time that any of them remain, and also to the bad example they have at home. teacher tells them it is wrong to tell a lie, and that they must not steal, or deceive any one, their parents tell them it is the finest thing they can do, and will give them pice (namely money), and sweetments if they do but succeed in telling a lie to their teachers, or stealing any thing of them. They tell them their god will be pleased with them if they do, and that when they die, he will allow them to go into some noble animal. Your experintendent will tell you what they mean by that.

The entr kind of school in which good appears "

have been done is an orphan school. In these schools they take poor girls who have been deserted by their friends, and feed, clothe, and take care of them, removing them entirely from native influence. By this means they are enabled to do them much good. This is the kind of school I think the Bond Street Girls' School must be, if I am spared, and have my health, till next cold season. I think of attempting it by that time, I hope to have learned a little of the language, and also to have feceived some money from you. I think with great care I may be able to keep three poor girls upon £8 per annum. I hope then, my dear children, you will go on collecting, and get all you can, as I may have to get a house built for them to live in. My paper is quite full, so I must tell you more about it another time.

That we may be all prepared to meet at last before the throne of God in heaven, is the earnest prayer of your affectionate former teacher.

KEREN MAKEPEACE.

Muttra, April 6, 1845.

SHORT FACTS.

THE BLACK PREACHER.—One of the students at Calabar, Jamaica, went a few Sundays ago to preach at Montego Bay, and collect for the institution.

HATTI, or the Mountainous Island, is the largest of the West Indian Islands except Cuba. Mr. Francis and Mr. Flanders have lately gone thither. They have opened a school at Jacmal, and preach several times a week. The people crowd to hear. Miss Harris is the teacher. The people speak French and Spanish. There are no missionaries near the place where ours are living.

TRINIDAD.—Mr. Law has recently reached this island. There are two missionaries there, and two or three teachers.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?—A letter from a gentleman in Africa, received a little time ago, states that a vessel he was in followed a slave vessel for several hours, and that he saw the people on board the slaver throw into the sea a large number of slaves. They drifted away and sunk, one by one, till all had disappeared.

THE DOVE A SLAVER.—One of the missionaries at Fernando Po says that nothing would please some wicked men better than to make a slave vessel of the Dove. If they could get possession of her they would put three hundred slaves on board, and carry them to Cuba or Brazil. Little reader! let prayer be made for our missionaries continually. The God we worship is able to deliver them.

DO YOU WORSHIP IDOLS?

What a strange question! perhaps some little boy or girl will say; to be sure we never kneel down to worship an image of wood or stone. I know you do not my children, because you have been taught better, but I am not quite so sure that even English children have

no idols. Perhaps some of you remember going to a missionary meeting at Finsbury chapel about two years ago, when several Sunday-schools were present, and a gentleman had brought some heathen idols to show the children what frightful things the poor people worship. After showing them these, he said, "Now, children, I will show a British god," and held up a sovereign. Perhaps you never thought that money was an idol, but I fear that many men and women, and children too, like better to keep their money to look at, than to give it to God: then is it not an idol?

A short time since, a little boy, about four years of age, was talking with his mother about idols, when he asked, "Are idols images?" "Not always," said his mother." "What is an idol, mother?" "Any thing we love better than God," was the reply. The little fellow was silent for a moment, and then answered, "Then, dear mother, you are my idol."

My dear children, you are to love your parents, your friends, your teachers, but God must have your highest and best love. Give him your heart first, and you will be sure to love and obey your parents. Never forget that he who has said, "Honour thy father and thy mother," has said also, "Thou shalt have none other gods before me."

L. W.

Meme Intelligence.

SHORT FACTS.

"THE DOVE."—We still need a considerable sum to complete the amount required to support the Dove for this year. Many cards have not yet been sent in.

THE ARNUAL MEETING.—We hope to hold the annual meetings of the juvenile auxiliaries at New Park Street and John Street Chapels. Notice will be sent to all the chapels and schools in London. We expect a large gathering of young friends.

A Noble Collector.—The only collector in a small village in the west of England is a little boy about eight years of age. He has collected for two years, and sends up the money in a post office order, sending with it a neatly written letter, asking for an acknowledgment by return of post. The letter is then folded, sealed, and directed by him. He is the only collector in that village! I wish we had one such in every village in the kingdom.

THE KIND OFFER.—Do our little friends remember an offer of the first six Juvenile Heralds to any Sundayscholars who would buy the last six. Many, many thousands of Heralds have been sent out; and the kind friends who made the offer are much gratified by the hearty manner in which our little readers have acted upon it. We can supply no more complete sets on these terms. Single numbers can be had; and the first volume neatly half-bound, can be purchased either at the Mission House or at our publishers.

As we are not now printing more than we sell, this kind offer cannot be repeated this year. Those therefore who wish to have the numbers for 1846 must order them at once. Any bookseller can obtain them.

MANCHESTER BIBLES. — Many, many thousands of Bibles have been sold in Manchester through the efforts of the Sunday-school children. Why should such a work be confined to Manchester? Are no Bibles wanted in London or in Liverpool? Or are there no children to distribute them?

Poetry.

THE WARRIOR AND THE MISSIONARY.

A MOTHER stood beside her son,
She held his glittering shield,
And watched him as he buckled on
His armour for the field.
"Depart," she said, " to battle go,
My brave and gallant son,
With willingness I send thee forth,
Although my only one;

"And never more return to me,
If in the bloody fray,
This shield, which was thy father's,
Thou shalt have cast away.
Come back with it upon thy arm,
If conqueror thou shalt come,
Or else, stretched on it lifeless,
Let others bring thee home."

'Twas on a bright and glowing morn,
In an island of the west,
An aged Christian negress
Her minister addressed:
"I have an only son," she said,
"And I fondly hoped that he,
Now I am old and helpless,
Would my protector be.

"But minister, he heard you speak Of our loved father-land, And ask, 'Who willing is to go To that benighted strand?' And now he says that he must go, With his Bible in his hand, And teach our heathen brethren, The truth to understand.

"O minister, it breaks my heart,
To see him go away,
But shall I say he must not go,
He ought with me to stay?
No, no, I give him up with joy,
With pleasure let him go.
We shall meet again in yonder world,
And no more parting know!"

Now which of these two mothers' sons
The brighter course has run?
Say, which of these two mothers' sons
Has the nobler conquest won?

One to his mother's home returned, With a bloody garland crowned, Boasting aloud of slaughtered heaps, That he had strewn around.

One never saw his mother more,
For he died upon the waste;
But round his brow in glory
A radiant crown is placed;
And the golden streets of heaven
By a numerous train are trod,
Who hail him as the instrument
Of bringing them to God!

St. Albans.

8.

HYMN FOR TEACHERS. BY MRS. GILBERT.

Savioue, the world is filled with woe, And sin hath ruthless sway; Many are going to and fro, But none the plague can stay! By millions down to death they go, And pass from hope away.

From time to time, is briefly heard
The faithful, warning cry,
But sinners, from the saving word,
In heedless folly fly:
And year by year, in hope deferred,
Thy mourning servants die!

Thus we, who faintly yet pursue,
Ere long the toil must yield;
Saviour, with bleeding hearts, we view
The wide and whitening field;
Behold the throng! what can we do,
These rising ranks to shield?

Forth in thy strength, Omnipotent,
Come thou, thy church to aid!
For these, may Zion stretch her tent,
Her sons and daughters made;
From these be many a mission sent,
When we in dust are laid.

So, while thy servants, one by one,
From hopeful toil retire,
Still may thy will on earth be done;
Still feed thine altar's fire;
And still descend to many a son
Thy truth, from many a sire.

Then come the day—the long decreed?
To prophets dimly known,
When Christ the Lord shall see his seed,
And gather in his own;
When all, the voice of love shall heed,
By all its power be known.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE "DOVE."

RECEIVED UP TO THE END OF FEBRUARY.

Names we must reserve for the Report.

Lesdy acknowledged141 17 5	Gillingham. 0 12
llackburn 2 0 0	Lechlade. 1 7
iverpool 6 1 0	
larlington 1 0 0	
	Bratken 1 0
ewtown 1 13 6	Shelford 3 17
ewes 0 15 0	Waiwerth 2 0
Votton under Edge 0 13 0	B4 fille
Iarlow 1 9 0	Ripon 0 13
Vellington 1 14 0	Ryeford 0 16
eamington 1 1 6	Stanwick 0 14
urford 0 14 6	Ashton 1 13
Iddleton Chenes 1 0 0	Irvine. 1 14
fark-t Street 0 14 9	Prescul Street,
heddar 2 14 0	Huntingdon 1
Vrittle 1 0 0	Saffron Walden
antyrig 1 10 0	Broughton 011
eominster 1 11 0	
ow, additional 0 11 8	Birthingham 0 17
ford 1 0 0	St Albana 3 14
	Brough, additional 0 1
uddersfield 1 0 0	Batterson 0 10
lemel Hempstead 1 5 3	Keppel Street
rowbridge 8 8 0	WIRESOT, 11 rest 4 control 1 2
laster E. P. Hepburn,	Leighburg 018
Collected by 0 10 6	Church Street School 2 2
avielen	Devises sallings 3 0
Vest Haddon 0 7 6	Networstie
helsea 0 10 g	Saltera' Hall 0 4
ewn Malling 0 10 0	Kensington 1
oots Cray 2 14 8	Edinburgh. 9 7
ynsford 0 17 2	
ynn 1 4 0	Bristo 4 3
mersham 1 0 2	
alters' Hall 3 10 0	Coleraine 1 0
ion Street, Sunday-school I 1 0	Norton near Multon, S.S. 1 0
W 0 2 5	Walsel, 1 0
eeds 2 2 4	Jersey 1 0
ceds 2 2 4	Henrictta Street, S.S 0 15
alendine Nook 3 18 6	Master Backsland 0 4
filmesbridge 1 12 6	Helston, Sunday-school 0 4
ingsland 0 5 0	Southsea Ebenezer Supp.
marden 0 12 6	mile Society 2 0
iss, 1 9 8	
	Total £359 1

Friends who have cards and amounts in hand are requested to forward them to Rev. Joseph Angus, 33, Moorgate Street. Very little more than ONB-HALF of the sum required to meet the expense of the Dove for this year has yet been received. Is she to be laid up to rot for half the year? Shall no missionaries visit Bimbis or Cameroons from June to December?

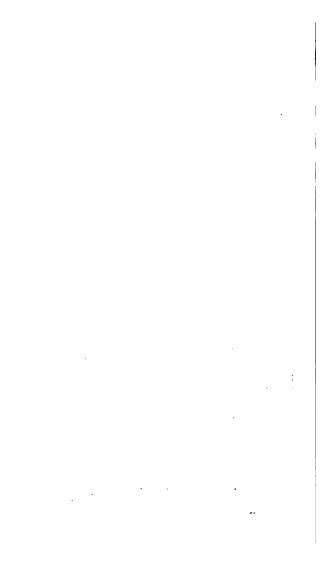
THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



AN AFRICAN SLAVE.

VOL. II.

LMY.



AFRICAN SLAVES.

You have heard, my dear children, of the slave trade, and will recollect that the poor negroes, in the West Indies, are not natives of these islands; their home is in Western Africa. Many of them were not born slaves, but were stolen away from their own country, and sent across the Atlantic Ocean, in ships employed for the purpose, to be sold into slavery. The fathers and mothers too, of those born in the West India Islands, were all originally torn from their friends never to meet again.

You happy English children have never seen a slave, and do not know one half of the misery contained in that word; but if you were to go to the Western Coast of Africa, and behold the grief and terror of the men, women, and children too, young as you, when first they find themselves taken captive, you would not wish to know more.

These poor creatures are kept on shore, in baracoons or close sheds, for months, almost in a state of starvation. The men are chained to one another in pairs, and notwithstanding the heat of the climate, are packed five or six hundred together, in the sheds, waiting for the arrival of vessels bearing goods, for which they are exchanged by the African chiefs. These chiefs or kings, consider their own people to be their property, and make them their chief means of obtaining articles of dress, rum, tobacco, and various other things.

It is a fearful thought, for who gave man the right to buy or sell his fellow man? None: all are alike in the sight of God,—whatever the colour of their skin may be.

If you will get a map of Africa, you will see that on the Western Coast several large rivers empty themselves into the Atlantic Ocean. The river Niger, which is supposed to be 2,000 miles in length, empties itself by twenty-two mouths into the gulf of Guinea. These streams are constantly visited by vessels engaged in this sinful and cruel trade. The English have no slaves in their possession now; not only has our government set all the negroes free who belonged to us in the West Indies, but it is very anxious to put a stop to the wicked practice still kept up by other nations.

A number of our ships are employed to look out for slave vessels, and if they meet with them, they set the slaves free.

Off the coast of Western Africa we have several of these cruisers, as they are called, stationed to protect the rights of the poor degraded Africans. But notwithstanding all our care, not less than four hundred thousand negroes are seized for slaves every year.

Of these far more than half are murdered, that is, they are killed, or die under the horrible cruelties to which they are exposed, when first seized, or in being conveyed away. The numbers thus destroyed are too many for little children fully to comprehend; it were bad enough if only a few human beings were treated thus

wickedly every year, but the thought of hundreds and thousands exposed to these sufferings, is shocking indeed.

Every night, which we pass in peace and comfort on our beds, herds of negroes are toiling over the wastes of Africa, to slavery or death. The inhabitants of whole villages are roused from their sleep, to be either slain by the sword, destroyed by fire, or taken away captives. At this time probably, there are at least twenty thousand slaves on the Atlantic Ocean, exposed to every variety of suffering.

In consequence of the intense heat, there are heavy fogs constantly resting on the shores of Africa, and these help the slave dealers to conceal their ships, and convey the negroes on board, without being discovered by our cruisers.

Of the awful condition of these poor creatures, when packed into the vessels, I will only tell you a little. The hold in which they are placed, is too low for them, even to sit upright in it,—they are therefore obliged to lie down,—and so close together, for hundreds are thrown into a place only a few feet square, that they fight and quarrel for more room, and many die from heat and thirst, and are left among the living till they reach the end of their voyage. They are taken to parts of the Continent of America, or those West India Islands which do not belong to England, and then at the horrible slave markets are sold like cattle.

These poor negroes have hearts like our own, feelings as numerous and deep, and when inscrucios. Soverally when converted to God by his And Source, become useful and happy beauty. And harrieds of them in Jamaics were seen. Internance, and having found a Saviour internance of Jenus Christ, they are very same to seen the groupol to their native land, and when and which injured Africa.

There is a college formed in Jamaica, for estimating the negrees, who wish to go as missionaries at Afrena, and great good it is hoped was result from it. One devoted man whose name is Kenth, is abready gone. He had no model to pay for his passage across the ocean, but he said the week his way out as a since-black, rather than not go." He left his wife and children, and is now we suppose in the interior of Africa, where for Europeans can live, preaching the joyful news of salvation for poor sinners. He is running a great risk in being there, because he may at any time be seized, and sold a second time into shevery.

To show you how much interest, is felt by the negroes, for their countrymen in Africa, you shall read the following short letters, from some boys in the school at Salter's Hill, Jamaics, they are written to their minister Mr. Deady, and entirely by themselves. The first says,—

Salter's Hill, July 29th, 1849.

Mr DEAR PASTOR,—I am very sorry to hear Africa is now slave, but what we must do to let Africa be free? if God did have mercy upon us, so let we agree to send the gospel there, and let them pray if the Lord will make them free, for share is very bad, so we must get something to send them the gospel.

Your affectionate,

J. R.

Another writes, -

MY DEAR PASTOR,—I take this upon myself to write you these few lines, for I was under bondage in the year 1838, and I thank God tha: I slave no more again. You come from your own native country, to preach the gospel to every man and woman. Dear sir, I hope the Lord will help you, and every one of the Baptist Missionary. I hope they may be able to go round the island and preach the gospel; I hope all the friends may try to send the gospel to Africa. The Lord bring Mr. Clark and Dr. Prince from Africa, I hope when they are going back the Lord may carry them safe. I have nothing more to say.

I am yours, Sir,

J. K.

Here is one more, that shows us how thankful these black boys are, that they are no longer

My DRAE MINISTER,—I am very sorry to see Africa is now in slave, for God is so good, and so pity for us, and so we must have pity on Africa, that Africa may have free. But we must not have pity and sorrow for Africa alone, but we must pray very hard for Africa. For God so good for us or else we would have been wailed and lashed.

I am your affectionate scholar,

These little negroes are anxious to help to send the gospel to Africa. My dear children, what will you do? Now is the time to say, "What can I do without? What can I part with? What sacrifice can I make for the Africans, who are perishing for lack of knowledge, and daily dying by hundreds, ignorant of the way of peace?"

A. T.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF ANDREW L. Died Nov. 6th. 1844.

ANDREW L.* was born at Kettering in Northamptonshire in the year 1834, of pious parents. From his infancy it was observed that he was endowed with rather unusual abilities. which, combined with a vivacity of spirits and a ready will, rendered him a most interesting child. He was early placed at a school in the same town, when these qualities, being called into active exercise, enabled him to proceed in his studies with remarkable celerity. possessed a quickness of observation, a retentive memory, and a habit of thoughtfulness; but although he could not be considered at this period a decided character, yet the seeds of piety which had been sown in his heart, by the instructions of his parents, were doubtless gradually springing up during the period of his

[•] He was the nephew of the late Rev. William Knihb.

health, and in abundant measure brought forth fruit in the long and painful sickness* which eventually terminated his earthly career.

Soon after he was attacked with this famil disease, when as vet no fears were entertained of his death, his mother was one subbath evening questioning her children on the duty of prayer, and directing them to its necessity and the manner in which it ought to be performed, wishing to ascertain whether it was their usual practice merely to use a form, as is usually the case with children so young as themselves. Andrew being present, said in answer to the question proposed, "Better not to pray at all, than not to mean what we say." "Well. Andrew, and what words do you make use of?" "Mother," was the response, "I recollect some passages that my father repeats at family worship, and I add more of my own." "And. what then do you say?" "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within We give this as one instance out of numbers which might be adduced in proof of his deep thoughtfulness, and we may venture tosay of his piety.

The disease continued to make slow but certain advances, and although the pain which he suffered at times must have been most acute, still this did not cause his natural liveliness of spirit to abate; for he continued to engage in the innocent and pleasurable amusements of boyhood, although one arm was quite useless;

but when one limb after another became affected, and he could no longer move about, an accordion was procured for him so that he might amuse himself at home; on this instrument he was wont to play beautifully, and accompanying it with a melodious voice, it completely charmed all who heard him.

At length his failing strength induced his sorrowing parents to inform him that his sickness would be unto death. This communication for the first few moments appeared to overwhelm him, for he burst into tears; but in a short time recovered his usual composure and serenity of mind, with the exception of still manifesting considerable anxiety as to his future destiny. This led him carefully to examine the state of his mind, and many were the earnest prayers which he offered up that the Almighty would indeed " see if there was any wicked way in him, and lead him in the way everlasting." On one occasion particularly, when some friends had called upon him, and in his presence expressed their confidence in his future safety, after their departure he observed. "Ah! it signifies very little what others may say about me. I must know myself, and it is only the Spirit of God who can give me true peace and satisfaction of minding But the clouds gradually dispersed, and gave way to a full assurance of hone, and after that time not a doubt was permitted to pade over his mind, but on the contrary he could look forward with joy unto the period of his dissolution.

On another occasion seeing his sister enter his sick room, he observed, "Oh! I shall soon be far happier than you, for I shall be a king and a priest unto God." And when leaning his weak and exhausted frame upon his mother he said. "I feel as if I could lay my head upon my, Saviour's bosom, just as I now do upon yours." And again, when hearing the companions of his health amusing themselves with play, he would appear as if in deep thought, and express his astonishment that he did not possess true love to God when he was well. At one time when' a messenger brought the intelligence that a child about his own age had expired of the same disease, he happened to overhear the conversation, and embraced the first opportunity of inquiring the truth of the assertion, and on being replied in the affirmative, and in answer to a question whether " he felt shocked." he said that it did affect him at first, but the feeling soon subsided. On the sabbath following he exclaimed, "I have been thinking what a' blessed sabbath that dear little boy has been spending in heaven!"

It would be impossible to record all the remarkable and touching sayings which fell's from the lips of this pious and devoted child, and which to the minds of all who witnessed his complacency, his patience, and the heavenly calmness which overspread his soul, afforded ample proof that he was indeed a child of God, causing them to exclaim in the words of the Psalmist, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise."

A short time previous to his death, he raised himself up, and sweetly sung to one of his favourite tunes (Oatlands) that beautiful hymn of Watts beginning,

"When I can read my title clear."

When his end was drawing nigh, he expressed a wish that he might be interred by the side of a beloved brother, who had died about two years before, accompanying the wish with the expression "It is not I that shall die, but only this poor body," and looking at his emaciated frame, he added "there will not be much left for the worms."

On the sabbath preceding his death, and when a friend was reading to him from Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, on coming to that part where it refers to crossing the river, and ascending the Celestial Hill, he exclaimed, with joy beaming in his eyes, "Ah! that is delightful." Early in the morning of the day on which he died he summoned his relatives around his dying bed to give them his last kiss, and to hid them all farewell, and on observing that his mother was in tears, he said, "Weep not, for I am happy," and then fixing his eyes intently upon this beloved parent, he simply uttered with a look of inexpressible tenderness, the word "mother," and gradually fell asleep in Jesus.

Thus died, at the early age of ten years, this young disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. Who can help exclaiming, on reviewing the calmand happy manner in which he met the King of

Terrors, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his?"

"So fades the levely blooming flower, Frail smiling solace of an hour; So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure only blooms to die," W. K. L.



CHAIN PUMP, AS USED BY THE CHINESE.

THE Chinese excel in their contrivances for raising water. One of them is an ingenious

kind of chain pump, represented above. The water is to be raised from the lower end of the wooden trough, in the picture, to the lake or

canal at the upper end.

"Flat and square pieces of wood corresponding exactly to the dimensions of the cavity of the trunk are fixed to a (jointed) chain which turns over a roller or small wheel placed at each extremity of the trunk. The square pieces of wood fixed to the chain move it round the rollers, and lift up a volume of water equal to the dimensions of the hollow trunk. power used in working this machine is applicable in three different ways; if the machine be intended to lift a great quantity of water, several sets of wooden arms are made to preject from various parts of the lengthened axis of the roller over which the chain and lifters turn. These arms are shaped like the letter T and made round and smooth for the foot to rest The axis turns upon two upright wices of wood, kept steady by a pole stretched across them. The machine being fixed, men, treading upon the projecting arms of the axis, and supporting themselves by the beam across the uprights, communicate a rotary motion to the chain, the lifters attached to which draw up a copious stream of water. This manner of working the chain pump is illustrated in the annexed cut, and is applied principally to raising water to small heights from rivers or canals -frequently to pumping out the holds of their merchant vessels."

NEWS FROM AFAR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF REGENT STREET SABBATH SCHOOLS.

MY BELOVED YOUNG FRIENDS,—Your interest in Africa fills me with gratitude to God and to you. It is God who has given you a minister who loves to inform you of the state of the heathen. It is God who has put it into your hearts to feel for those who sit in darkness, and to do much for imparting light to a portion of the inhabitants of Africa. If you yourselves love God, he hath taught you by his Spirit, and to him all praise belongs; but if your mind is still earnity against God, then your first work should be to attend to your own salvation.

You wish me to tell you something of Africa, and of our labours in this strange land. Well, some parts are very beautiful, and other parts are gloomy mangrove swamps. On the high and beautiful parts, there are autilopes, gazelles, porcupines, squirrels, and monkeys. On the lower lands and near the swamps, are elephants, hippopotami, manati, crocodiles, &c. The latter are frequently seen; the others, with the exception of monkeys and squirrels, keep as much out of sight of men as is possible.

The people with whom I have met have shown in general much kindness; but a few have seemed hard-hearted and unfeeling. I have seen in their respective communities the following people, the Sigli, Kru, Grebwa, Bukra, and Grabwa, on the Grain Coast—the Friesko and Kotroo, on the Tooth Coast—the Zantee and Ghah, on the Gold Coast—the Effik, at Calabar—the Isubu, at

Bimbia—the Dewalla, at Cameroons, and the Fernandian, in his beautiful and much loved isle. All these have heard something of Him who died to save, and a few of other tribes and tongues have seen the herald of mercy, and listened to the words of eternal life. At a town in the Effik country, about sixty miles up the Bongo river, and a few miles across a fearful creek, we have found a king and his son of interesting character. The name of the king is Eyo Honesty, and his son is called young Eyo. The town has three different names. Okiritunggo, Eriminga, and Creek town: the latter is the name given to it in on the map published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. king has twice called his people together to hear us, and has thought much on what we have said to them. following are some of the questions put to us by young Eyo,-" How is it that a missionary gets sick? Does a man who loves God live a long time? What has God done with those people who killed his Son? How is it that the queen of England does not make all her people love God? How is it that white men who can make ships to come all the way to this country, and coaches to run so fast with steam, cannot make something to go to see the other world, and come back again to this? How can God punish the black man, when the black man does not savy (know) God's book?" The old king put the following,-" You say it is not good to make a devilhouse, and destroy so much of the property which belonged to the dead man, but what are we to do with this property, when the owner of it is gone, and has no more use for it here? What do white people do with property when left by the owner, and his friends have no use for it? Black men keep one day in eight, they do no

work on that day, but drink and play, and settle palavers. Suppose I have a son, and I say go, do something. and he do not like to do it, for he thinks it is bed, and I force him to do it: is it wrong in him to do it, or in me to force him?" He said, "Our young people begin to laugh at our customs and foolish fashions. I want a man to teach us every day, for I think some change is coming to Africa. I do not mind our country fashion myself, when well; but when I get sick, I go back to it again. It is all settled for you to have land on the highest part of the town, whenever you can send a man here to teach us. After you left us last time. I was up until ten o'clock P.M., talking to my people. They said. 'How does the white man know all these things? Did God come down to talk to him?' I opened the door of my clock. I said, Look inside, nobody is there to make it go, but it goes all the day and all the night, and soon it will strike. I tell you how many times before it strikes, and white man made this. Black man cannot make such a thing; surely white man knows more than we do. We should let him teach us all these things," He shook our hands most affectionately at parting, and called us his very good friends, and said, "He would be glad to see us often, and glad to have a white or a black man either, to teach the people good at his town: He is a powerful king, and has houses filled with copper rods, and other things, considered riches in this strange land. May the God of heaven bless you all, and may you every one offer himself a living sacrifice unto God.

I remain, your affectionate friend,

JOHN CLARKE.

Clarence, Oct. 28, 1845.

THE MISSIONARY AT THE WELL

I AM going to mention an incident in the life of a missionary of whom you have all heard. This missionary had left his own beautiful country, and a father who loved him dearly, in order to take the gospel to those who were ignorance. He was travelling in an eastern land, accompanied by a few persons who had heen impressed by his words and who were desirous of learning more of the truths which he taught. The climate was hot and sultry, and the missionary, whose strength was almost exhausted by his labours, looked around for some shady snot where he might repose a little and gain vigour for his onward journey; but no shade was to be seen, no green trees or hedgerows-even the herbage was scorched up by the burning sun. At length the travellers came to a deep well, around which was a low wall, and on this wall the missionary sat down to rest while his companions went on to a city not for distant to procure food for their noontide Imagine then the missionary seated beneath the mid-day sun, gazing down into the water which was low in the well, and wishing in vain for a cooling draught, for he had no vessel with him with which to raise it. After some time a woman came from the city to fetch water, and as her filled vessel rose above the surface, the missionary requested a draught from it. The woman looked at him, and perceiving that he was not one of her own countrymen, refused the request. Was the missionary angry at her unkindness? No, weary and athirst as he was, he thought more of her sad state of ignorance and spiritual want than of his own sufferings, and gently and earnestly he began to tell her of the blessings of the gospel, comparing them to flowing water. was so unused to think of spiritual things that she did not at all understand his meaning; he continued, however, with great patience to converse with her, and teld her of the true God, of the manner in which we ought to worship him, not with outward service merely, but with the love and sincere worship of our spirits. After a time the wise and earnest manner in which the missionary spoke filled her with wonder; it seemed as if a new world of truth were opening before her, and she hastened to the city to call the people of her acquaintance to the well. to hear the wonderful preaching of the missionary.

While she was gone, the other travellers returned, bringing with them the food they had bought. They found the missionary sitting in silent prayer; they entreated him to partake of the food they had brought, but so intent was he on the great object of his mission, the restoration of souls to God, that he told them he found the efforts he made in this glorious work to be his "meat and drink," and then, animated with holy love to God and man, he spoke to these his followers, of the multitudes of immortal beings ignorant of God, and perishing for lack of

knowledge—of the duty of making known the gospel to them, and of the glorious reward to be given to the faithful preachers of that gospel. While thus occupied, the woman came again to the well, bringing with her many of the people of the city to listen to the preaching of the missionary. To these he made known the truths of religion; many of them believed his word, and turned to the worship of the true God. And thus from that noontide conversation resulted the conversion of many who would else have continued in superstition and ignorance.

Do you know who this great Missionary was, who thus suffered weariness, and thirst, and hardship, and yet persevered in making known

to men the things of God?

It is One who is now looking down from heaven to see if you will receive His word, and ask of Him LIVING WATER.

C.

Mome Intelligence.

SPENCER PLACE, -- JUVENILE AUXILIARY.

A VERY encouraging meeting of the above auxiliary was held at Spencer Place chapel in February. The amount collected was thirteen guineas—a very noble sum, especially for the first year. The following hint is taken from the spirited and earnest report which was read to the meeting by the secretary.

In July, 1845, one of the scholars in the

senior class proposed to form a branch society to be conducted by the members of that class. After some consideration this plan was adopted, and has considerably augmented the funds of this society. It is entirely under the direction of the scholars, and the money collected is paid in once a week. All that is collected by the senior class is by the aid of books, while the younger children have boxes.

In addition to these efforts a box is carried round every Sunday to receive the contributions of those who are not able to collect.

The Page for Parents and Ceachers.

The power of association is all but omnipotent, in the minds of the young. Sympathy and pleasant associations have far more influence in determining their habit and preferences, than either argument or persuasion. The great and difficult art is, insensibly to introduce into the mind pleasant associations with all that is good, and painful associations with all that is mean, degrading, and sinful.—Dunn.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN CHINESE.

WE promised in our last number to give the Lord's Prayer in Chinese with a literal translation of it into English. Through the kindness of Mr. Watts, the printer, we are able to give a copy which will please our readers, and enable them to learn the sound and meaning of several Chinese words.

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CEYLON SCHOOLS.

In Cevion there are forty-four schools connected with the Society, which contain 1080 children, boys and girls. Several of these must be given up unless our brethren can obtain special contributions from young friends at home to support them. Meeting-house Alley Sunday-School, Portsea, supports one. New Park Street Sunday School supports two, besides aiding Entally and Patna. The cost of an entire school is only eight pounds a-year; one hundred and sixty shillings! why, I could name two score of schools in this country which might each support a school and teacher without difficulty. But it would be better for our young friends to take up the matter themselves. Let us have by next month forty offers of eight pounds a-year for the support of these forty schools. The locality of each school the Secretary of the Missionary Society will be happy to state to any Superintendent.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE "DOVE," RECEIVED UP TO THE END OF MARCH. Names we must reserve for the Report.

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THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



VOI II.

JUNE.

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A CHINESE MAKING OFFERINGS.

THE figure kneeling before the deities mounted on pedestals, is a priest of the sect of He is burning incense, or rather paper that is covered over with some liquid that resembles gold. Sometimes instead of this gold paper, tin-foil is burned before the altars in China, and this is the principal use to which the large quantity of tin sent from this country is applied. On the four-legged stool is the not containing the sticks of fate, and behind it is the trinod in which incense is sometimes burned. These superstitious rites are performed several times every day by the priests, but there is no kind of congregational worship in China; the peanle nay the priests for taking care of their present and future condition. We hope to give an account of the religion of China in a future number.

THE MISSIONARY.—A SAILOR STORY.

MY REV. JOHN S. C. ARBOTT.

THE following story a seaman recently related to the writer. Many years ago, when New Zealand was a land of uninterrupted heathenism, the ship in which I was a common sailor, dropped anchor at a cautious distance from the shore, in one of the harbours of that island. We had been months upon the ocean without seeing any land. And when the sublime mountains and luxuriant valleys of that

magnificent isle rose from the wide waste of waters before us, it was difficult to realize that we were not approaching some region of fairy We soon, however, found that enchantment. we were still in this world of sin and wo, for it so happened that there was a terrible fight between two war parties of the natives raging at the very hour in which we entered the lovely bay. From the deck of our ship we witnessed with awe, the whole revolting scene, the fierce assault, the bloody carnage, the infuriated shricks, the demoniac attitudes of those maddened savages as they fell upon each other with a degree of fury which seemed worse than hu-Often we saw the heavy club of the New Zealand savage fall upon the head of his antagonist, and as he fell lifeless to the ground. his head was beaten by reiterated blows, till exhaustion satiated fury. This awful scene of savage life, as beheld from the deck of our ship, impressed even us unthinking sailors with emotions of deepest melancholy.

In consequence of the war, or for some other cause, no cance from the shore approached our ship. As we were entirely destitute of wood, the captain sent a boat's crew, with many cautions as to safety, to the opposite side of the harbour to collect some fuel. I was sent with this party. We landed upon a beautiful beach, upon which a heavy surf was rolling, The savage scene we had just witnessed so filled us with terror that we were every moment apprehensive that a party of cannibals would fall

upon us and destroy us. After gathering wood for some time, we returned to the boat, and found, to our dismay, the surf rolling in upon the beach had so increased that it was impossible to launch the boat. The sun was setting behind angry clouds, which betokened a rising storm. The crested waves were rolling more and more heavily in from the ocean. A dark night was coming on, and savage warriors, their hands already dripping with blood, were everywhere around. We were all silent. No one was willing to speak of his fears, and yet no one could conceal them.

Before we left the ship, the captain had informed us that an English missionary had erected his hut about two miles from the place where we were to land. The captain had visited him about two years before, in his solitary home, and it was then very uncertain whether he would be able to continue in his post of danger. We immediately resolved to endeavour to find the missionary, and to seek such protection as he could afford us for the night.

Increasing masses of clouds rolled up and spread over the sky; and as we groped our way through the deep and tangled forest, darkness like that of Egypt enveloped us. After wandering about, we hardly knew where, for some time, we heard the loud shouts of savages either in conflict or in revelry. Cautiously we approached the sounds, till we beheld a large war party gathered around their fires with the

hideous trophies of their recent buttle, and exulting over their victory. We thought it wise to keep as far from them as possible, and again turned from the light of their fire into the dark forest, where we could hardly see an arm's length before us. We at length came upon a little path, and slowly following it along, stumbling in the darkness over rocks and roots of trees, we came in view of the twinkling light of a lamp. I, with another of the party, was sent forward to reconnoitre. We soon found that the light proceeded from a hut, but whether from the night-fire of a savage New Zealander. or from the lamp of the Christian missionary, we knew not; and few can imagine the anxiety with which we cautiously moved along to ascertain how the fact might be. Our hopes were greatly revived by the sight of a glazed window. And when through that window we saw a man in the garb of civilized life, with his wife and one little child, kneeling in their evening prayers, our joy knew no bounds. few moments till the prayer was closed, we entered the door, and though the surprise of the inmates was very great, in seeing two white sailors enter their dwelling, we were most hospitably received. The missionary immediately lighted his lantern, and proceeding with us, led the rest of our party to his humble abode. We all slept on his floor for the night. Weary, however, as I was, I found but little rest. I thought of my quiet New England home, from which I had been absent but a few

months. I thought of my mother, and her anxiety about her sailor boy in this his first voyage. The seene was indeed a novel one to me. The swelling winds of the tempestuous night, the wild seenes of man and nature all around us, the vivid image of the bloody conflict, with the remembrance of its hideous and fiend-like outcries, all united so to oppress my spirit that I found but little repose. My companions, however, perhaps more accustomed to danger, and perhaps less addicted to thought, were soon soundly asleep.

Early in the morning, a party of warriors came to the missionary's hut in search of us. having somehow ascertained that a boat's crew The missionary and his were on the shore. wife, both in countenance and manner, manifested the deepest anxiety for our safety. savages were imperious and rude, and it seemed to me then that nothing but the restraining power of God preserved this family uninjured in the midst of such cruel and treacherous men. While they had been somewhat subdued in spirit by the kindness, the meekness, and the utter helplessness of the missionary's family, they considered us sailors fair game for plunder; and by the most earnest solicitations on the part of the missionary, they were induced to spare us. The missionary accompanied us to our boat, and we had, for our retinue, a troop of rioting and carousing savages, brandishing their bloody war-clubs over our heads, to couvince us that we were in their power. A walk of two miles conducted us to the beach. It was a fearful walk, and the watchful anxiety of our friend proved that he considered the danger to be great. When we arrived at the beach, some of the natives manifested great reluctance to let us go. Some took hold of our boat to draw it farther upon the land, while they seemed to be earnestly arguing with the rest upon the folly of permitting our escape. At length however, they yielded to the remonstrances of the missionary, and aided us in launching our boat through the now subsiding surf.

As we rowed from the shore, and I looked back upon that devoted man, standing upon the beach in the midst of those rude savages, and thought of his return to his solitary home, and of the days, weeks, and months, he must there pass in thankless labours, I thought that his lot was, in a worldly point of view, one of the hardest I had ever known; and I wondered that any man could be so hard-hearted as to speak in terms of reproach, and point the finger of scorn towards the Christian missionary.

In my last voyage, about two years ago, I again entered this same harbour. It is now called the Bay of Islands, and is one of the most beautiful places in natural scenery on the surface of the globe. I could hardly credit my eyes as I looked out upon a handsome and thrifty town, with many dwellings indicative of wealth and elegance. There were churches of tasteful architecture, and school children with their slates and books. And there were

to be seen New Zealand families dwelling in cheerful parlours, sanctified by morning prayers and evening hymns. The untiring labours of the missionary had, through God's blessing, created a new world. And the emotions of deep compassion with which I had regarded him, when we left him on the beach alone with the savages, were transformed into sentiments of admiration and almost envy in view of his All other labours seemed trivial achievements. compared with his. And I then felt. and still feel, that if any man can lie down with joy upon a dying bed, it is he who can look back upon a life successfully devoted to raising a savage people to the comforts, refinements, and virtues, of a Christian life.

LAURA J. B.

Was the sister of "Little Emily," and her senior by about two years. Precious as is the gift of children under ordinary circumstances, her birth was regarded with special pleasure by her parents, as she seemed to fill up, in a measure, the vacancy which the previous death of two little brothers had created in the domestic circle.

Her earliest years were distinguished by great amiableness and docility; and nothing could be more beautiful than the promptitude and cheerfulness of her filial obedience. Indeed, to please all by whom she was surrounded seemed an essential element of her own happiness.

Anxious for her spiritual welfare, and conscious of the importance of early habits of piety, her friends trained her to the observance of morning and evening devotions; and it now affords them pleasure to remember the seriousness of her manner and the scrupulous regularity with which she bowed her knees to the Pather of mercies.

In the interval between school hours, books were not unfrequently her chosen, as they were always her favourite, companions. These she read with avidity, yet not without attention, as was evinced in the questions she would ask, and the answers she gave when interrogated.

Often did her friends, when looking forward to the future, fondly anticipate the intelligence of mature years. But alas! these were never to arrive. Warm were the tears of affection she shed over a dear brother who fell the victim of consumption just as he was completing his thirteenth year; and scarcely were those tears dried, when she herself lost the natural buoyancy of early childhood, and began to furnish symptoms of drooping health. Her anxious parents had often seen before, and now it became increasingly evident they were destined again to prove—

"All fades we love below;
The blossomings of hope will die;
Dew-drops, and flowers, and infancy,
Alike a withering know."

During the "months of vanity and wearisome nights," through which she was called to pass, her mamma preserved a brief record illustrative of the development of religious principle and experience. From that record the following extracts are derived.

"Fondly do I hope dear Laura was the subject of divine grace, not merely from what she said, but also from the remarkable patience she evinced through a long and painful course of debility and suffering.

"One day, while sitting at her bedside, the affections of her heart seemed particularly drawn out towards me, prompting her to exclaim, 'Mamma, I love you, because you teach your children to be good.' At another time she said, 'Mamma, I always pray when I awake in the night.' I said, 'Well, my love what do you pray for?' She replied, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'

"On one occasion, as she sat on her nurse's lap, I was reading the scriptures to her, when she suddenly interrupted me by saying, 'Stop, mamma, I will pray, now.' I waited in silence, while she lifted up her feeble hands and throbbing heart to God; after which she again requested me to proceed.

"When failing sight no longer permitted her to read the books of which she was so fond, she amused herself by making small pieces of rug work. These she presented to the friends who visited her, some of whom acknowledged her kindness by putting a small sum into her moneybox. When asked Ly me, one day, how she intended to dispose of her money, she repl

'It will do to purchase a work-box, if I recover, and if not, it must go to the missionary cause,

like dear Emily's.'

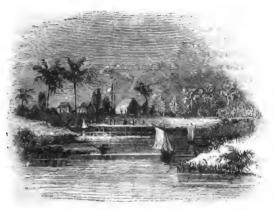
"Two days before she died, I said, Laura which would you prefer, get well and live with mamma, or die and go to heaven?' After a little pause, she replied, 'I do not know; I would rather do the Lord's will.' Happy child! to know no will but his. But thou art gone, no more to return to a sorrowing world. Yet.

Though thy presence was endearing,
Though thine absence we deplore,
'At thy Saviour's bright appearing,
We shall meet to part no more.'

"She died, August 31st, 1845, aged seven years, and just three months after 'Little Emily.' 'Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not long divided.'"

And now, dear young reader, what is your character before God, and what your hope for eternity? Are you a praying youth? Do you love the Saviour? Have you filed for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before you in the gospel? Are you prepared to die? If not, and your soul should be soon required of you, what will you do, and what will become of you? Oh, trifle not a moment longer, but haste to

'Seek his face,
Whose wrath you cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And seek salvation there.'
Recl-date.



THE BAHAMAS.

HERE we have a distant view of one of the many little islands our missionaries visit. The stations of the Society were commenced in 1832, since which time God has greatly blessed the labours of our brethren. There are about ten schools, containing upwards of 600 children.

"Every evening," says Mr. Littlewood, "Saturday excepted, I am engaged with my people. Our Bible meeting is attended by thirty or forty young people, who invariably bring written answers to useful questions, which I am proud to state have been highly creditable to them. The candidates for baptism are met by myself once every week. On the first Monday evening of every month we bold a missionary prayer-meeting which is succeeded

aimilar meetings on Wednesday evenings in our individual classes, of which we have sixteen,

"You will be glad to hear that during the year we have formed an Auxiliary Mission, and £15 sterling has been the result of the first six mouths' effort. We are thankful for your advice on this head. We have about thirty collectors. Our hope is that each one will at less realize £1."

LETTER TO A READER OF THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.

MY DEAR WILLY,—A few weeks since a lady gave me a plant which she had brought from Mexico. It was a kind of fern, smaller than most of those beautiful ferns which you see growing on the commons and beside the hedges in this country. It appeared quite dead; the inner leaves were curled up, and the outer ones folded over these, and were brown and withered. It had a small root, and the whole plant would just go into a tumbler. According to my friend's directions, I placed it in a shallow cup of water, and the leaves soon began to unfold. In a little time the inner leaves gently uncurled, and showed a pale delicate green, and the plant spread itself out large enough to cover a dessert plate.

My friend told me that in Mexico the rocks are brown and barren, and covered with these withered-looking ferns; but no seoner does a shower fall, than they uncurl, and the rocks in a few minutes appear clothed in the most lovely green.

Now, my dear boy, before you read any further, try to think what this is like. Does it not remind you of something?

Are not the brown, barren rocks with no beauty, as soft verdure, like the heathen nations as they appear in God's sight, without goodness, that is, without beauty to him? But when his love touches the hearts of those poor idolators, a change comes over them, and that nation, so unsightly before, becomes beautiful in God's sight as the verdant rock is in ours.

One little word more I would say to you, my dear boy. The world is full of such beautiful things as this which I have told you about, and which are meant to remind us of other things which we do not see. Nature-by nature I mean the earth and skies, and all that God has made around us-is God's book, in which he has placed beautiful pictures to teach us some truths about ourselves or our fellow-men, and himself. Our Saviour pointed out some of these beautiful pictures to us, and told us what they meant. He told us the meaning of that picture which we have renewed every spring and autumn, when the sower goes forth to sow. And he told us more than one of the meanings of that most beautiful of all pictures, the ripe harvest-field with the busy reapers. Now when you next go out into the fields, take notice of the beautiful pictures that will be around you, and see if you caunot find out something that will remind you of missions besides the Mexican fern.

Next month I hope to write to Johnny, and to give him an instance of the change which I have compared to the plants and rocks.

I am your very affectionate friend,

E.R.D.

DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

A SUNDAY school teacher being deeply impressed with the importance of missionary labours, and feeling anxious to excite in the vouthful mind a spirit of love for the souls of others, proposed to her class that they should make different articles such as book-marks. bags, &c., which she would endeavour to sell. and appropriate the profits to the missionary To this they agreed, and occasionally met at her house to work; the Lord blessed her labours among them; the children were interested in their labour of love; each child told her companions, and in a short time, the missionary spirit was so excited, that many others besides children volunteered their services, and at length a sufficient quantity of fancy articles (principally needle-work), being collected, she opened a bazaar; the proceeds of the sale, when all expenses were defrayed, were £34 0s. 2d. which she had the pleasure of presenting to the secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society on Saturday, Feb. 21st, 1846. To God be all the glory.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

"THE DARK PLACES OF THE BARTH ARE FULL OF THE HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY."

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—God has once more permitted his servants to visit Calabar in the "Dove." Calabar is, indeed, one of the dark places of the earth, and full of cruelty. Now I wish to tell you something

about the people who live there, so that when you know their state you may pity them, pray for them, and do all you can to help them.

On Tuesday evening, October the 7th, the Dove left Clarence, and got to Calabar on the following Friday, at 4 o'clock p.m. The first thing Mr. Clarke and I went to see, after our arrival, was the new house we have erected on a hill, which we call "Gospel Mount." About twenty vards from the house we saw the skeleton of a boy who had been, not long ago, beheaded, and his body thrown into the bush, where we saw the bones, from which every particle of flesh had been removed by the innumerable ants that infest those regions. When looking at the remains of this most likely inoffensive youth, I thought what gratitude and thankfulness ought to fill your hearts. especially all of you who are connected with Sundayschools. What privileges you enjoy, which are unknown to the young people at Calabar! How different your condition to theirs; while you have kind friends to protect and clothe you, they are going unprotected and unclothed. While you have kind teachers, who are pointing out to you, from time to time, the way of eternal life through Jesus Christ.

> "They know no heaven, they fear no hell, These endless joys, those endless pains;"

And have no kind teacher to point them to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

On Saturday, when the Dove was laid on the beach for the purpose of painting her bottom, a number of people came near to the vessel, with various articles for sale; but in a short time the cry of Egbo! Egbo!

Bgoo is the name for the evil spirit in the Bfik tongue, and so as Rgbo-house, or a house made to display the wealth of a departed Egbo-man is called a "devil-house," by those who speak English.

was heard, and the poor people fied away as from the face of a deadly enemy. The Egbo-man is dressed in such a way as effectually to prevent the poor people from discovering who he is. This man carries with him a large whip made of cow-skin, and with it he flogs all who cannot get out of his way. One poor old man, who was sitting at the door of a cask-house, was caught by the Egbo-man, who gave him two severe cuts on the back with his whip, which caused the blood to flow. There are also at Calabar, what are called Egbo-houses, where the head men meet together to plan deeds of cruelty and oppression; and from whence, with the Egbo-man at their head, they go forth, attacking the unwary and unprotected slaves, who not unfrequently fall a sacrifice to their cruelty and rage.

The poor females of Calabar are often compelled to endure great suffering. One young woman has recently had her ears bored with a red hot iron, for merely breaking a tumbler glass belonging to king Eyamba. Another female, about sixteen years of age, I saw fastened to a large post, with a heavy chain round her neck, because she had run away from her cruel master. In September last. Akum king Evamba's brother died, and three slaves were immediately sacrificed, to be with him in the other world. Thus two men and one woman fell victims to this abominable system of cruel superstition. They were tied with their hands behind them, and thrown upon their faces, and their heads taken off with a cutlass. A few months ago Mr. Christian saw a body without the head hanging by the river's side, among some bushes. And, as another apseimen of the cruelty practised in this part of Africa, the following account exceeds all that I have already told you. There is a town not far from the mouth of the Calabar river called Oran, where the

people sell in the market human skulls, to procure which the chief men kill their slaves, and take their heads to purchase mimbe, that is, a liquid extracted from the bamboo palm tree. In many cases, these cruel monsters of iniquity will kill a slave for the inhuman purposes of trade, rather than take a goat or a foul. The akulla. I am informed, are made perfectly clean, and the people place them in their dwellings, and attach great importance to them, supposing that they have the effect of keeping away sickness. The people at Calabar have also a favourite superstition, which they call "making devil." Most of you, no doubt, have read some account of a "devil-house." I have lately seen one of great beauty and magnitude. It is erected at Calabar for a great man called Duke Ephraim, or Eyo Duke, King Congo, who died some time since; and in this house, his friends have made an offering of a large portion of his property, supposing it will be to his advantage in the world of spirits. and especially tend to produce a conciliating effect on the evil spirit, and prevent his doing him any injury !! The offering consisted of a large silk umbrella, and one smaller erected on the roof; and in the interior of the building, we noticed a large number of ornamented calabashes, a remarkable basket of curious and ingenious workmanship, an English drum, a speaking trumpet, a son, an image of a female on a pedestal, quite new and of English sculpture, a native image, Janus-faced, with horns and feathers, a chest of drawers, a large mahogany bedstead, some large Spanish pictures, a round table, four very fine hats, three lamps, two elegant chandeliers, a great suantity of bottles, glasses, and jars, two large mirrors, a clock, an old picture, a brass salver, with a variety of ornaments, the top of the house is also lined with pictured cloth.

Now I think I need say no more at this time to convince you that Calabar is a dark place, and that it is full of superstition and cruelty. It has much need of the gosnel, and the people are anxious to receive instruction. Now my young friends, let me entreat you, before concluding this paper, to seek the mercy of God without delay, if you have not already done so : seek to be satisfied with mercy, then you will be glad and able to rejoice all your days. And whatever you then may do for the cause of Christ and the welfare of perishing souls, will be a pleasure to you. If you thus seek the blessing of God your heavenly Father, and do all is your power to promote his glory, you will cause the angels in heaven to rejoice over many sinners repenting and turning from dumb idols to serve the only living and true God. I remain.

Your affectionate friend.

Clarence, Oct. 29, 1845.

J. THOMPSON.

Scripture Hllustrateb.

MATTHEW vi. 7. "But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do," &c.

Among several nations in the east, we find this custom of vain repetitions in their prayers to be very common. With the Hindoos, the repetition of the name of one of their gods is regarded as an act of adoration. The worshipper takes a string of beads consisting generally of ninetynine, and repeats the name of his god, at each repetition dropping a bead, and in this way he counts sometimes to a thousand, or as many times as he thinks will secure the success of his prayer. The native Mussulmans of India do

not differ in this respect from the Hindoos: The grand principle of their worship is to have the name of God always on their lips; and, in order to do this, they have set prayers in which that name is introduced, or various times and occupations. Thus they have a prayer of four words only, which they invariably repeat when walking; another for the morning, noon, and evening of each day, which consists of short sentences of praise to God, each of them to be repeated several times.

When the cholera was raging in Georgia, the Tartars went in solemn mourning procession through the streets crying out repeatedly with a loud voice the name of God. A traveller in Nubia mentions his having met a man there who was very punctual and ceremonious in performing his prayers, repeating the words as fast and as loud as his tongue could utter them. He had made a vow, for greater devotion, to repeat certain words of his prayer a given number of times both night and morning; the word "Rabboni," or Lord, for example, he had bound himself to repeat one or two hundred times a day, and he called out Rabboni, Rabboni, Rabboni, as fast as he could articulate the words: when he had finished with this word he passed on to some other, and all this was done by him with seriousness and devotion.

But the most remarkable of all forms in which the heathen observe their vain repetitions is that of the Kulmuc Tartars. They have praying machines, which, in the act of devotion they turn repeatedly; it consists of a small barrel having within it a number of written prayers, when the barrel turns round it is supposed by the poor ignorant people that the prayers go up to heaven, and the more revolutions that are made, or, in other words, the oftener the writing is uppermost, the more chance there is of being heard. Such are a few specimens of the prayers of the heathen, from which it will be seen that all the worshippers think that by these repetitions they communicate new and more accurate intelligence of their case to the objects of their worship, or that by their importunity they may succeed in interesting them in their concerns. And nothing can more strikingly show how far the Jews in the days of our Lord had declined from the purity of worship that prevailed among their fathers, than their adoption of ideas and practices so low, unmeaning, and contemptible, as these we have described.

1 John i. 7. "The blood of Jesus Christ his See, cleanseth us from all ain."

Mr. Williams, the missionary, when visiting an old blind warrior in Raietea who had been converted to Christianity, intimated that he thought his sickness would terminate in death, and wished the old man to tell him what he thought of himself in the sight of God, and what was the foundation of his hope. "Oh!" he replied, "I have been in great trouble this morning, but I am happy now; I saw an immense mountain with precipitous sides, up which I endeavoured to climb, but when I had

attained a considerable height I lost my hold. and fell to the bottom. Exhausted with perplexity and fatigue, I went to a distance and sat down to weep, and while weeping I saw a drop of blood fall upon that mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved." Wishing to have his own ideas of what had been presented to his imagination, Mr. Williams said, "This was certainly a strange sight; what construction do you put upon it?" After expressing his surprise that Mr. Williams should not know how to interpret it, he exclaimed, "That mountain was my sins, and the drop which fell upon it was one drop of the precious blood of Jesus by which the mountain of my guilt must be melted away." He died soon after, exclaiming, "O death, where is thy sting?"

THE NEW ZEALAND MISSIONARY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"WE cannot let him go. He says he will return to England; the ship is here to take him away. But no; we will keep him and make him our slave—not our slave to fetch wood and draw water, but our talking slave. Yes, he shall be our slave, to talk and to teach us. Keep him we will."

'Twas night, and in his teat he lay,
Upon a heathen shore,
While wildly on his wakeful ear,
The ocean's billows roar.
'Twas midnight, and the war club rang
Upon the threshold stone,
And heavy feet of savage men
Came fiercely trainpling on.

Loud were their tones in fierce debate,— The chieftain and his clan.

"He shall not go, he shall not go, That missionary man.

For him the swelling sail doth spread,

The tall ship rides the wave; But we will chain him to our coast, Yes, he shall be our slave.

"Not from our groves our wood to bear, Nor water from the vale.

Nor in the battle-front to stand

Where proudest foemen quail; Nor the great war canoe to guide,

Where crystal streams turn red!

But he shall be our slave to break The soul its living bread."

Then slowly peered the rising moon, Above the forest height.

And bathed each cocoa's leafy crown In tides of living light:

To every cabin's grassy thatch, A gift of beauty gave,

And with a crest of silver cheered Pacific's sullen wave.

But o'er that gentle scene a shout In sudden clangour came:

"Come forth, come forth, thou mas of , d And answer to our claim!"

So down to those dark island men, He bowed him as he spake,

"Behold! your servant will I be, For Christ my Master's sake."

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



THE COCOA-NUT TREE.

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wards them, on the part of the inhabitants, are enthusiastic. All, from the voungest to the oldest, pour forth to welcome Every eye sparkles with delight, and every thing that kindness of heart can suggest is done for them. The boys vie with each other in climbing the cocoa-nut trees to refresh them with the wholesome beverage which the unripe fruit of that tree affords. They are regaled with fruit of different kinds, and seuts are provided for them, usually beneath a tree in some particular part of the village, the most convenient for the social interview. often seasons of refreshing to the aged and infirm particularly; and their kindness and gratitude are often almost overwhelming. leaving, benedictions follow the visitors until they are out of hearing. "God bless minister and misses, and de children; come call; come see we : give we comfort."

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GOOD FOR EVIL

One evening, two police officers were walking through a lonely wood in Germany, when they saw, by the side of their path, a young man fast asleep. They knew by his look and dress that he was a Jew, and they guessed he might be very rich. No one was near, and they quietly felt in his pockets to see how much money he had. But, instead of monev, what do you think they found? covered with blood! "Oh, he is a murderer!" they said. "we shall be well paid for finding him." They woke him, and tying his hands, they led him to the nearest town, and delivered him to the magistrates. That very day, a poor old man had been found not many miles off. wounded so severely, that he died the next day. The voung Jew was supposed guilty, and put into prison; and there he passed many long weeks and months. Nathan (that was his name) found it very dull without any thing to He asked the gaoler to lend him a book. But the gaoler did not like reading, so he did not keep books; he answered, "There is only one book in the place which some prisoner must have left behind." "What sort of a book is it?" said Nathan. The gaoler said, "I just looked in here and there, and saw several histories, and stories, and letters in it; but I have not read it through." Nathan asked for the book directly. But when he opened it, he was indeed disappointed; it was the New Testament. "Ah, I must not read that," thought he, "it speaks against my religion; well, never mind, I shall be able to argue against Christians better, if I see what their book says."

He began to read, and found it very different from what he had expected. Jesus was not, as he had been told, a proud, seditious preacher, an enemy to Israel. No: Jesus showed his love and pity for the Jews by weeping over their devoted city. He told his disciples to preach the gospel first at Jerusalem, that some at least might be saved from destruction, and in the agony of death he praved for them, though they were his murderers: "Father, forgive them;" this was indeed surprising love. Nathan felt it so; he began to see what he did not wish to believe, that Jesus must have been more than He was afraid to read more, and vet he man. wished to know how the disciples got on after their dear Master had left them. He read on in the book of Acts; every chapter seemed a new stroke upon his rebellious heart, till at last he threw himself on his knees at the feet of Jesus, and asked for pardon through his death. Now, poor Nathan's prison was no longer dull; many hours of communion with God did he enjoy in that lonely cell, and new light seemed to shine forth from the new-found word of life.

Meantime, sixteen months had passed; Nathan had been examined very often, but he always declared he was innocent, and said he had never seen the knife before it was found in his pocket. However, as no one else could be

found so likely to have been the murderer. Nathan was sentenced to he publicly whipped three days, and then made to work hard in prison for another year. The tears came into Nathan's eves as he heard this, but he did not complain. The first day of punishment came. and Nathan was brought out of prison; very many people were assembled to see the shameful sight; suddenly, a cry was heard, " Nathan is not to be whipped, he is innocent." Yes, another man, the real murdorer, had been seized: he was examined, and soon confessed that he had killed the old man, and to hide his guilt, had put the knife into Nathan's pocket. judges said his punishment must be eight days' whipping in the market place, and six years in prison.

Well now, you are glad Nathan is free, and perhaps you will be still more glad to hear that he joined the people of Christ, and tried to show his spirit in all things. He asked leave to live in the eastle where the murderer was confined. that he might visit him often, and he got better food allowed to him than was usually given to prisoners. When he was ill, Nathan waited on him kindly, and very earnestly did he urge him to seek for peace and pardon from God. was a long time before the heart of the murderer was softened, but Nathan had that joy at last, and the alteration in his whole conduct told him the change had been wrought by the Spirit of God. When the time of imprisonment was over, Nothan took his friend to live with

him for a little while till he knew that he would be kindly treated by his relations. Then he left him, but only for a short time; for soon after he was taken ill and died. During his illness, he was often heard to pray for the man whom he had thus changed from an enemy to a friend, and those prayers were heard; that friend, was, we believe, saved himself, and blessed in saving his wife and her parents also. How pleasant to see what the Bible can do; it can speak where the voice of the missionary is not heard; in the silent, lonely prison. It can tell the proud, angry tempers to be still; and bring out new principles of love and kindness. Has it done so for each one of us? can we say,

"Great King of grace! my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word?"

E. S.

A SECOND LETTER TO A READER OF THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.

MY DEAR JOHNNE,—I will now give you an instance of the beautiful change which the love of God, shown in the gospel, brings over the heathen nations; as the blowns call forth into greenness the dead ferms on the Mexican rocks.

A faw years since, Sir William Beechey, then Captain Beckey, commanded His Majesty's ship Blossom, on a wrage to discover a nearer way of reaching China and the East, than the route usually taken. He passed Cape Horn, and sailed among the islands in the Pacific Ocean, which are scattered between the western shore of America and Asia, with its large southern archipelago. At one of these islands, called Bow Island, the vessel stopped for a short time, and Captain Beechey went on shore. He found the people who lived on the island were idolators, each one having his own idol, which was usually a piece of wood with a tuft of human hair inserted into it. This they hung on the branch of a tree, and paid their devotions to it. The idol which they esteemed most, was one formed of the thigh bone of an enemy or relative lately dead, with a lock of his hair inserted into it.

· These islanders were universally fond of raw food, which is the next remove from cannibalism or the eating of human flesh. The chief told Captain Beechey that he had frequently been present at feasts on human bodies, which he spoke of as particularly excellent. The women were compelled to do all the work in the island, and they were frequently beaten and otherwise cruelly treated by their husbands. At the time Captain Beechey was there, an English vessel employed to collect the pearls which are found in the oysters abounding on those coasts, was anchored off Bow Island. The master of the vessel had brought some men, to assist his crew, from another island where the missionaries had been some time. Among these men was one who had been blessed by Christianity himself, and who was in earnest in trying to bring others under the same blessing. Through ridicule and difficulties he persevered in teaching the natives of the island the truth that Christ Jesus came into the world to die for men, and to turn them from sin. He led them to worship

God, and instead of each man praying to his own wooden or bone idol on the trees of the wood, numbers of the savages assembled on the sandy shore, and joined their teacher in prayer to the "God who made heaven and earth, and all that in them ia." There, where perhaps never before the heart of man had ascended to God in worship, these poor people in their lowliness worshipped him as the Maker of all. Was it not as beautiful a change as the fern presents? And the little children, too, fancy them, instead of being led to those idols swinging on the boughs, taught to come to that Saviour who said, "Let the little ones come unto me."

Here is a beautiful verse that I think you will like, of which the fern has reminded me.

"Now in thy youth beseech of Him,
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforgot.
And thy God in thy darkest days shall be,
Beauty, and greenness, and strength, to thee."

I am your affectionate friend,

E. R. D.

"ALL THINGS BECOME NEW."

"I UNDERSTAND," said John Sunday, the converted Indian chief, to a congregation which he was called to address at Plymouth, in the year 1837, "that many of you are disappointed, because I have not brought my Indian dress

with me. Perhaps if I had it on, you would be afraid of me. Do you wish to know how I dressed when I was a pagan Indian? I will tell you. My face was covered with red paint. I stuck feathers in my hair. I wore a blanket and leggings. I had silver ornaments on my breast, a rifle on my shoulder, a tomahawk and scalping-knife in my belt. That was my dress then. Now do you wish to know why I wear it no longer? You will find the cause in second Corinthians, fifth chapter and seventeenth verse: 'Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature : old things are done away : behold, all things are become new.' When I became a Christian, feathers and paint 'done away.' I gave my silver ornaments to the mission cause. Scalping-knife 'done away:' tomahawk 'done away.' That my tomahawk now." said he, holding up, at the same time, a copy of the Ten Commandments, in the Oiibwa language. "Blanket 'done away.' Behold," he exclaimed, in a manner in which simplicity and dignity of character were combined, "Behold, all things are become new!"

THE GODDESS GUNGA, OR GANGES.

A CHRISTIAN missionary has described the sad scenes that are beheld by the side of this

river-god. In one spot a wretched creature is seen in agony. The missionary offers some drink or medicine to relieve the sufferer. It is refused. "He is brought here to die," say those around him, "and live he cannot now!" In smother place are seen some young men roughly carrying a sick female to the river. It is asked, "What are you going to do with her?" The reply may be, "We are going to give her up to Gunga, to purify her soul, that she may go to heaven; for she is our mother!"

Here we behold a man and a woman sitting by the stream, and as they rub their dying child with mud, they sing, "It is blessed to To die by Gunga die by Gunge, my son! is blessed, my son!" There you behold another seated up to the middle in water. His friends are around him, some filling his mouth with the leaves of a sacred plant; while others rub his breast and forehead with mud, on which they write the name of their god. A priest then completes the fatal rite by pouring mud and water down his throat until he dies murdered, it may be, by his own parents, by his own brothers or sisters, by his own sons and daughters! This, in the opinion of the Hindoos, is to die happily. If they are spoken to about the sin of these deeds, they cry aloud, "It is our religion! It is our religion! It is for the benefit of the soul!" Surely the shores of the Ganges belong to the "dark places of the earth," which "are full of the habitations of crueky," Ps. lxxiv. 20.

Many deluded worshippers of Gunga drown themselves in the river, in the vain hope that they shall be happy after death. When a man has made up his mind to drown himself, he puts on a red robe, and places a crown on his head. Then sitting down by the side of the river, he repeats the name of his idol perhaps many thousand times. He then goes with a brahmin in a boat, which is rowed into the middle of the stream, with a supply of cord and water-pans.



He steps into the river, and the pans are now tied to his neck and shoulders; and while they remain empty, they keep him afloat; but soon his friends, who are in the boat, begin to pour a little water into the pans, or he may do it himself—and then a little more: as he floats

with the stream, the pans are gradually filling, and, in a moment, they suddenly overturn, and sink from the weight of water; and down they drag the victim to the bottom, amid the joyous shouts of his friends!

Now, mark the difference of what is often seen in a Christian land. There stands a cottage in which a little English child lies sick. His parents are poor; but some kind friends send many things to comfort the afflicted boy. The medicine soothes his pains; he rests quietly on his pillow: his Bible and other books cheer his lonely hours; parents fondly watch around him: and brothers and sisters show their love in many little acts of kindness. Perhaps his teacher or minister visits him in his sick room. to talk to him about Jesus, or to read to him from the holy word of God, and then kneels down and prays for heavenly blessings to rest npon his soul. As he draws near to death, the love of his parents increases towards him. How gently now his mother smoothes his pillow, or supports him in her arms! How fondly she kisses his parched lips! Her only comfort is that her dying child loves the Saviour, and will soon be with him in heaven. Oh! compare this scene with that of the poor heathen's child, whose parents are pouring down its gasping throat the muddy waters of the Ganges, and let pity move your heart !- Religious Tract Society.

Seripture Mustratev.

BY THE REV. GEORGE PRITCHARD.

Finding.—The Lord is said to find, when he reveals what he previously knew. might be illustrated at great length; the following instances may suffice: "And he said, I will not do it if I find thirty there," Gen. xviii. 30. Again, "God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants," Gen. xliv. 16. And again, "Then he is gracious unto him, and saith. Deliver him from going down to the pit. found a ransom," Job xxxiii. 24. Further, "I have found David my servant: with my holy oil have I anointed him," Ps. lxxxix. 20. further, "As my hand hath found the kingdom of the idols, and whose graven images did excel those of Jerusalem and Samaria," Isa. x. 10. Once more, "For both prophet and priest are profane: vea, in my house have I found their wickedness, saith the Lord," Jer. xxiii. 11. Again, "And I sought for a man among them that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none," Ezek. xxii. 30. Yet once more, "I found Israel like grapes in the wilderness; I saw your fathers as the firstripe in the fig-tree at her first time." Hoses is 10. Finally, "He found him in Bethel, and there he spake with us," Hosea xii. 4.

PSALM CXV. 4—8. "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's i...nds. They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not: they

they smell not: they have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them."

Mr. Thomas, a missionary now in India, was one day travelling alone through the country. when he saw a great many people waiting near a temple of their false gods. He went up to them, and as soon as the doors were opened he walked into the temple. Seeing an idol raised above the people, he walked boldly up to it. held up his hand, and asked for silence. He then put his finger upon its eyes, and said, "It has eyes, but it cannot see! It has ears, but it cannot hear! It has a nose, but it cannot smell! It has hands, but it cannot handle! It has a mouth, but it cannot speak! Neither is there any breath in it!" Instead of doing any injury to him, for affronting their god, the people were all surprised, and one old Brahmin was so convinced of his folly, by what Mr. Thomas said, that he cried out, "It has feet, but it cannot run away !" The people raised a short and being ashamed of their stupidity. left the temples, and returned to their home.

THE DYING CAMEL

Going some time ago into a stationer's shop, my attention was attracted by a large engraving; the scene represented was a sandy desert, flat and arid: the sun's rays gleaming down fiercely upon the sand, were reflected as from a sheet of brass. conveying powerfully to the mind an idea of dryness and insupportable heat. the fore-ground lay a camel, in the agonies of a death by thirst; his rider, who had been unable so long to endure the want of water, lay near him, already dead; and the poor animal, with the last effort of his fast-ebbing strength, had turned his long neck upward, and was gazing with a look of most touching anguish, on a vulture which hovered above, impatient to commence his feast upon the dying creature. one who saw the representation could ever forget that camel's gaze, so strongly was the helpless agony depicted. The picture seemed to be real; one felt on looking on it that it was no mere imaginary scene, that many a noble animal had perished thus, and that probably in the very moment such agony was being suffered in the far-off desert.

There are scenes yet more mournful than this of the dying camel. In other lands, yes, even in this land, you have fellow-creatures dying of spiritual thirst; there are many who have come to the close of life ignorant of a Saviour, feeling all the anguish of guilt, without a hope of ever being pardoned, without a word of mercy to soothe their spirit. Will not you send to them the blessed invitation of the Saviour, "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink?" Could you have taken water to the dying camel, how gladly would you have done so; will you

not send the news of the water of life to your fellow-men who are perishing with spiritual thirst?

C.

THE LAZAR HOUSE.

You have heard of the Moravian missionaries and of their great devotedness to their work. You have probably heard how, when the West Indian slaves were all destitute of the knowledge of the Saviour, and when no other way presented itself by which that knowledge could be introduced among them, two of these men, animated by love to Him "who made himself of no reputation, but took upon him the form of a servant," gave up their freedom, and sold themselves into hopeless slavery that they might thus gain access to their unhappy fellow-men, and make known to them the glad tidings of salvation.

I am going to tell you another incident relative to two of that devoted body of Christians. There is in Southern Africa a lazar house for the reception of persons afflicted with the dreadful disease of leprosy. So destructive and contagious is this malady that it is unsafe for those who have been attacked by it, to mingle in society; they therefore enter this asylum, where, enclosed by high walls, there are extensive grounds in which agricultural labours are carried on by the lepers during the years which generally elapse before the disease terminates in death. No cure

for leprony is known, consequently no one who enters the gates of this enclosure ever returns. How wretched must have been the state of the poor inmates! preyed upon by a disease so virulent that in its progress it has frequently been known to consume the limbs of its victims, they advanced towards the grave hopeless of refief, and ignorant of any happier world beyond, for no religious teacher would venture to come in contact with them.

Two Moravian missionaries thought on the situation of these Iepers, and feeling, that for them too Christ had died, and that they might through faith in him obtain a happy and holy life hereafter, they resolved at the cost of their lives to make known to them the way of salvation. They applied for admission within the fatal walls, and entered never to return; thus yielding themselves a prey to this most fearful disease that they might devote their lives to the instruction of the lepers. Two younger missionaries stood ready to take the places of these devoted men when they should die.

What powerful motive was it that supported these true heroes in this sacrifice of themselves? It was gratitude to the Saviour; if they had been asked the reason of their determination, they would have answered, "the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again." C.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

SCHOOLS AT BENARRS.

DEAR CHILDREN. - Will it be pleasant to you to take with me an imaginary voyage up the celebrated river Ganges, for the purpose of visiting the vast city of Benares, situated upon its banks? It is distant from Calcutta about 700 miles, a town of much importance, and the head quarters of Indian idolatry. To this place the poor deluded heathens make long and weary pilgrimage: and it would grieve you to learn the awful sufferings which they then undergo. Some perish on the way from hunger or from wild beasts; others arrive in so macerated and enfeebled a condition that they die ere they can make their intended offering to their gods. " which can neither see, nor bear, nor walk." The cruelties which heathenism imposes upon its votaries could not be described to you without exciting your deepest pity for the poor creatures who are led by their priests to suppose that they shall obtain some great advantage in another birth, and be happy for millions and millions of years. Will the youthful reader ever accompany his missionary penny with the prayer, that these "dark places of the earth," so full of the habitations of cruelty, may be penetrated with the reviving, cheering, mid healing rays of the gospel of peace and of mivistica:

Et will delight you to be told that here, in this strong held of Setan, our Missionary Society has two of its agents employed in preaching the blessed gospel of Gad's games, and instructing the young, both native and European. Mr. Small, one of our missionaries there,

gives an encouraging account of the schools. He says. "In Benares itself there are two: one in a locality chiefly inhabited by Bengalees, at this there are nearly a hundred boys in attendance: the other school is wholly vernacular, that is, for Hindi and Urdu. Every Sunday I spend an hour or two there, examining the boys in their Scripture lessons. While we are teaching, passers-by often surround us and hear our instructions, which sometimes leads to discussion with them, or gives an opportu nity of directly addressing to them the truths of religion. Our third schoolroom is by the artillery barracks; in it there are two schools, one for the band boys belonging to the native regiments, which is conducted by a pious out-pensioner, a member of our church; he distributes tracts among the soldiers, and gets them to come to chapel. The other is chiefly for girls, though there are some little boys too under Mrs. Small's charge." The missionary concludes by saying, "we want money for our schools. Do try to help us, and pray that ow labours among the young be not in vain."

E. C.

CALCUTTA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—How great and numerous are your religious advantages! in what a happy land of liberty and love do you live! how thankful indeed should you be, especially if you compare your condition and privileges with poor and oppressed children in far distant lands! I wish you to be grateful, and my object in remning this brief paper is to lend you to see that you have much cause to be so.

India is a land of darkness and death. The climate and the people are much alike, and I sometimes think that when the people are all improved by spiritual instruction, the climate will be improved also. However this may be, certain it is that India is a place of great sickness and frequent death. Young people often sicken and die in a short time. One day, I was engaged in examining a class of dear little girls, and was much pleased with the intelligence and quickness with which one dear girl replied to all my questions. My soul was lifted to God in prayer that she might be led to feel the power of all the scripture truths she had learned in school, and that she might be made a blessing to all around her when she grows up. Alas! alas! how little do we know of the future, and of God's wonderful plan in governing this world! That very night this dear little girl was seized with cholera, and by two o'clock in the morning she was called away by death! I saw her parents in great distress; but, dear young friends, their distress was alleviated by the thought that their little daughter was one of the Great Shepherd's lambs, and that she was with him for ever! Are you ready for death? Do you love Christ? And are you thankful that you live in this delightful country, where cholera seldom appears?

Poetry.

VOICES FROM THE DARK LAND.
That shrick! 'twas not the gusty wind,
'Twas hostor's piercing cry;
The living to the dead they bind,
On burning piles to die.

That plunge! 'twas not the hunted roe, Her fevered breast to lave; A mother came her babe to throw Alive upon the wave.

That shout! 'twas not the harvest peal
Nor cheer of civic deed;
Youth, health, and age, beneath the wheel
Of a grim idol bleed.

That gentle, strange, uncarthly cry?
Whence steels it on the gale?
A buried infant left to die,
Sends forth its anothered wail.

Have we a balsam, known and tried,
The maniac to restore?
And have our hearts been petrified,
That soed we not before?

From million graves a gathering cry Repeats the drear appeal; Christians, awake! your fellows die, Awake, their woos to feel!

Abashed and self-condemned we bow, Saviour, our sloth forgive; And send us, or our treasures, now, That these, the dead, may live.

THE COMMISSION.

Bo we love the Lord and Saviour.

Him who died that we might live?

Let us aim in our behaviour,

Proof of that regard to give;

Let us show, each wish fulfilling,

Which he left recorded here,

That our hearts are pleased and willing

To obey a friend so dear.

"Go," he said, "to every nation, Spread my gospel far and wide, Teach the knowledge of salvation, Through a Saviour crucified: Those the glorious truth receiving, Shall with you my kingdom share; But the faithless, unbelieving, Cannot have admission there"

Gracious message! Heavenly Master!
Shall thy people disregard?
Rouse us, Lord, to spread it faster,
Till the nations all have heard;
Till redemption's joyful story,
Spread the universe around,
And the Saviour, throned in glory,
Be with well-earned honour crowned.

Leminaton.

C. N.

OUR SAVIOUR'S CLAIMS.

The Jesus asks our highest love, our Saviour all divine; But his claims, alas, are slighted, by hearts so hard as mine!

Yet still he waits with out-stretched hand, makes offers full and free:

Thus he speaks in kindest accents, Will you not remember me? And is it thus my Jesus? Yes, thy voice I oft have heard, Yet as oft I have, in madness, obedience deferred. But once again in pity call, and draw my soul to thee, Let this heart, so hard, be broken, and henceforth thy temple be.

Then would I go to distant lands, thy mercy to proclaim.

That each heart, prepared by grace, may yield, and glory in thy name.

May thousands, thus constrained by love, on earth thy will obey.

That when earth's short night is ended, they may mount to endless day.

January, 1846.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE DOVE

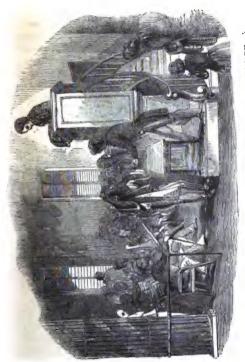
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Names we must reserve for the Report.

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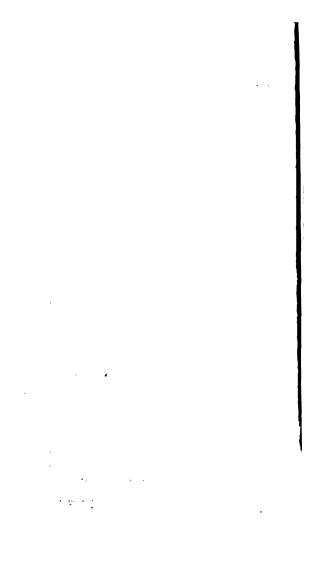
THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



THE BRAHMIN GIVING UP THE THREAD OF CASTE TO THE MISSIONARY.

VOL. II.

[AUGUST.



THE CASTES AMONG THE HINDOOS.

Those who have been present at missionary meetings have often heard of India, and the word castes has more than once struck their ears. When I was a child, this word sometimes puzzled me, and I much wished to know what This is what I resolved to do-and it meant. I advise my young readers to do the same in a similar case,—to take some trouble to find out what I did not understand, either by asking others wiser than myself, or by seeking for an explanation in a book. A very learned man was asked one day how he gained the knowledge of so many things. "By never being ashamed to ask a question," replied he immediately. So now that I have found out the meaning of the terrible word castes, I will try and make my little readers understand it too.

You know, dear children, that all schools are divided into classes; the scholars who know the most form the first class; those next to them in learning, the second, and so on; well, the Hindoo people are divided in the same way into classes. But there is one great difference; a good scholar may, by industry, rise rapidly from one class to another, but a Hindoo can never change his class; he may be expelled from his class, but he can never rise into a higher one. These classes are called in India castes.

There are properly only four classes or castes—1st, the Brahmins—2nd, the Soldiers

—3rd, the Merchants—and 4th, the Soudras or slaves. The Hindoos believe that these four castes were not only instituted by their great god Brahma, but that they came forth from him. They say that the brahmins came out of his mouth, the soldiers from his arms, the merchants from his thighs, and the soudras from his feet. When they were first made, the god said to them, What shall be your occupation? and the men replied, We do not belong to ourselves, O god! tell us what we shall do, and we will obey thee! He then assigned to them their respective stations, and taught them all their duties.

Besides these four principal castes, there are several others which spring from them, and are inferior to them. The general custom is, for each caste to remain quite separate from all the rest, but sometimes a man happens to marry a woman of another caste. The laws do not forbid this: but the children of such families do not belong to their father's or their mother's caste, but form a separate one. The largest of these inferior castes is that of Parias, or of those persons whose mothers were of a higher caste than their fathers. It is thought more disgraceful for a woman to marry into a lower caste than for a man to do so, and these parias are the most despised people in all India. They frequently sell themselves as slaves; and their masters often treat them very harshly, and make them perform the hardest and lowest duties.

I must tell you, too, there is nothing the

Hindoos fear so much as to lose their caste. A man who is driven from his caste is rejected by all people. His father, mother, brothers, and sisters, all abandon him—even his wife and children will live no longer with him. If they happen to meet him, they turn away, as from a man who has a dangerous disease. Several rich people who have lost their caste, have offered sometimes large sums of money to be restored to it, but have been refused; and the poor man, in such a case, must tear himself away from all he loves, and spend the rest of his life in grief and solitude.

I have told you that the brahmins form the highest class: but you will be surprised to hear how much they are worshipped by the Hindoo A brahmin is regarded as a sacred being even from his birth. Different ceremonies are performed, the first time that he is fed, the first time that he is carried out to see the sun, the first time that he eats rice, and on several other occasions, and they constantly repeat in his ears some passages out of the sacred books of the Hindoos. When he is nine years old they hang a sacred thread round his neck to distinguish him from the children of the other When this ceremony is over, he is concastes. sidered to be regenerated or born anew. the priests of the country are brahmins, but all the brahmins are not priests; if a brahmin has several sons, the eldest becomes a priest, and the others choose what profession they like best.

The brahmins may be regarded as the master

amongst the Hindoos; for none are so powerful as they are. Nobedy is allowed to treat them with lightness. Even the kings pay respect to them. The people believe even that the geds which they worship are under the influence of these brahmins.

It would take me far too long to tall you of all the religious duties imposed upon the brahmins, and all the absurd ceremonies that they ought to fulfil each day. They often, however, excuse themselves from a great part of these observances.

Every family in the other castes chooses a fasourite brahmin, who calls himself their gourous. He visits them at regular intervals, and his first duty appears to be to eat a diamer. As soon as he is seen coming, the members of the family apread a piece of cloth at the door, on which, as a great favour, he shakes off the dust which has gathered on his feet in walking. These poor ignorant people carefully receive this dust, mix it with water, and drink it eagerly. After the dinner, they bring him water to wash his feet, and then drink this water too; and they often quarrel for the morsels he has left on his plate. All this is to show their great respect for him.

The picture at the beginning of this paper represents a brahmin who is giving up his casts in consequence of becoming a Christian. He is now handing the sacred thread he has worn to the missionary.—Translated from "Le Petit Messager des Missions."

USES OF THE SIGAR CANE.

Ir our young friends will look back to the Juvenile Herald of May, 1845, they will see a victure of the sugar cane. We all know how valuable the sugar is, which is obtained from the cane, but the plant is also remarkable for the variety of its uses, not a single part of it being useless. The top provides food for cattle. or, if suffered to decay, forms manure for the earth: while that part of the stem immediately below it, which remains green, is cut off, and furnishes the young plants for the next season. The juice which is pressed out of the ripe cane. when boiled and crystalized, gives us the sugar of which most children are so fond. The thick Houid remaining (called molasses) is made into rum. The refuse of the cane, when dried, is used for fire-wood, and even after this, the very ashes make a valuable cement for builders. The cultivation of this plant gives employment to thousands of negroes in the West Indies, and is one of the bountiful provisions of God for the necessities of man.

And may we not all learn a lesson from the sugar-cane? Who would not wish to resemble it? Who would not be of use in every possible way, rather than live and grow, as too many do, like worthless weeds, spreading disorder around them, till rooted up, and cast away for ever? Dear children, remember our Lord's parable of the tares and the wheat: both grew together, until the harvest, and then—! but you know, or you can read for yourselves, whe

was to be done with them after. Let our little readers search their own hearts, and see whether they resemble the tares, or the wheat; the weeds, or the cane.

A. T.

SUSANNAH STEPHENSON, THE LITTLE MISSIONARY COLLECTOR.

SUSANNAH Stephenson was a scholar in the baptist sabbath school Pleasant Street, Haslingden. She was placed there when in her seventh year, long continued sickness having prevented her from attending any school before. She was very desirous to improve, and being kindly aided by one of the teachers in the week-day, she soon made her way into the Bible class, and continued there a loving and beloved scholar until her last sickness. answers she gave to questions proposed in the class, proved her knowledge of divine things to be by no means limited; she evidenced her love to the school and her teachers by regular and punctual attendance when bodily infirmity and inclement weather might often have excused her. She shared largely in the affections of her class-mates, and, to their honour be it spoken. (she being weakly) any of them would have waited with her to help her forward in her way to school and home again. She gave pleasing evidence of a work of grace having been begun in her heart near two years previous to her de-She was then wishful to join the church,

and would have been encouraged to do so, had not her parents been deterred by her very childlike appearance, (they have since regretted it as a very insufficient reason), for, though then in her twelfth year, disease had so much intercepted her growth as to make her appear only like a child of six.

But we are writing for the Missionary Herald, and must not omit a brief sketch of her missionary character. After Mr. Fraser's first visit to us in June, 1843, Susannah was among the first to give in her name for a missionary box; she not only collected, but she did what every collector should do-she gave. Most of her own little presents were joyfully deposited in her box. One out of many instances must serve to illustrate her practice. A friend who called to see her gave her threepence: at the time he charged her not to put it in her box, but as she was not well to spend it for herself; after he left she concluded that if she might not put it all in, it would not be wrong to put part of it in, so she put in what would make up a sum she wished to realize. She had also the right object in view in giving and collecting. When she had made up another sixpence she would say to her parents, that sixpence will buy another Testament, and that Testament may be the means of saving another soul from among the heathen. Her missionary zeal continued to the last, for when unable any longer to walk out, she wished her younger sister to take her out in the bat

carriage, that she might go and solicit contributtons to her missionary box. The contents of her box exceeded the others, but when the sum was told her, apparently feeling that she had not done enough, she said, " I should have made it mora." She had a very strong desire to attend our missionary meeting. which was held only five days before her death; it was painful to resist her entreaties to be carried there until the doctor told her it would be night air, and not safe for her to go. She then gave it up and said. "Well mother, then you can go and tell me all they have said." She took great pleasure in reading missionary intelligence, and committing pieces to memory bearing on the subject. The last piece she publicly recited. commenced....

> Welcome to me the happy day, Forgetten—never—come what may, When I my treasured penny gave, The first for God I ever did save.

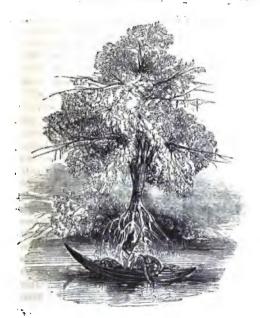
The only articles she gave away during her sickness of her own accord, were her Juvenile Heralds; those she gave to her sister, requesting her to take care of them.

Her last affliction was very severe, being a complication of diseases, and ended in a heart's disease and dropsy, but she bore it without a murmur, and never expressed any desire to recover. When it was first intimated to her that she was not likely to live long, she replied, "Well,

I shall be much better than being here, and my own dear mother is in heaven." Her teacher visited her shortly after, and to the inquire. "How is it with you now ?" her first and prompt reply was, "I think I would rather go," To one of the senior teachers she said. "I am ready for Kving or dying, just what will please my heavenly Father." During her last month her chief concern was to persuade sinners to be reconciled to God. She affectionately and solemnly intreated those who went to see her to attend to their souls' concerns, and to be sure to make. ready to meet her in heaven. She repeatedly sent the same request as her dying charge to her schoolfellows, and pressed her vonne friends to an immediate and entire dedication of themselves to God. After being carried to bed one evening she sang as loud as her strength would permit, the whole of one of her favourite hymns, "I love Jesus," &c. As her father was sitting with her the last sabbath she spent on earth, he said to her, "My dear, are you afraid to die?" She cheerfully replied, "No, not at all." He then said to her, "I have often prayed that you might go first;" "Yes," she said, "so have I, and God is going to answer our prayers." Shortly after this she looked up to him with a smile, and said, "Father, I do love you very much, and I love mother too, and I love every one, but I love my Saviour best." The day following, when suffering extreme pain on being lifted out of bed she said, "This is nothing to what Jesus suffered for me." In

the evening finding her strength decreasing, and her pain and difficulty in respiration increasing, she supposed her end to be come, and summoning her family around her, she took an affectionate leave, and then expressed her desire to depart, saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and take me quietly if it be thy will." But her time was not yet come, she suffered another day, and then entered into her rest, It was solemnly pleasing to witness her closing scene; her end was peace. She had before committed her soul into the hands of her Saviour, and in the immediate prospect of death, she was, though not joyful, yet calm and confident. Her prayers and expressions were more like those of an aged saint than a Christian child. Her reasoning powers were continued to the last; when the expiring struggle commenced, she said, "I am going now," and after making an effort to give her parting kiss, she reclined, and resigned her soul into the hands of her Saviour, on the 30th September, 1845, after having been confined to the house by sickness six weeks, to her bed only four Her minister, Mr. Blakey, improved her death from Romans xiii. part of verse 11, "Knowing the time." Thus the firstfruits of our little missionary band is we trust safely gathered into the garner.

E. H.



MANGROVE TREE,

This tree grows very freely on the banks of the Niger and of other rivers in Africa. Its roots are generally in part out of the water, the lower portions only being in the mud or soil of the banks. The young trees grow from the arms or branches which are seen stretching out from both sides, and which bear the seed

THE NATIVE CHRISTIAN INSTITUTION.

This very important Institution continues to prosper.

Mr. George Pearce gives the following pleasing account
of it.

The number of students and of younger pupils in the Institution has been about twenty-six. The four students in English have studied "Edwards on Redemption," and Mr. Wenger's recent work on the "Constitution of the Christian Church :" forms both which I trust they have materially added to their stock of knowledge. The theological class in Beneali has been regularly maintained by me throughout the year. The attendance has averaged eight persons. Three of these are, however. employed either as preachess or teachers in connexion with the Intally station. Thus they have had the opportunity of improving their minds, sithough not regularly connected with the lastitution. The woung men who had enjoyed the benefits of the seminary for some months in Bengali, left it in the middle of the past year to be employed in the Lord's work : one in connexion with an American missionary, at Midaspore; and the other, to settle with several families residing in a village on the borders of the jungles, about twenty-five miles south-east from Calcutta, who had earnestly requested to be supplied with Christian instruction. I hope both these young men will do well. Another young man who was formerly a student under brother Ellis, and has been since acting as a preacher in Calcutta, has just accepted an appointment as a teacher in the theological seminary at Cuttack, which has just been established by the General Baptist Missionaries, and of which brother Amos Sutton is the president. The young man is well qualified for the situation. Here is another important fruit of the

Institution. The young man's name is Shem. The four youths who now compose the first class, are, in a measure, prepared to go forth to labour, and consequently will not probably remain much longer under instruction here. I trust the divine blessing is resting upon the seminary. Out of twenty-five, nine of the youths are members of the church. Two of them were received during the past year; of two others I have some hope. The conduct of all the scholars has been very pleasing.

In reviewing the history of the Institution, I find there are at present twelve young men who are now employed either as preachers or teachers in mission schools, who are not only indebted to it for almost all the knowledge which they possess, but several of them for their conversion to God. Two also are ordained ministers of the gospel. The cost of supporting each pupil is £5 a year, for which our brother depends chiefly on friends in this country.

The female department of the Native Christian Institution or Boarding School has been revived during the year. It is now located at Intally, and superintended by Mrs. Pearce and Miss Packer. The number of native Christian girls, during the year, has been about twenty. The cost of supporting each is £4.

A very kind friend in Devonshire has engaged to gave £8 a year additional, for the support of a school in Ceylon, in reply to the appeal in the May Juvenile Herald. We want more help—more help!

Since this was written the Sunday school at Pithay, Bristol, has engaged to contribute an additional £8 for the support of a school in Ceylon.

NEWS FROM AFAR, AND OF HOME.

A GOOD HINT.—An intelligent teacher and warm friend says, "You are trying to obtain 100,000 shillings to relieve the Society, why not allow our Sunday-school children to aid? The children m all our families will of course give each a shilling, but are we to do nothing? We have 120,000 Sunday-school children, every one a little missionary in heart; let each class give at least a shilling, the larger classes helping the smaller ones, and we shall raise a noble contribution." Sunday-school teachers, why not? The plan is simple and effective; each class at least a shilling! Start at once, and let the end of August bring in the contributions of the Sunday-schools.

Our readers no doubt remember the letters of Mr. Thompson of Clarence inserted in the Juvenile Missionary Herald a little time ago. They will read ne more from him, nor will he write any more; he died in Fernando Po on the 13th March last, and was buried at Bimbia. His dear children are now fatherless, and his wife a widow.

What is their comfort? Jer. xlix. 11. What is his comfort? Mark viii. 35. What is ours? 1 Pet. i. 25.

Who will support a school?—Eight or ten pounds a year will support one in Ceylon, where there are many thousand children willing to attend, but too poor to pay a master. Two new ones have been subscribed for since April.

Noble.—The Juvenile Auxiliaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society have contributed last year £5,500.

CATHERINE BROWN, THE CHEROKEE GIRL.

Ir was rather more than a hundred years ago that Christians first thought of sending missionaries among the poor Indians who lived in various parts of North America. There were a great many tribes of them, with different names, a rude, wild, sort of people, living in wigwams or huts formed of the branches and bark of trees—hardy, cruel, and fond of war. Like most other heathens, too, they worsh pped idols, and knew nothing of the true God.

The Cherokee Indians were amongst these: they lived in several parts of the United States. Some Moravian missionaries visited them first of all, and afterwards some American missionaries too. The Indians listened to them gladly, and many believed on the Saviour, and they soon had chapels and schools amongst them.

Catherine Brown, the Cherokee girl, was born in the year 1800. Her parents lived in Will's Valley, in Alabama. When quite a child she frequently visited a family who understood English, so that Catherine learned to talk a little English too. When she was seventeen vears old, she was sent to a school at Brainerd, a mission settlement, some little way off. Kingsbury, the missionary, was afraid that Catherine was too old to begin to learn, and that she would not like to obey all the rules of the But he was quite mistaken. rine was much pleased to have this opportunity given to her, and was so industrious that she improved very rapidly; in two months she

able to read in the Bible, and in one month more she could read in any book quite readily. I think our little English scholars can scarcely equal this poor Cherokee girl. She took great pains with her writing too, and in a very short time she could write very neatly.

But she learned something more valuable than all this: she heard about the Saviour Jesus Christ, and soon began to love and serve him: she loved her Bible, and employed all her leisure time in reading it. And now perhaps you are thinking, dear children, that Catherine must be saite happy; she was happy about herself, but she wished others to be happy in the same manner. She had parents, brothers, and sisters, whom she leved, and she longed that they and all her poor countrymen should know the Saviour too. She often prayed for them all, particularly for her brother David, to whom she was fondly attached. She used to retire into the woods to pray, that she might be quite alone with God; and, on one occasion, when she had gone thither in the morning, she was so carnest in prayer that she forgot to notice how the sime passed away, and she continued until the even-Then she returned home, full of hope and gratitude, feeling assured that her heavenly Father would not long refuse to grant the favours •o fervently desired. Frequently she would Peny with her schoolfellows too, and talk with them very seriously and affectionately, and many people from the school and neighbourhood were converted to God by her means.

But this happy and useful life seemed likely to be interrupted. When Catherine had resided six months at the mission settlement, her father determined to remove to another part of the country: and he came to Brainerd with his wife to fetch his daughter home. This was sad news for her: she felt it to be a sore trial to part from her beloved missionary friends, yet she meckly vielded to her parents, only first begging hard that she might be allowed to remain a little longer, until she had gained sufficient knowledge to make her useful to her people. father denied her request, and took her back to her first home. Here they all remained quietly so long that Catherine hoped that the distant journey was given up; but suddenly, she perceived her father preparing to travel. She then prayed earnestly to God, to show her what she ought to do, and one evening when she had been thus engaged, on entering the room where her parents were sitting, they said to her, "Catherine, we have been talking about you; we see that you are very sorry to leave the missionaries, and we pity you, and think you had better return to them again." Oh how grateful she now felt to God who had so mercifully heard her prayers! Her father took her back to Brainerd, and gave up his removal until some other time, which much pleased her.

David Brown, Catherine's knother, now came to the school, and in a little time he too believed on the Saviour. Not long after Min. Brown, their poor father, was taken ill. He was residing at Creek Path, a village near Brainerd. Catherine and David immediately went to him. David read the Bible to his father and all the family, and explained it to them, and prayed most affectionately with them. He also spoke to the neighbours, and many listened to him gladly. Mr. Brown recovered, and so pleased had he been with the conduct of his two dear children that when they had been with him six weeks, he said he would go with them to Brainerd, and ask for a teacher for his own village.

Do you think the missionaries would be ready to help them? Oh yes, they were quite pleased with his request, and Mr. Buttrick returned with Mr. Brown to Creek Path. The people were quite delighted, and anxious to assist in building a school-house; in a few days they erected a nice large wooden one, and on the next sabbath Mr. Buttrick preached to a large congregation. A school was then opened and in a fortnight there were thirty scholars.

SWANSEA.

THE response which the children of the Baptist Sabbath School gave on Whit Monday, in the midst of a crowded assembly of the schools connected with the Swansea Sunday-school Union, held in the spacious chapel of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, to the question proposed to them, was neither thoughtless, cold, unmeaning, or unfelt. They had been addressed

from Psalm cxlv. 4, "One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts." The state, character, and conduct of generations before the flood, and subsequently to the days of John Wycliffe, John Huss, Luther, George Whitefield, John Wesley. Drs. Morison, Coke, Carey, and Martyn .- on the want of the Scriptures in the dark ages-the origin of the Bible Society from the little Welsh girl who travelled seven miles to the mountains to get the text to answer Rev. Mr. CHARLES, of Bala, to its present glorious circulation-the labours of missionaries, the progress of missions, and the state of the world in this nineteenth century: when Mr. Thompson of Poundsford closed his address by asking them whether they regretted that they had aided the noble missionary cause? the hearty "No! no! no!" evidenced the cheerfulness with which their contributions had been given ;-whether they rejoiced that they had done a little? whether they purposed humbly. gratefully, and perseveringly, to labour to extend the gospel in all directions to the end of their days? the gladsome sound of "Yes! yes! yes!" cheered the hearers in that large assembly.

Friends of the Baptist Mission, emulate the zeal of your beloved Treasurer in his past labours in the Juvenile Missionary department. Attempt great things among the millions of Britain's sons and daughters, and great things you shall

assuredly realize.

A Willing Servant

OF THE DAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

June 6, 1846.

Seripture Mustinies.

Eccl. i. 7. We have received several explanations of this passage, all of them more or less complete. Among so many it is hard to choose one. We therefore give our own, thanking our friends for their kind letters. Rivers generally rise in hilly districts of country and empty themselves into the sea. From the sea many million tons of water rise every day into the sky in the form of vapour and clouds. These clouds send down the water they contain in mist and showers; more copiously in hilly districts than in any others. "Unto the place." therefore, "from whence the rivers come, thither they return again."

LEKE x. 4. "Salute no man by the way."

This command given by our Saviour to his disciples strikes us at first with some surprise. It cannot mean that they were forbidden the interchange of courtesy or kindness, for this would be unlike the character and principles of Christ. He merely intended by it to urge them to difigence and despatch in accomplishing the objects of their mission; and we shall find a sufficient reason for the command when we inquire into the manner of oriental salutations. All travellers in the east tell us that their good manners to each other are very striking; salu-

tations with them are not dismissed in the short and rapid manner to which we are accustomed. with a nod of the head, or a shake of the hand: but consists of a formal and tedious repetition of embraces, expressions of welcome, and sometimes even of prostration of the body on the A friend who meets you on the road. ground. salutes you with, "May you not be fatigued;" to which you reply, "May you live long;" then he asks the questions, "Are you strong? Are you well? Are you free from misfortunes?" &c. to all of which you must answer, "Thanks to God." On parting, your friend will tell you that your journey is a tedious one, and will consign you to God's keeping, and then accompany you a little on the road repeating every now and then his wishes "that your wealth may increase, and your life be long." A missionary who met an African prince to whom he was known, was saluted by him in the most formal manner; the prince seized his hand, continued repeating his name and adding, "Now mine eyes see you and my heart is as white as milk," and in this position and with the exclamation of similar sentences he kept the missionary about half an hour. and attention necessary for all these formalities would greatly interfere with the discharge of business, and consequently we find it is an admonition often given in the east to those who are sent on errands of importance "not to **alute any one by the way."

Poetry.

THE POOR HINDOO.

FROM the land which darkness covers,
Where foul desolation clings,
O'er which superstition hovers,
Spreading death beneath its wings;
Hark! the cry an infant brother
From the Ganges sends to you,
Left by a deluded mother—
"Save, oh save a poor Hindoo!"

Britain's free-born sons and daughters,
Shall the heathen call in vain?
Send your aid across the waters,
And dispel delusion's reign.
Tell them of the God of nations—
God, the faithful, and the true;
And by kind co-operations,
Snatch from death the poor Hindoo.

Jesus owns each frail endeavour,
Made to send his gospel forth;
Ye who wish to win his favour,
Seek to spread it o'er the earth.
Whilst the word the herald teaches,
Brings a brighter world in view;
Learn to practice what he preaches,
And to love the poor Hindoo!

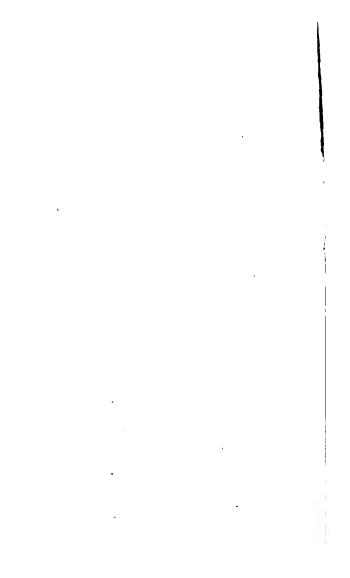
THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



DODDRIDGE AND THE DUTCH TILES.

VOL. II

[SEPTEMBE



DODDRIDGE AND THE DUTCH TILES.

Most of our little readers have heard the name of Dr. Doddridge, but perhaps few know how he learnt Scripture history. You will guess perhaps that his mother taught him; you are right: but he lived many years ago, and there were none of those numerous Scripture pictures such as we have now: instead of these. however, scenes out of the Old and New Testament were painted on some Dutch tiles in the chimney, and his kind mother used to tell him about them, until all the facts were fastened upon his memory. Look at the picture, and you will see him when quite a little boy standing beside his mother's knee listening to what she is saying. He never forgot these lessons, and used to say that the impressions then produced never wore away.

SACRIFICE OF A LITTLE GIRL AT BONNY.

HUMAN sacrifices, amongst the heathen, are common in many parts of the world. They abound especially in India and Africa, but the idols to whom they are offered, are different and distinct. Many of you may have seen some of the Indian gods, which have been sent over to this country. The Indians build temples for them, and fall down at their feet and worship them; but in Africa, the people are too ignorant and savage, either to make idols or

temples, though in some parts, they have erected miserable houses to the devil, whom they worship as a god. Into these houses they throw their offerings, which consist of broken pots, horns of animals, broken bows and arrows. knives and spears, &c. These things themselves are worshipped as gods, in other parts; and the poor people say, "This fashion of worship is good for black men, though it might not suit white people." Their priests, or fetish men have unbounded influence over them; they willingly submit to all their fooleries, and their word is law. When Mr. Clark and Dr. Prince first visited Western Africa, they heard of a little girl at Bonny, whom they had completely under their power. This little girl was brought up by a Juju, or Fetish man, and when she was about six or seven years of age, application was made to King Pepple, to allow her to be offered in sacrifice, on the bar of the river, to deepen the water, and bring good trade. the king refused for some years. In the meantime, the child was trained by the Juju men to Practice a dishonest part, for their advantage. She walked the street with a long staff, and had two or more of the slaves of the Juju men following her. All she chose to touch, was considered sacred, and was taken away by these followers. When she appeared in the market, all was confusion, and many went out of the way with their things, lest she should place her rod upon them: thus for years she troubled the le. She was taught also that she was to

be put into the river in order to reach a happy, land, where she would have a large house, many slaves, much cloth, beads, and all the things she could desire here. She was to suffer no pain in drowning, but as she went under water, she was to find herself in happiness. At length, when she was about eleven years of age, King Pepple gave the Juju men leave to drown this poor girl, and she was thrown into the water, as a sacrifice to their river idols! Dear children, be thankful you were not born in Africa. The death of this little girl was a merciful one, compared to the dreadful cruelties shown to many. Much might be told you about these, but it is enough to say that hundreds are sometimes put to death at once. some parts of Africa whenever a great man dies, some of his slaves are buried alive with him; next follow several of his wives; for these poor heathens imagine that in another world people will live in the same way that they have done here; and that therefore they will need their slaves to wait upon them. They also place various things for use in the grave, and pour offerings of food and rum into it continually. How awful is the ignorance of these poor creatures! surely my young readers must feel a desire to do something for them. But how can we little ones help? some of you may ask. First, you must gain all the knowledge you can about the heathen, and to assist you in this, the Juvenile Missionary Herald is published. more you read and hear of the world which

spoken of in the Bible, as "lying in wickedness;" the more anxious you will be that missionaries should go and teach the people to serve the true God. But it costs a great deal of money to send missionaries to distant lands. and when they are there, they must be supported by friends in England, for they have no means of raising money among the heathen, and they have forsaken all this world's good for Christ. You can help them in this, dear children; yes, the youngest of you, but it must be by self-denial. Will you not give up some of the pretty or useful things you have been in the habit of buying, for the sake of the poor Africans? Every penny helps; and you will have far more satisfaction in giving it to support missions, than in spending it on yourselves. I have heard of some dear children, who were anxious to give more than they received: some settled with their mamma they would go without butter at their meah, if she would let them have the money it would cost, to give to the Missionary Society; another dear child offered to give up sugar, for the same good Object. Here was a test of principle, a proof that even children may deny themselves a prosent gratification, for the good of others, and in so doing they are happy indeed. there is one other way in which you can help; but your own hearts must decide which of you can do this, pray to God to bless this great work; for without his blessing, none can do y good. Only those who have sought God

in prayer, for themselves, can expect him to hear their prayers for others. Go then, dear children, and give your hearts to him, or your condition will be worse than the heathen at last.

A. T.

UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION.

The United States have one minister of the gospel for every fourteen hundred souls; England has one for every six hundred; Scotland has one for every twelve hundred, and the poor heathen have one to a million and a half! I am not for emptying Christendom of its ministers; but I am for distributing this immense disparity What should give a few of her supplies. favoured lands a preeminence in this respect so much above all others? Must we despair of devicing some method by which the conflicting interests of sects and denominations may be se adjusted, that this evil may at least be in some measure removed, and the number of missionaries to the heathen be augmented an hundred fold? England, if all her ministers are true men, has at this moment five or six thousand to spare for the heathen. The United States could spare fifteen hundred, and Scotland a thonsand. Ten thousand ministers might. during the present year, be drawn off from Christendom and given to the heathen. What a donation to a dying world! What a present

to its redeeming God and King! Oh that the day would dawn when all who love the Lord Jesus, shall be of the same mind and judgment; when party animosities and jealousies shall die away; when apprehension and distrust at home shall no longer diminish the number of labourers abroad; and when churches of every name shall consecrate their best services and their first men to the great end of converting the world.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AND THE BIBLE.

THE access to China appears to be as free and encouraging, as it was sudden. Sir Henry Pottinger, the commissioner of the treaty between England and China, lately stated, at a dinner given by the East India Company, "he had perused a late edict by the Emperor of China, wherein the Emperor informs his subjects that he had heard read to him extracts from a book entitled the Holy Scriptures, the purport of which appeared to him to be replete with virtuous precepts, and, as such likely to do good; that it was a book of virtue, and, with this conviction, he recommended it to the perusal of his people, and gave them permission to read it, and act agreeably to their own desires." The Bombay Times, also, in commenting on the Emperor's favour towards the Christian faith, says—"that worthy sovereign, after a careful examination of its tenets, has

lared, that it is not only a harmless but comlable faith."—New York Evangelist.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

NO. I.

You have read much in your Missionary Herald of the ignorance and wickedness of heathen lands. Will it surprise you, dear children, to learn that your country now blessed above others with bibles, with Sunday-schools, and with the preaching of the gospel,—that England was not very long since, covered with gross darkness and superstition.

If we look back in our history only about three hundred years, we shall find the people as ignorant and idolatrous as in the days of their pagan superstition, when they painted their bodies, clothed themselves in the skins of animals, prayed to dumb idols, and dwelt in woods, as the tribes of black people in South Africa now do.

I am about to give you a little history of a very wonderful man, perhaps the most wonderful that has appeared since Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles. His name should be known and loved by every child in England who is old enough to read his New Testament, and to call it his own—I mean Dr. MARTIN LUTHER. But before doing so I must inform you briefly of what God has done for you and for all in this island, who now dwell in the sunshine of his favour, and are employed by him to carry the knowledge of the gospel to almost every part of the heathen world.

Under the dismal reign of what is called t'

Roman Cathulic Religion, or Popery, the people here were kept in fearful ignorance. were taught by their priests to worship, first, the cross, then images and pictures of the Virgin Mary, and to pray to dead persons whom they canonized -- that is, put down in their calendar as saints. These were generally far from being what their names implied, holy persons, and my young readers know that however boly some might have been, yet that they could have, while living, no goodness to communicate to others, and that after their death, to offer prayer to them must be highly offensive to God How applicable to such are the apostle's words when, describing the heathen of old, he says, "Who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator." To the cross. the Virgin, the saints, they prayed rather then to Jesus Christ. His sufferings and merit were treated as of little value, while the supposed good works of men-fasts, penance, pidgrimage, and the dark and stupid images, which, you know, can neither see, par hear, nor walk-were applied to for salvation. Men and women, moreover, were told, that if they came and confessed their sine to the priest, even those sins which they intended to commit as well as those which they had committed, and brought him but sufficient money, he had power from God, through the pope, to forgive them all For this purpose, persons called monks were employed by the pope, in order to fill his

treasuries, to self certificates, or as they called them indulgences, assuring those who bought them, that their sins of every kind would be forgiven, if they only paid the proper price. God alone, you know, can forgive sing, and therefore it must have been a great blasphemy for mortal and simful men to pretend to forgive them; and to do it for meney made their wickedness the more daring. Will not the serious youthful reader lift up his heart with the writer in thankfulness to the Father of mercies for giving to us the sacred scriptures. whereby we know that He who is "the King. eternal, immortal, invisible," is a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Had the bible made its way into every cottage. it would not have been within the power of any men so completely to lead the people asinav. But even after the discovery of the art of printing, the use of the English bible was forbidden by law: every person that did use it, and thus obeyed God rather then man, was burnt to death. That wicked king, Henry VIII. caused several proclamations to be issued against all who read or kept by them Tyndal's translation of the New Testament, so that a copy found in the possession of any one was sufficient to convict him of heresy, and to subject him to the flames. Tyndal himself, the first translator of the whole bible, fell a victim to the malice of those in authority. He was strangled and burnt in the year 1536, and died praying, " Lord, open the king of England's eyes." For the

the linen are the fibres of the plant, and they are often so small as to be scarcely visible.

The fine linen of Egypt is often spoken of in Scripture: the fax plant grows on the banks of the Nile very laxuriantly, and it is much used by the people of that country in their dress.

DO YOU WISH TO BE A MISSIONARY?

Many children when they hear or read about missionaries, exclaim, "Oh I should so like to be a missionary," "I wish I were helping to teach the heathen." Now, dear children, this is a good wish if it proceed from a good motive; but if you only desire to go abroad because you are tired of home, and imagine it would be an easier and pleasanter thing to teach others than to learn yourself, and that you would have fewer troubles then than you have now-not only does your wish proceed from bad motives, but you have altogether a wrong notion of what the good men and women who take the gospel to the heathen, have to suffer. You may be a missionary now if you like; do you know what the word missionary means? it means a person Now you need not be sent so far as the heathen in order to do good, you may do good in your own homes; yes, in the little family at home, in the small circle of your friends and companions; you may be, you ought to be, a "ttle missionary. You may endeavour by shedience, gentleners, industry, and kindness, to win the affection of all, to lead them to love religion, to let them see that it can make its possessor hely and happy. Try in all things to imitate the example of Jesus, try to recommend religion to others; but remember you cannot do this without constant prayer to God, looking to him for help, and constant watchfulness over your thoughts, words, and deeds. Amongst companions of your own age you may do more, to them you may speak "a word in season;" you may persuade them to attend a sabbath school, to read their bibles and to pray, and you may gently reprove them if they use bad words, or are angry and quarrelenme.

The work of a missionary is not so easy and delightful as you think. They have many trials and verations to endure; if therefore you seally hope to be a missionery when you grow older, you must begin even now to cultivate the right spirit to fit you for such an employment. I will try to make my meaning plainer: if you are easily discouraged now when you have a difficult lesson to learn, are ready to throw the book down, and say, "Oh, it is so hard. I'm sure I can't leavn it!" how will you be able to endure the steady application and petient perseverance necessary in order to acquire a foreign language, of which not only the words but the very letters will be new and strange to you? which you will have to learn under many disadvantages, and very likely nnder the greatest weariness of budy from the

heat of a climate to which you are not accustomed. If now when you are desired to hear a little brother his letters, you soon become tired, and are cross and impatient with him, shall you be able perseveringly to instruct many little heathen children for month after month and vear after year? That will be far more difficult, for not only must you teach them in a language not your own, but you must bear with all their peculiarities of look, manner, dress, and customs. Once more, are you never desired to nurse a vounger brother or sister, when you had rather play; to go an errand when you had rather take a country walk with a companion; to give up some little comfort or gratification for the sake of a sick father or mother: or to do something you do not like, and you become cross, and sullen, and out of humour for some time afterwards? How then shall you be able to hear all the inconveniences to which a missionary is subject? You may be very ill, and no doctor may be at hand, no relief near, no kind friend to nurse you; you may have to take long and toilsome journeys over hills and plains in all weathers; your life may often be in danger from the rage of the heathen, for they are not converted all at once: they may burn or destroy your house whilst you are absent, or a violent hurricane or storm may in one night render you houseless and homeless, and you will be glad to lie down under a tree, or rest in some poor hut. These are a very few of the trials you will have to encounter amongst

the heathen, far away from your own dear country and beloved friends, with few to help and fewer still to pity you in perils of your life by day and by night. Dear children, if then you wish to be missionaries begin to be such now, at home, begin now to cultivate the missionary's spirit of patient endurance, persevering love, untiring exertion in the cause of God, and unwearied benevolence to all men. Remember that every evil habit or disposition strengthens with your strength, and grows with your growth; and remember too that the word of God declares that "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

M. A. B.

THE DYING INDIAN BOY.

I FOUND him dying of consumption, and in a state of the most awful poverty and destitution, in a small birch-rind covered hut, with nothing but a few fern-leaves under him, and an old blanket over him. After recovering from my surprise, I said, "My poor boy, I am very sorry to see you in this state; had you let me know, you should not have been lying here." He replied, "It is very little I want now, and these poor people get it for me; but I should like something softer to lie upon, as my bones are very sore." I then asked him concerning the state of his mind, when he replied, that he

was very happy; that Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, had died to save him, and that he had the most perfect confidence in him. Observing a smell Bible under the corner of his blanket, I said, "You have a friend there; I arm glad to see that; I hope you find something good there." Weak as he was he raised himself on his elbew, held it in his attenuated hand, while a smile played on his countenance, and slowly spoke in precisely the following words:__ Wes sir, this is a dear friend. You gave it me. For a long time I have read it much, and have often thought of what it told. I would not part with it for a world." He was often interrupted by s sepulchral cough, and sunk down exhausted. I read and prayed, the hut hardly affording me room to be upright, even when kneeling.—Bp. of Montreal's Journal.

Berfpture Alfastrates.

THE HEART.

FROM MEDICAL INSCRUCTION FOR YOUNG PERSONS, BY MEV. GEORGE PRINCHARD.

It is put for internal purpose. "And the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake," Gen. viii. 21. It denotes the effect of his determination. "If he set his heart upon men, if he gather unto himself his spirit and his breath, all flesh shall perish together," Jos It refers to the unchangeable-

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ness of God. "The anger of the Lord shall not return, until he have executed, and till he have performed the thoughts of his heart." Jer. xxiii. 20. It is expressive of the perfect accomplishment of the will of God. "And I will raise me up a faithful priest, that shall do according to that which is in mine heart, and in my mind," I Sam. ii. 35. It is used to set forth contrariety to the revealed will of God. "Which I commanded them not, neither came it into my heart," Jer. vii. 31. It shows God's for the epiritual prosperity of his COBCCTD "I will give you pastors according to ebureh. mine heart," which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding," Jer. iii. 15. It is, perhaps, once introduced ironically. "Because thou hast set thine heart as the heart of God." Ezek. xxviii. 6. The divine regard to the temple of Solomon and its worship. "I have hallowed this house which thou hast built, to put my name there for ever; and mine eves and mine heart shall be there perpetually," I Kings ix. 3. It represents Jehovah's delight in his people. "Yea, I will rejoice over them to do them good, and I will plant them in this land assuredly with my whole heart and with my whole soul." Jer. xxxii. 41.

John iii. 16. "God so leved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Mr. Nott, a missionary in the South S

Islands, having on one occasion read this chapter to a number of the natives, some of them appeared deeply impressed. When he had finished the sixteenth verse, one of them. much affected, interrupted him, asking, "What words were those you read? let me hear those words again." Mr. Nott again read the verse. when the poor pagan rose from his seat, and said, "Is that true? can that be true? God love the world when the world not love him! God so love the world as to give his Son to die that man might not die: can that be true?" Mr. Nott read the verse again, told him it was true, and that it was the message God had sent to them, and "that whosoever believed in him, would not perish," but be happy after death. The overwhelming feelings of the surrounding heathen were too powerful for expression or restraint. At length, he burst into tears, and as these rolled down his dark visage, he withdrew to meditate on the amazing love of God which had that day touched his soul; and there was every reason to believe that he was afterwards raised to share the joys of divine peace, the fruit of the love of God shed abroad in the heart.

Brief Facts.

NASSAU.

"Some time ago, dear Sir, you kindly supplied me with papers, books, &c. for my juvenile friends and others. May I ask you to send me some more; and

especially some that will interest our young subscribers. There are many who seem to take real delight in contributing for bleeding Africa, and I think they contribute according to their ability.

The Mission boxes have been put into active operation in our Sabbath school, which now identifies itself with an Auxiliary Missionary Society for Africa, and sometimes more than a dollar is gathered from the cents and sixpences bestowed by little cheerful hearts."

PICTURE TRACHING.

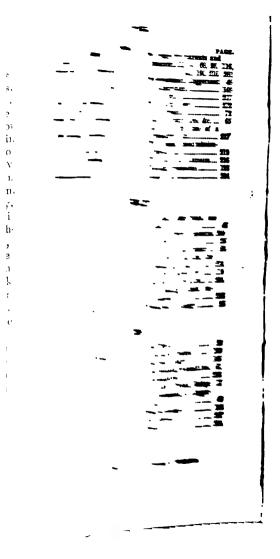
Our readers have read about Dr. Doddridge and the Dutch tiles, if any of them can furnish Scripture prints mitable for the walls of schools, they will be very welcome. A kind friend has sent, for the schools at Bimbia, several dozen prints published by the Infant and Colonial School Society. We can imagine the glee with which the little African children will welcome these kind Presents.

Poetry.

THE RAVEN AND THE DOVE.

See Juvenile Missionary Herald for March.

A ship was riding the ocean wave, By the land of the savage—the home of the slave; She bore for her emblem the peaceful Dove, For her freight was truth, and her errand love.



c. s. ·

ray, he,— known! ie rill,

e distil, trown,-

Rejoice! for the sens of Ham have heard.
The joyful sound of the heavenly word;
They have heard of Him whose grace can cave.
The noblest monarch—the meanest slave.

Away! away! on the wings of love! Rise, gentle Zephyr, and speed the Dove! No deadly weapons her warriors wield; The scene of their toil is the gospel field.

Haste away! for the foe is nigh;
The Raven views thee with jealous eye;
Now she is cleaving the crested waves;
Haste! or thy crew must be abject slaves.

Christians! no, ye have nought to fear; Onward press! for your God is near; Hear ye his voice in the rising gale, The arm of Jehovah can never fail.

Away! away! with thy moble band, Who labour for Afric's injured land: Cheeks that are flushed with the glow of youth, Hearts that are warm with the love of truth;—

Spirits that pant for the blissful hour When Christ shall reign in his regal power; When heavenly Truth, with her glorious light Shall scatter the clouds of heathen night.

On, on, she flies o'er the sarging wave; Sing! for Jehovah is strong to save; Shout! for the foe is no longer in view, Sing to our God who is faithful and true.

A HAPPY RESOLVE.

Perish beneath the cross!
Perish and Jesus nigh!
It cannot, cannot be,
I'll go to him and try.

I'll go! though num'rous foes
Press on me, like a flood;
A guilty, helpless worm,
I'll trust in Jesus' blood.

Away my doubts and fems, He bids the sinner come, I know he will receive, And kindly welcome home.

To Christ, the risen Lamb, My joyful songs I'll raise, Redeeming love the theme, And ev'ry accent praise.

E. C. S.

THE LANDS AFAR OFF.

In fancy I travelled to lands far away,
Where earth wears her richest, her fairest array,
Where grow the sweet fruits of a tropical sone,—
But I sighed as I thought, there God is not known!

Where flows the broad river, and marmurs the rill, And where the eweet spice-trees their perfume distil, Where flowers in their beauty the pathway have strown,— But I wept when I thought, there God is not known! Not known in his love, and not owned in his power,
Whose hand in beneficence plenty doth shower;
But idols that homage receive from the mind,
Its Maker alone for himself has designed.
The moon sheds her beams, the bright sun gilds the day,
But no Sun of righteousness scatters its ray;
No light from above on the dark soul is thrown,
No bible! no gospel! no Saviour is known!

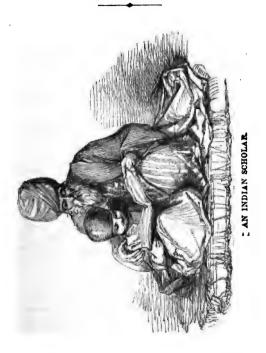
A. V.

HYMN FOR A JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETING.

Children, who have banded here. For the blinded heathens' sake, Doubt not, God your prayer will hear, And your simple offerings take. Little rain-drops feed the rill, Rills to meet the brooklet glide, Brooks, the broader rivers fill, Rivers swell the ocean's tide. Ocean, that with solemn note. Proudly rears a foaming crest, While the mightiest navies float, Lightly o'er its billowy breast. Thus the dew-drops gathered here, Mites from willing childhood's hand, Shall those streams of bounty cheer, That refresh a pagan land. With the sea of love shall blend. Which the gospel's grace doth pour; And the name of Jesus send E'en to earth's remotest shore.

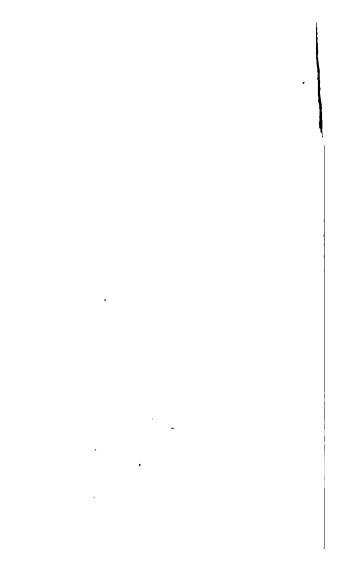
L. H. S.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



TAT IT

OCTOBBR.



SCHOOLS IN CONNEXION WITH THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

	.	Atten	dance			
PLACES.	School		Girls.	How supported.		
INDIA. Calcutta, Circular Road. Ditto Lal Bazar Intally, Calcutta Ditto Coolie Bazar Allipore Garriya Nursiglachoke Malayapur Jhinki. Lakhyantipur Howrah Ramkrishnapore Ghenserie	1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	200 25 90 30 80 100 32 50	12 75 20 	Local contributions. Subs. in England and India. Ladies Aux. Soc. & B. M. S. Local contributions. Ditto. Ditto. Calcutta Auxiliary Society. Ladies' Auxiliary Society. Calcutta Aux. Miss. Society. (In the Jubilee School some girls, all supported by local contributions.		
Serampore	8	750	72	Local contributions.		
Ditto Suri Birbhum Jessore	1	120 62		Ditto. Ditto. One by the Bap. Miss. Soc., the		
Dacca	1	74		rest by local contributions. Local contributions. Ditto. Ditto.		
Monghir	3	90		Ditto.		
Ditto Ditto Patna	7	10	8 36	Ditto. Ditto. Contribs. in England & India.		
Benares	0	152	25	Local Contributions.		
Chunar Allahabad Agra Chitoura Muttra	3	36 40		Local contributions & B. M. S. Contrib. from Mase Pond, Eng.		
Cutwa	î			Contrib. From maze Fond, ang.		

PLACES.	Schoole.	Attendance.	How supported.			
CEYLON. Colombo, Grand Pass Pettah Tamil Mission	1	12 168	Female Education Society and Friends in England. By Baptist Missionary Society.			
Slave Island J Mullakooly Pettoempy Kottighawatta Ditto Waragoda	7	140 40	Mrs. Leonard, of Woodchester. One by New Park Street. Baptist Missionary Society.			
Toomboovilla Weilgama Ruanwella Ditto Matura	2 4 6 1 5	43 114 160 25 150	Ditto. Ditto. Ditto. Ditto. One by Mrs. Rouse.			
Hendilla Calany Kandy Matella	1 1 4	16 30 60	One by Bap. Miss. Society. By Baptist Missionary Society. One by New Park Street S. S. By Baptist Missionary Society.			
Ditto Gampola Utuan Kandy BAHAMAS.	1		Ditto. Ditto. One by Meeting House Alle Sunday School, Portses. One by Pithay S. S., Bristol.			
Ditto Our Islands.	1 2	70 240	By Baptist Missionary Society Ditto.			
Ditto	1	100	Ditto. Ditto. Ditto. Ditto.			
North Side Ditto South Side Ditto	1 1 1	82 99 58 89	Ditto. Ditto. Ditto. Ditto. Ditto.			
Ditto	1	45 26	Ditto. Ditto. Ditto. Ditto. Ditto. Ditto.			
Grand Bahama Ditto	1	44	Ditto. Ditto.			

	_		-				
PLACES.	Schools.	Attendance.		How Supported.			
HONDURAS, Belize Ditto Turks Island Ditto	3 4 4 3			Ditto. Ditto. Ditto. Ditto.			
TRINIDAD. Port of Spain. Pembroke St Ditto Dry River Tacariqua Grand Savanna	1	15 85 25 12		By B. M. S. & Soc. of Priends. By Baptist Missionary Society. Ditto. Ditto. Ditto.			
AFRICA.	5		Į	By Friends in England and by Baptist Missionary Society.			
HAYTI	1	500 30		By Baptist Missionary Society.			
JAMAICA, re- cently connect- ed with Soc	30	{ 4000 10000		By contributions and Society of Friends.			

To carry on these important school operations, by which education is given to many thousand children in all parts of the world, the Committee have received during the last year, the following sums:—

			£	8.	d.
For Africa			78	1	0
For Entally .			29	0	0
For Patna			25	11	6
For Muttra			36	0	0
For Female Education	n		38	6	7
For Schools .	•	•	38	10	6
			245	9	7

The total is thus under £250, a sum lamentably inadequate to the wants of the case. Further donations from individual friends, or from achools, will be very thankfully received.

MICKEY, THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BOY.

WHEN children have done something which they ought not to do, they are not happy. There is a little voice within them which tells them that they have done wrong, this is conscience. It is by this voice and by the will of God revealed to us in his word, that we know the difference between good and evil. The little history I am now going to relate, will show you that conscience speaks in the heart of even a heathen child.

Little Mickey was born in South Aus-The natives of this country are tralia. their skin is a very dark called Papons: brown colour, their hair is woolly, and their foreheads high; they are tall and slender. Among all the savage nations to whom the missionaries have been sent, there is none more miserable and degraded than that of the Pa-They live in a state very little better than the brutes, their life is passed in eating and sleeping, they kill and eat one another; their only clothing is skins of beasts; they have neither houses, nor beds, nor fields, nor gardens; they sleep in the open air, under the trees, or in caverns in the rocks. Being always occupied in seeking for food, they do not remain long in the same place; they seldom cook their food, they prefer to eat it raw. Wild beasts, roots, ants, insects, serpents, indeed the first thing that they meet with, all serve for food; they eat joyfully what is before

them, and when they have devoured all their provisions, they can remain whole days lying

upon the ground in a deep sleep.

The Papons who dwell by the sea, are in a better condition than the others, because they have plenty of fish to eat; they make huts too to dwell in. When we think of these poor people, how grateful we should feel to God for all the comforts which he has given to us.

A missionary who had established a station at Encounter Bay, in South Australia, took into his service two native boys: one of them was little Mickey. They lived in his house, and were employed during the day in taking care of the flocks; Mickey slept in an outhouse called the kitchen. As Mickey was an active and intelligent child, he soon became a favorite with the missionary, and his children made him their little friend; the elder ones taught him to read, and when his lessons were finished, he was allowed to play with the younger ones. Mickey was much happier than all the other native boys, and he ought to have made every effort he could to please his benefactor; but heathen children as well as those in Christian countries often show ingratitude to their best friends.

One evening, Mickey was left alone in the kitchen with the other native boy, to take their suppers. Little Mickey thought he would open the door of the oven in which the bread was being baked; he had already eaten quite enough, but he gave way to the temptation,

took some half-baked loaves out of the oven, and gave half to his companion; then he shut the door again. When these little thieves had eaten the bread, they knew that they had done wrong, and began to be frightened. But instead of going to their master to ask forgiveness for their fault, they ran away. It grew late, and Mickey ran from bush to bush trying to hide himself; no doubt he was sorry that he had been so wicked, and wished that he could sleep quietly as he had done before, in the missionary's house.

When night came on, his friends perceived that Mickey was absent, they sought for him in and out of the house, and all round about it, but could not find him. They inquired immediately in the neighbourhood, but nobody had Then they hoped that perhaps he seen him. was gone to sleep at the hut of one of the natives at a distance, as he had done sometimes, though they thought it strange that he had not told them of it, and come to wish them good night as he generally did. They were surprised too at not seeing him early next morning. When the time came for taking the bread out of the oven, they found it all in disorder: several loaves had disappeared, and who could have taken them? They saw that some thief had put his hand into it. Nobody had seen Mickey and his companion, but yet they could not suppose that any one else had taken the bread. All the family were much grieved to find that Mickey could do such a thing after having

received so much kindness. Another day passed, but the little deserters did not appear, and were not heard of, at last it became evident

that they had fled to a great distance.

Some months had passed away, when Mickey came again into the neighbourhood of his master's house; he felt afraid however of seeing any of his old friends. He arrived just at the time that a school was opened for the native Mickey became a scholar directly. A few days after the school-master took his pupils to pay a visit to the missionary. little thief's heart was filled with terror as he approached the house where he had stolen the bread, and when he perceived the door, he ran away and tried to hide behind a palisade. The missionary came out to see the new school, but when he began to speak to the children, they cried out, "Mickey is not come, he was too "Why is he frightened?" much afraid." asked the missionary. "Because he stole the bread," said the boys. At the same time they could see Mickey trying to hide himself, but when his companion called him, he ran farther Two or three boys ran after him to bring him back, but he would not come, and though the schoolmaster, and the missionary himself called him, yet all was in vain. At last the missionary went in: and when he had disappeared, the boy was persuaded to return: then his former master came back, and asked him why he ran away from his house. "It is," replied he, "because I stole your bread: but,

I am very sorry for it," and he held out his hand to the missionary, and asked his forgive-When he found that his kind friend was quite willing to forgive him, he clasped his hand firmly and said with much energy, " If I ever steal your bread again, you must whip me, and whip me very hard too," and when he was assured that all was forgiven, he quite jumped for joy. Some days after the missionary left his house at Encounter Bay, to make a visit to his own country, but before this, he opened a new Sunday school in a village at a little distance, and there he took leave of all the native children. After spending a happy day with them, the missionary rose to go, then the children ran towards him, clasping his hand and saving. Farewell: but none of them was so touched, or clasped his hand so tightly, as poor Mickey, the little deserter.

My dear children, you can learn one thing from this little history; it is that sin separates us from our best friends. When Mickey had done wrong, he would not go to his friends as before: but ran away and hid himself. So it was with Adam in the garden of Eden: he enjoyed the presence and favour of God, but when he had eaten the forbidden fruit, he was afraid, and shunned the presence of his Creator. Another lesson you can learn is, that if we will not listen to the voice of conscience, we shall doubtless suffer: fisten then to it at all times, or else, like little Mickey, you will lose your peace, and will have trouble and sorrow.

The missionary was very willing to forgive the repenting boy: and will not God pardon our sins also? Certainly he will, of we repent and believe on Jesus Christ.

THE FIRST SHILLING GIVEN TO MISSIONS.

A little fatherless boy in England belonged to a Sunday school class, and he heard what Christians in Great Britain and America were doing for the heathen. His mother was poor, and she was obliged to work very hard for her living. And yet as soon as he was able to earn a little money, he gave the first shilling to the heathen. Possibly the young readers of the Herald would be glad to read the letter which he sent to his Sunday school teacher, enclosing his first contribution to missions. Here is a copy of the letter.

My Dear Teacher: I am happy to inform von that I have begun to work for my own living, and this is the first shilling I have ever earned; and I feel much pleasure in giving it to the Missionary Society, as a token of gratitude to God for his many mercies he has been pleased to bestow upon me, praying that God for Christ's sake, may add his blessing to the gift. I am, dear teacher, your affectionate scholar."

Perhaps some child who reads this letter, will say, "God has bestowed many mercies on me. and I will now make him a thank offering, as did this fatherless boy." But that child should remember to pray that God for Christ's sake will add his blessing.



THE BRAHMINEE BULL.

HERE we have another of the idol gods of India. The bull is as sacred among the Hindoos as the Brahmin, and is "a proper object (said Brahmu) of worship." The streets of Benares abound with these animals, which are fed

at the public expense. The Hindoo is struck with horror if you speak of eating their flesh, and if any one ill-treats them, he will be in danger of losing his life from the fury of the crowd.

Some of the poor think themselves supremely happy if they can keep a cow, as by serving it they expect to procure the pardon of their sins.

CATHERINE BROWN, THE CHEROKEE GIRL. (Continued from page 188.)

A female teacher was wanted to teach the little girls; and Catherine Brown was invited to come, and assisted Mr. Buttrick. She felt much afraid that she would not be able to do it well, but still she consented to go, as her friends wished her to do so.

When her people heard that she was coming to them they were quite delighted, and immediately more than fifty men met together to build a school-house for the girls the same size as the one which they built at first.

When Catherine arrived, she found a school of twenty girls all ready for her. At first they were sadly ignorant, but they soon improved, and gladly listened to the pleasant news she gave them of a Saviour. She had the happiness too of seeing all the members of her own dear family, one after another, brought to love and serve Christ.

After some time, Mrs. Potter, a missionary's wife came to take charge of the girl's school. Catherine willingly gave it up to her, and again

tried to improve herself, so that she might be more useful amongst her "poor people," as she often called her countrymen.

But she was called to bear sorrow now. Her brother John was taken iil, and gradually sank into a decline. Catherine nursed him affectionately; and though it made her sad to see him waste away, still as she knew he loved the Saviour, she was comforted about him. He died quite happily, and all his sorrowing friends felt that he was gone to be happy for evermore.

Not many weeks after John Brown's death, Catherine's friends were grieved to see that she seemed poorly and had a sad cough. She grew worse as the winter came on; and at last they all began to see that it was not likely that she would get better.

Catherine was alarmed just at first at the prospect of death. She talked much about it with her kind friend, Mrs. Petter.

Mrs. Potter once said to her, "Catherine, you have a hope of happiness beyond the grave?" "Yes," she replied, "I have a hope resting on the promises of the Saviour; but I fear that I have been unfaithful: this makes me anxious." After a little time, which had been passed in silence, Catherine looked up with a sweet smile, and said, "How beautiful this hymn is,"

"Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are?
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there."

She was able to feel this now, and after this evening she never seemed to fear death at all. Her only anxiety was about her dear parents. She felt sorry to leave them behind in their old age, and sorry too not to be allowed to do more for her poor countrymen.

Mrs. Potter watched over her very kindly. She loved Catherine, and was grieved to lose her. When she thought that her end was near, she wrote a letter to David Brown, who was at the Cornwall Mission School. She told him about his dear sister, and before closing her letter, asked Catherine whether she had any message. She said, "I will dictate a short letter." raised herself in the bed, and began to relate what God had done for her soul. These were some of her words: "I have found it good to be afflicted; the Saviour is very precious to me. I often enjoy his presence, and long to be where I can enjoy it without sin. We ought to be thankful for what the Lord has done for us. he had not sent us the gospel, we should have died without any knowledge of the Saviour. You must not be grieved when you hear of my illness and death; you must remember that this world is not our home; we must all die soon."

Her poor father was much grieved when the doctor told him that Catherine's death was near. But he said very solemnly, "The Lord has been good to give me such a child, and he has a right to take her when he thinks best; but it is hard to part with her."

Catherine was calm and peaceful until the

last moment; the tears started into her eyes when she saw the grief of her dear relations,

but she was quite happy about herself.

She died at the age of twenty-three, and was buried by the side of her brother John. Hers was a useful and happy life. God had first blessed her, and then allowed her to do good to athers.

Dear children, let us all try and imitate her in her love and zeal to God.

SÉFOLU.

I AM going to tell you a very touching history of a little girl called Séfolu, a scholar of Mrs. Rolland, missionary at Beerseba in This lady had established a Sunday. school at the mission station, and several young native girls assisted her in teaching, and came each sabbath evening to give an account of what they had seen and heard. Séfolu was for a long time the most interesting child in this assembly. From her infancy Mrs. Rolland had felt a particular solicitude about her, believing that God had marked her with his seal; and she often said to herself, "This child one day shall be my right hand." dear child's conduct showed that her heart was indeed renewed. Teachers and scholars often repeated "Séfolu is really a Christian."

"Dear little creature," cried Mrs. Rolland, (for though Séfolu was twelve years old she was very small for her age,) "I think I still hear the words 'good morning, teacher,' which she used to pronounce so heartily. When at school she gave so much satisfaction that she was soon made the general monitor. She performed this duty exceedingly well, though very young and small; yet she exercised a great influence over her companions—she well knew how to maintain order in the classes by gentle firmness, and with a smile, or sometimes even by a tear, she would subdue the most violent opposition.

One day Mrs. Rolland heard her companions asking her to tell them the news of her village. Séfolu replied immediately, "Ah, I should like better that you should ask me to tell you of those things of God which I learn from my teachers, and which I forget too soon because I do not speak of them enough.

One evening before she returned home, Mrs. Rolland asked her, "Séfolu, who is your favourite companion!" The little girl replied immediately, "my much loved companion is Mantinlé." Mrs. Rolland was much surprised and said, "How can that be, it is three years since Mantinlé died?" This little girl was pious, and died when she was nine years old. "It is so, however," replied Séfolu firmly, "we were born together, (alluding to their conversion or second birth,) we have wept together over our sins, and before her death I promised to think of her each day, and so I do; Mantinlé then, is my favourite companion, for I am in

communion of spirit with her." "You hope then to see her again," said Mrs. Rolland; Séfolu looked with astonishment at her teacher, and then her eyes filling with tears, she replied, "If the Lord Jesus will give me strength to walk upon earth with faith and in the spirit of prayer I shall go where she is." The next day Séfolu rose, and according to her usual custom, she read in the New Testament and sung her favourite hymn,—

"You ask me what is my hope,"
"Tis Jesus who is my hope."

The hour at which she usually arrived at Mrs. Rolland's passed away, and she did not appear. Mrs. R. became uneasy and inquired of those around her if they had seen Séfolu; an old man came forward and said, "Do not seek for Séfolu more: she is no longer here; she has been cut down and received by the Lord in one moment." This was indeed true. Séfolu in obedience to her mother who was a widow, and to whom she was very useful, had gone to search for sand under a large piece of rock, when suddenly a great stone broke from it and crushed her in its fall. Happy little Séfolu! she had walked on this earth in faith and in the spirit of prayer, and God had taken her to himself. Are any of my young readers walking as Sefolu walked! They have often heard of Jesus; they have often been invited to love and serve him; have they responded to his Deals ?-Translated from the French.

WHO WILL HELP TO CONVERT THE HEATHEN?

In the burning country of Africa, a missionary had formed a school of little negro children: they had caused him much joy for they loved the Saviour.

One day, he told them, that there were a great many idolaters in the world, who knew nothing of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that there were societies in England, Germany, and France, for sending missionaries to these poor heathen. The little negroes said immediately, "And cannot we do something?" "Well, think about it," replied the missionary, "and when you have found out some way of assisting in this great work, come and tell me." The poor children were much puzzled to find some way of earning money; for they had no friends or relations rich enough to give them any: indeed there are many children in Africa who do not know what a piece of money is.

One morning, however, they came quite merrily to school, and said to the missionary, "We wish to establish a Children's Missionary Society." "Very well," replied he, "but what will you give to the mission?" The oldest boy answered, "We have resolved to form a Society, as the grown people do, and we will all try to get as much money as we can without begging: the strongest boys amongst us will go into the woods to seek for the bark of trees, and we will take it to the tanner, who has promised to pay us a florin for each lo

Another child interrupted him saying, "And we will gather gum, and will sell it." "And we," cried the little ones, "will collect ashes, and sell them to the soap-maker." Then came the girls: some said, "We will pick up the small pieces of wool which fall in the spinning manufactory, and will sell them," others said, "We will keep fowls, and will sell the eggs and chickens."

I need scarcely say that the missionary was much pleased: the little negroes kept their promises: they executed their plans without neglecting school: and at the end of a year they held their little meeting, under the superintendence of the missionary. They gave him all which they had collected, and how much do you think it was?—not less than a hundred francs, about £4 of our English money.

Little white children in Christian countries, will you allow the little negroes to make you ashamed? I could tell you many ways in which you might do something for missions: but think for yourselves. If you cannot find any way, will it not show that you do not love Jesus Christ or the poor heathen so well as the little black children do?—Translated from the French.

Seripture Ellustrated.

MATTHEW XXV. 10. "And the door was shut."

Mr. Ward, a missionary in India, has given the following description of a Hindoo wedding which furnishes a striking parallel to this parable. "At a marriage, the procession of which I saw some years ago, the bridegroom came from a distance and the bride lived at Serampore, to which place the bridegroom was to come by water. After waiting two or three hours, at length, near midnight, it was announced as if in the very words of scripture, "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ve out to meet him." All the persons employed now lighted their lamps, and ran with them in their hands to fill up their stations in the procession. Some of them had lost their lights, and were unprepared; but it was then too late to seek them. and the cavalcade moved forward to the house of the bride, at which place the company entered a large and splendidly illuminated area before the house covered with an awning. where a great number of friends were assembled, dressed in their best apparel and seated upon mats. The bridegroom was carried in the arms of a friend and placed upon a superb seat in the midst of the company where he sat for a short time and then went into the house, the door of which was immediately shut and guarded by sepoys. I and others expostulated with the doorkeepers, but in vain. Never was I so struck with our Lord's beautiful parable as at this moment, "And the door was shut."

Bame Intelligence.

WRYMOUTH.

We are glad to learn from the Superintendent of the Sunday School that the young friends at this place are heartily at work for the mission. They hope to send £5. to the Society by the end of the year. "Let each class have its missionary box (says our friend) and who can tell how much our children may raise."

To the Editor of the Juvenile Missionary Herald.

DEAR SIR,—Ever since the Herald has made its appearance in the list of monthly magazines, the school to which I belong has been very much interested in it, and a good many of us have tried to increase its circulation. Last year, just before Christmas came on, we thought that many boys and girls would have presents from some kind relative; if we could get them to subscribe a sixpence, they would have the Juvenile Herald ready psid for all the year round. So we mentioned it in school, and almost every boy and a great many of the girls having presents, became subscribers to the Herald; some, too, who would not have had presents, obtained more? for the purpose.

This year, we have hit upon another plan: the first thing is to choose a boy who can write pretty well, and who has his heart in the work, to be the "Herald Secretary." That done, he makes himself known to the

tract distributors, requesting leave to go round with them to offer the "Herald" wherever there are young people: to this no one objects. He must take a memorandum book with him, and put down the list under the distributor's name.

By these means, in a very short time we have doubled our circulation; and hope to do a good deal more yet. Many of the very poor people, even, are quite thankful to have such nice books for the boys and girls. Hoping this plan may prove useful,

I am, dear Sir,

With much esteem,

Bootle, Liverpool.

C. D. T.

poetry.

ADDRESSED TO YOUTHFUL CHRISTIANS.

MATT. xxviii. 19. Rom. x. 14.

Arouse ye! arouse ye! Ye saints of the Lord Go! proclaim ye abroad, His life-giving word.

Unfurl ye the banner
Of Jesus our King,
Till the Gentile and Jew,
Together shall sing.

Go tell of salvation So joyful and free Procured when our Jesus Expired on the tree. Exalted to glory,

He still intercedes

And now by his Spirit,

His little flock feeds.

His eye beams upon us,

His smile gilds our way,

His voice whispers to us.

"Your ransom I pay."

Then rouse ye! young pilgrim,

Fight on—never fear,

We must win this battle,

For Jesus is here.

R. C. S.

THE CRY FROM AFAR.

FAR away, o'er yonder waters. Hear imploring heathens cry, " England's happy sons and daughters. Send us help, we die! we die! -Light we need-"'tis darkness holds us. Words-to teach if idols save : ' Shall we live when death enfolds us. Must we perish in the grave ! We have fathers, mothers near us. But in blindness, too, they dwell. None, we ask, of all who hear us, Can one word of comfort tell. What, to you gives life such pleasure? Bids the dread of death depart? Send! oh, send that precious treasure! Help us clasp it to our heart! Then, your dear enjoyments sharing. Earth and skies the gift shall know: Hail! each youthful Briton bearing, Balm to shed on heathers' woe!" Burton Latimer. W. MAT.

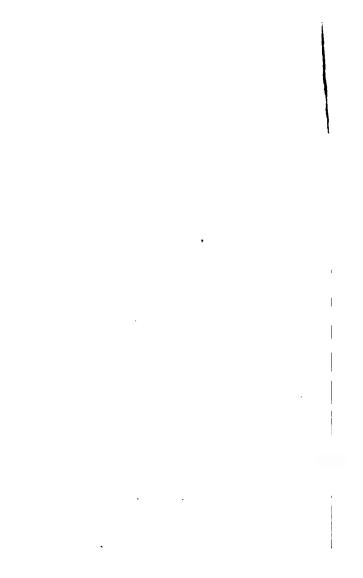
THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



MR. THOMPSON'S GRAVE, BIMBIA.

vor. 11.]

[NOVEMBES



THE GRAVE OF THOMAS THOMPSON.

Two years ago, I happened to be on business in the north of England, and met with our friend Thomas Thompson. He had been for some time accepted as a missionary, and was waiting for the sailing of the Dove to go to Fernando Po. He had a wife and three young children; he appeared the very image of health,—strong, lively, and vigorous; with a hand always able to work for God; in heart, always ready to guide and devote it. He was a very useful, diligent Sunday-school teacher, and much beloved by his fellow-teachers. He did not wait for work, he sought it; and whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with his might.

It must have been a great trial to him to leave his home: his parents and family clung around him; he knew that he was likely to die in Africa, and that he might die soon. But the cause of Christ demanded a large offering, and he was prepared. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," was the command: not "the crumbs," as Mr. Fuller used to say, but "thy bread," and "thou shalt find it after many days." This he did; he gave his all, he gave his life, and now in heaven he has found it again.

He sailed with his wife and two children in Peb. 1845, in the "Dove." Shortly after he arrived at Clarence, one of his children was taken away by death, the sacrifice had begun, and the second had to be sent home. He and Mrs. Thompson were thus left in a foreign land,

three thousand miles away from their children and family, cheerfully enduring all for Christ.

In the midst of his labours, and after frequent attacks of fever, he was seized with an illness that proved fatal in a few days, and died on the 13th March, 1846, at Bassipu, one of the stations of the Society in Fernando Po. He was but twenty-seven years of age. His death was deeply felt by his fellow-missionaries, and indeed by all who knew him. His dust now rests in hope, his spirit is with Jesus.

Servant of God, well done, Rest from thy loved employ. The battle fought, the victory won, Enter thy Master's joy. The voice at midnight came, He started up to hear. A mortal arrow pierced his frame, He fell, but felt no fear. His spirit, with a bound, Left its encumbering clay: His tent, at sunrise, on the ground, A darkened ruin lay. Soldier of Christ, well done. Praise be thy new employ. And while eternal ages run, Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

He was buried at Bimbia, on the continent of Africa—among the people to whose eterns welfare he had devoted his life. The "Dore" carried his body to its resting place.

THE FIRST-FRUITS OF HAYTI.

ELIACINE LOUIS-JEAN is the daughter of a Haytian descendant of Africa, poor, but respectable and respected, a rigid Catholic, a person of good morality, and one of those very few exceptions which are found, even in the Catholic church of this deplorable country.

It appears that for some years past she had impressions favourable to religion, that about two years since she left her father's house, (which is fifteen miles distant) to come and reside at this, in order that she might follow more closely the religion of the Catholic church. Here she became a devotee, and united with the holy sisters, yet she felt there was something

wanted, though she could not tell what.

It happened that on our opening this place of worship on the 25th of December, she was passing the window, and was attracted by the sound of preaching. She stood and listened, but the service was in a strange tongue. It was in English, a language of which she understands not a single word, yet this was the time the good work commenced, as the sequel will show.

The first time Eliacine attracted particularly our attention, was at our evening prayers and evening school. After our evening prayer we would get the children together, and Miss Harris would talk to them, and teach them a hymn, and invite them to come to a Sunday-school. On one of these occasions we were obliged to request the said Eliacine not to prompt the children to reply, but at the close

she requested Miss Harris to teach her as she did the little children, adding, "For I too am ignorant:" a request no sooner made than complied with. We soon learned that she was a Roman Catholic of the strictest sort. a devo-We also found that she was anxious to know the truth, that she was feeling after God. We hoped, and yet we were afraid to hope. We knew the extreme cention with which one ought to proceed in such a case, and vet we were afraid of being unfaithful if we did not exhibit the whole truth. Thus we passed a considerable time in the alternatives of hope She was regular in her attendance upon every opportunity, and upon her evenings for instruction from Miss Harris, and was seemingly thankful for any little I endeavoured to say to her; but she was yet a member of idolatrous Rome. Good Friday came, and we watched with interest and anxiety to see what Eliacine would do, for this is a day of great show and parade. All the ideas of the people, the crucifiz, the virgin, the saints, &c., do, with all the holy sisters in white, form a grand pro-Imagine our feelings, if you can, cession. when we learned that Eliacine was with the holy sisters bowing to these dumb idols. following Sunday, however, she was with us. The following week I resolved upon introducing the subject of idolatry. This I knew required caution and care, but the time had come; it was now necessary. I therefore went to her room to inquire after her health, and introducing religious conversation, soon turned it upon idelatry. I exhibited the difference between the ten commandments as found in the catechism of the church of Rome and in the Bible. At this she was evidently surprised. The ice was now fairly open.

The next day was her class day with Miss Harris, when the conversation turned upon the same subject. She here reproached Miss Harris, saying, "Why did you not tell me this before? I might have died without knowing it." I now commenced talking more frequently with her, as my tongue became loosened little by fittle, and I appointed the Monday morning at nine o'clock for special conversation with her, for which she ever seems thankful. I shall now let her speak for herself, giving you as near a translation of her own words as it is possible to do, in relation to her conversion, as delivered on the second interview of this special kind, namely, the first Monday in May.

Eliacine is seated opposite me in my study. "Well, Eliacine, what have you to ask me or say to me this morning?" I inquired.

Eliacine. "O Monsieur Francies, I verily desire to be converted to God; I verily desire to know all his will and to do it. I am sometimes ready to beg God to convert me truly, and to take me to heaven. The gospel is what I really need." I here directed her to the way of salvation—to the promised influence of the Holy Spirit, who alone could instruct, prepare for, and conduct to heaven.

"but my father has forsaken, and all my family persecute me: I am obliged to give up my father for the gospel, and with him I have given nn all. I hope I shall be able to bear it. I have suffered much, much, and been in want already." She then inquired, "What day will vou make the baptism?" "Probably some Sunday." I reply. "And where?" river." She then continued to describe a good place, assez profonde. &c. I recommended her to think the matter over, and after reading some scripture, commended her to God. This was altogether so singular, so striking, and unexpected an event that we were all taken aback, and could only exclaim. "What hath God wrought?" This is a token for good that we could not have looked for. But the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

The following Monday, May 18th, she came to my study as usual, and after some conversation upon the subject and services of the sabbath, she said, "Oh, I bless God that my eyes have been opened to see my guilt and error. I have had many idols, but they are no use to me now. I bought them for one gourde each, and I could sell them, but if I did that I should be aiding others to sin, and if I give them away I shall be encouraging those to whom I give them to be superstitious, and this would be equally sinful; but I have given them all up, and will show them to you if you please. Shall I fetch them?" "Yes, if you please." She quickly returned with a crucifix, and a figure

crucified to represent the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and several pictures of saints. A long conversation ensued, which showed the sincerity of her conversion to the faith of Christ. leaving my study, she said, "Well, Monsieur Francies, I will leave the idols with you to do as you think best with them." I have them in safe keeping, and shall send them to you the first opportunity I have. What a practical comment upon the expression, "Other lords have had dominion over us." &c. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." The parrative needs no comment. On the one hand it humbles us, and leaves us nothing; on the other it exalts the power of the Spirit of God, that Christ may be all in all.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE YOUNG IN THE PURSUIT OF SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE.

That truly great man, Dr. Carey, used to say, that it was to him, in after life, matter of thankfulness that he had so general a knowledge of the Bible when a child. By this means his mind was well stored with scripture, which was ready at all times, and which influenced his heart when he had but little leisure to read.

Dear reader, value the bible! never think the time lost which you spend, either in reading or in learning its precious verses. They shall be a voice behind thee, saying, this is the way walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left. Isa. xxx. 21.

TRIPHENA



PAPYRUS, OR PAPER REED.

How the meanings of words change! and what different thoughts the same word has brought to the minds of children in different ages.

The word paper makes us think of cotton or linen, and a beautiful smooth white surface along which while I write the pen moves without hindrance or rest.

Two thousand years ago, "paper" had a very different meaning, It made the children of

that day think of the bark of a large reed growing in the Nile, and was a coarse, dark coloured, and uneven substance. The name of this reed is Papyrus, and our word paper is taken from it. We still use the word, though the thing itself is very different.

The picture above represents the paper reed. The outer bark was first taken off, and within are found several coats or films of fine bark which are the paper; they are stripped off, and laid upon a table, the side of one piece was placed upon the side of another, and then both were pressed firmly together. A little water from the Nile moistened the edges, and made them adhere. They were pressed again, and dried in the sun, and were then ready for use.

Some of our young readers will remember (no doubt) that the Latin word for book had nearly the same meaning at first as the word papyrus. It is liber, and meant originally, the inner bark of a tree, of which indeed, books were in early days very often made. This paper or bark when written upon, was rolled up in order to be removed or read with greater ease. Each roll was called volumen or volume, from a Latin word meaning to roll. Books are still said to be bound in volumes, though we do not roll them as our forefathers used to do.

Before the paper reed was used, men wrote on pieces of lead, or iron, or stone. Sometimes the stone was covered with wax that they might write more easily, and if they pleased blot out what they had written. The instrument used

in writing in this way was called "a style"—a word we still use, though in a different sense. We say a book is written in a plain "style," meaning that it is so plainly expressed that it is easy to understand it.

After men had written for many hundred years on papyrus, they began to write on parehment; and last of all on paper such as ours.

The paper reed is called in Scripture bulrush, Ex. ii. 3, Isa. xviii. 2. It grows most freely on the banks of the Nile, and in marshy ground. The stalks rise to the height of nine or twelve feet. They were often bound together like rushes, and made into sailing vessels and baskets. It was into one of these baskets the infant Moses was placed, when his sister watched him.

CEYLON.—CASTES.

TO THE SCHOLARS OF THE BAPTIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL, ST. ALBAMS.

MY DEAR LITTLE FAIRNDS.—I was once a teacher in your school and loved the employment very much. Now, I am far away from England, but it will still afford me pleasure if I can increase your little stock of knowledge, and especially if I can excite in your minds a deeper interest than you have yet felt for the little heathen children by whom I am surrounded. I will begin by saying a few words about caste.

The inhabitants of Ceylon, like those of India, are divided into castes, and every man is respectable or not according to the caste to which he belongs. In Ceylon, there are twenty castes, of which the Veilale or landlerd is the highest, and the Kinness or mat-weaver is the lowest; besides which there are two classes of outcaststhe Rudyahs and the Veddahs. This division of the inhabitants into castes is a great barrier to their improvement, and is the frequent cause of jenlousies and quarrels. The people of one case are all of one employment, and their children are knought up to the same. Thus, if a person of the burber caste has half a dozen little sone, they must all be taught to handle the rezor and operate upon the chins and heads of their neighbours. I say heads, because all the Mahommedans and many of the Hindoes, as well as the Buddhist priests. have their heads shaved frequently, and the children, of all classes without exception, have to submit to this operation.

In like manner, if a little boy's father is a Dhoby or washerman, he must learn to stand up to his knees in water, in a river or pond, for many hours together, and wash his neighbours' clothes. But why stand in a river to wash? you sak. I will tell you. In Ceylon they have no washing-tube, nor do they use any hot water to wash with. They take the clothes in large bundles to the bank of a river or lake, and put them in where it is not very deep, that they may soak. Then they take one by one, and, lifting it up, hang it down on a large stone which they have placed there for that pur-Pose. This they continue to do, eccasionally dipping the article in the water, and sometimes using a little soap: after giving the article a good beating, they ringe it and throw it to one of their companions, who stands on the shore ready to spread the washed artir'

on the sand or grass. This is a queer way of washing, you will think, and must be very destructive. It is so. New clothes, after a few times washing in this way, become very old, that is, they are full of holes and the edges become completely fringed. I used to wonder why the legs of my trousers were worn out so much sooner than the top, until I found out the secret. The Dhobies, to save the trouble of washing each little article separately, stuff them into the legs of trousers, which they tie at the bottom, and then subject them to a good beating, by which the small articles are indeed preserved and nicely washed, but the trowsers cannot stand such treatment long. To complain is perfectly useless. Custom is their plea for every thing, and rarely can they be made to depart from it. The clothes, after being thus washed, are exposed to the powerful rays of the sun, and soon become perfectly white. For starch they use conjee (rice water), which is a very good substitute. The clothes are ironed with a monstrous box-iron, tied up in a large cloth, and sent home. The owner must then compare them with the list of articles which he sent to be washed, as sometimes part are kept back. On the whole, however, I am disposed to think they are as honest a class as any of the others. As their manner of washing is very expeditious, one washerman will wash ten times as many things in a day as a poor woman in England, standing at her tub could do. It is usual for each European family to contract with a Dhoby to wash for them monthly, and receive an equal amount for so doing every month. But when such a contract is not made, the charge, in Kandy, for washing each article, however small, is one fanam, or three half-pence. Now, as in this hot climate, many more changes of clothes are

required than in England, the expense of washing is very great.

The distinction of caste keeps one class very dependent on another, as I will show. Some time ago the barbers quarrelled with the Dhobies, and the consequence was that the Dhobies would not wash any clothes for the barbers, and they in return would not shave the Dhobies. What were they to do? Every day the beards of the Dhobies grew longer, and the clothes of the barbers got dirtier. Both classes were so inconvenienced that for their mutual advantage they became reconciled; and it is hoped they will be too wise to quarrel again.

These few remarks on caste will enable you to understand what I have to say in my next letter about schools and other means made use of to remove the darkness which now rests on the minds of the people of this lovely island. In the meantime do not forget to pray (for I hope you are all praying children), that our labours may not be in vain.

Your well-wisher.

Kandy, July 4, 1846.

C. C. D.

INDIA.

FROM A MISSIONARY.

My DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Many of you take a lively interest in the missionary cause, and are becoming acquainted with the various places where the stations of the different missionary societies exist. Enlightened interest in an object is the result of a full and perfect knowledge of it. The friends of Christ are desirous of furnishing you, from month to month, with such intelligence and information, respecting the different party

the world where missionaries are labouring, as may tend to keep alive your interest, and induce you to continue answaried in your efforts to obtain pecuniary sasistance in furtherance of the object. As your interest continues unabated, so will be the carnest efforts of your friends to farnish you with missionary intelligence.

You have often heard of India. I wish to write you a few particulars respecting the places where the stations of the Society have been established, so far as I am acquainted with them. Some of these stations, and the dear brethren who are labouring there, are familiarly known to me, for I have been in India and have seen them.

The voyage to India generally occupies about four months. The distance from this country is estimated at sixteen thousand miles by sea; but there is now a much shorter way of going to India, by way of Egypt and the Red Sea. I could tell you much that perhaps would be interesting to you respecting the wonders of the mighty ocean, but I have another object in view, namely, to furnish you with information about India. Calcutta is about 100 miles from the Bay of Bengal, and lies on the eastern bank of the river Hooghly, a sacred branch of the Ganges. It is becoming a most important missionary station, and is so on various accounts which I may explain to you another time. It is the place where missionaries for Bengal first land on costern shores. The navigation of the river Hooghly is difficult and often dengerous. Many nilots are daily engaged in guiding vessels up and down the river, and some of them are truly good men, and are often the first to welcome new missionaries to India. There is much to awaken interesting feelings as the ship proceeds up the river, in the appearance of the country,

and particularly the people, many of whom come in small boats beside the ship, to sell fruit and vegetables. Some of them come to obtain employment, and gladly engage in helping the sailors in working the ship on her way to Calcutta, for very trifling wages. They are a very interesting people, of a copper colour, with long black hair, and exceedingly well made and active. Their language is Bengalee, but many of them have acquired a few words of English, through constant intercourse with English and American sailors, and, sad to say, have also acquired some of their worst habits and manners. During certain seasons of the year, it takes several days before a vessel can get up to Calcutta. Here missionaries disembark, and are welcomed by their brethren, and treated very kindly until they can proceed to their appointed stations. There are about thirty missionaries connected with the different stations resident in and around Calcutta. Some are engaged in translating the scriptures, some in educating the young, some in English preaching, and all in divers efforts to communicate the knowledge of Christ's truth and love to the people.

But I must leave all I have to tell you about Calcutta and its vicinity for another paper. I have only to beg of you now that you will procure a map of Asia, and try to follow me in what I shall yet tell you about India. Especially do I beg that you will try to bless the great Redeemer for his grace and love to you. How blessed and happy are you in the knowledge of the way of salvation through Christ Jesus! Endeavour to prize your privileges, and to possess the fear and love of God, through him, which is beyond all knowledge, and may the Lord Jesus, through his word and Spirit, bless you all, and make you blessings to others

NEWS FROM AFAR, AND OF HOME.

Our readers will be sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Francies, the missionary to Hayti. He died at Jacmel, on the 29th July. His scholars and some other young friends carried his body to the grave: they said "they could not suffer hired hands to touch it." Miss Harris and Miss Clarke (from Jamaica) intend carrying on the school, till another missionary arrives.

The paper headed "First-fruits of Hayti" is from one of the last letters Mr. Francies ever wrote. The hand that wrote it is now in the grave; the heart that thought and felt it is now with God.

DEATH OF THOMAS CLARKSON.

This good and great man died on Saturday the 26th September, at his residence, near Ipswich. He lived for the cause of poor slaves, and spent his strength and time in promoting their freedom.

The first twenty years of his public life, from 1787 to 1807, were devoted to efforts for the abolition of the slave trade. At the end of that time, that abominable traffic was abolished. How alowly sin dies! and how alowly truth gains the victory.

The remainder of his life, nearly forty years, was spent in doing good to the slaves in Jamaica and America, and to the poor African everywhere.

He felt great interest in the "Dove," and more than ence sent a donation for it.

BAROTONGA.

Nearly all the houses on this beautiful island—one of the group in the South Seas, have been destroyed by a hurricane. Much property has been destroyed too, of every kind, such as chapels, trees, and fruits.

REGENT STREET, LAMBETH.

DEAR SIR,—Having watched the progress of the shilling contribution, and agreeing most heartily in the suggestion of your correspondent in the August number, we have called the attention of our Sunday-school children to the still existing debt, inviting one of each class to take a card. I have now much pleasure in handing you £1 11s. 6d., being one shilling for each class, and a balance of 3s. 6d.; where the children were too small to take charge of a card, the teacher did it.

Sept. 28, 1846.

E. R. T.

Beripture Allustrated.

Luke v. 18-26.

WITH the inhabitants of the East a bed is not that large cumbersome thing that we are accustomed to consider it. It is at best a very small and narrow sofa, so light as to be easily carried from place to place, or room to room, according as the whim of the owner, or the change of the seasons may require. In general, however, it is nothing more than a mattrass which is spread in a moment on the floor, and, when not used, is carelessly flung into a corner of the room. Captain Hall, when travelling in India, witnessed an illustration of this text

which he thus relates. On the morning after my arrival at Bombay, I got up very early and went out. I soon came to a native sleeping on a mat spread in the little verandah extending along the front of his house. He was wrapped in a long piece of white cotton cloth. soon as the first rays of the sun broke out, he arose, took up his bed, and went into his house. I saw immediately an explanation of the expression so often used in the gospels in connexion with the most striking of our Lord's miracles. The Hindoo got on his feet, cast the long folds of his wrapper over his shoulder. stooped down, and having rolled up his mat, which was all the bed he required, he walked into the house with it, and then went to the nearest tank to bathe himself. The command given to the paralytic, then, by our Saviour, was one which, by the habits of the people, was the first piece of business he ought to perform; and in giving him health and strength to fulfil it, our Lord did not grant him any such extraordinary power as we should need here to carry a hed, but merely enabled him to perform that personal office which every native of the East is accustomed each morning to render himself.

WISE SAYINGS.

"This is the root of spiritual courage, to know that all things turn out for good to the Christian."

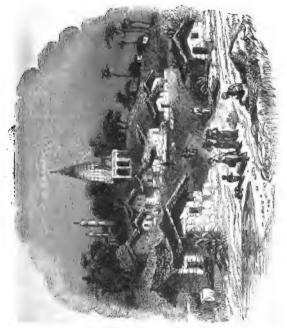
- "Small is his loss who loses his garment, and keeps his body whole; so it is with the Christian, when he is wounded, even unto death; he still retains what he mostly values, his soul, and knows that his body is but a corruptible garment."
- "Man's patience may be great; but to God's patience it is as a drop on the ocean."
- "Worthy of being kissed is that rod which beats out our sins."
- "Happy the man that takes warning when he seeth another under chastisement."
- "The nearest enemy is the worst. Behold, our sins are the nearest; let them be counted the worst."
- "The fear of man will make us hide sin; but the fear of the Lord will cause us to hate it."
- "God will pull down in thee what is strong, before he builds up what is weak."
- "The emptiest in themselves are the most successful before the thrane of grace."
- "No beggar has ever been too poor to be an object of charity. Hold thy hand to receive, though it may be a trembling hand."
- "The fire of discord is more ruinous to the church of Christ than the fire of persecution."
- "The spirit of our spirit, and the soul of our soul, is the Holy Ghost,"

LINES

WRITTEN BY MRS. PEARSON, ON THE DEATH OF JOHN CAPERN, WHO DIED, AGED THREE MONTHS.

Softly sleep, sweet baby dear, Nought shall break thy slumber here: Ceased for ever are the pains In thy throbbing, feverish veins: Nor wilt thou turn thy anguished head In thy cold and narrow bed. No more the term of mortal strife . Which marked thy brief and suffering life. 'Twas Jesus called thee, babe, away, And bade thee wake to blissful day: In hope shall rest thy crumbling dust, Till the great rising of the just : Nor shall the future germ decay, But wait that resurrection day. When clothed afresh, immortal, pure, Thou too shalt find God's promise sure That, to his heavenly courts above, He'll bear the children of his love. Sweet babe! we love to think of thee, And all the bliss which thou shalt see: And soon we hope to meet above. Redeemed by matchless, bleeding love. Yet may we drop the bring tear. For Jesus wept at Lazarus' bier. And his kind, sympathizing heart Is moved whene'er his people smart: He sweetest consolation sends. And to their softest prayer attends; He wipes the tear from every eye. While listening to the mourner's sigh. O Lord! this babe we do resign, And not our will be done, but thine

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



A NATIVE INDIAN VILLAGE.

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A NATIVE INDIAN VILLAGE.

HE picture on the other side represents a native East Indian village.

In the back ground of the picture is the temple of the idolaters and there is a group of natives lounging in the foreground.

The houses are generally made of mud, and covered with leaves or branches. Sometimes they are wattled; that is, the spaces between the posts are covered with branches or laths of wood, interlaced with each other, and then plastered over.

It is not often that native houses are made of more durable materials.

In India, missionaries have sometimes found it needful to aid in forming villages for their converts; so that they live apart from the immorality and idolatry of their countrymen. In such cases the houses are generally built in rows and very neat; each house has often its own garden or compound. Mr. Williams of Agra is at present engaged in preparing a village of this sort, to be occupied entirely by native Christians.

ONLY A TRIFLE.

"THAT'S right," said I to my friend, Simpkins the baker, as the sickly-looking widow of Harry Watkins went out of his shop door with a loaf of bread which he had given her, "that's right, Simpkins, I am glad you are helping the poor creature, for she has had a hard time of it since Harry died, and her own health failed her."

"Hard enough, Sir, hard enough, and I am glad to help her, though what I give her don't cost much—only a trifle. Sir."

"How often does she come?"

"Only three times a week—I told her we come oftener if she needed to, but she says three loaves is a plenty for her and her little one, with what she gets by sewing."

"And have you any other such customers,

Simpkins?"

"Only two or three, Sir."

"Only two or three; why it must be quite a tax upon your profits."

"Oh no, not so much as you suppose, alto-

gether it amounts to only a trifle."

I could not but smile as my friend repeated these words, but after I left him I fell to thinking how much good he is doing with "only a trifle." He supplies three or four families with the bread they eat from day to day; and though the actual cost for a year shows but a small sum in dollars and cents, the benefit conferred is by no means a small one. A sixpence to a man who has plenty to "eat and drink, and wherewithal to be clothed," is nothing, but it is something to one on the verge of starvation. And we know not how much good we are doing when we give "only a trifle," to a good object. A dollar given to the Missionary Society will

print a copy of the sacred Scriptures in a foreign land and in a foreign tongue, the reading of which may blessed to more than one benighted soul. And the little child, who drops a penny each week into the missionary box of the Missionary Society connected with the Sabbathschool, places at the disposal of the American Sunday-school Union during the year a sum that will put in circulation, in some destitute portion of our land, four or five goodly sized religious books, that will be read and re-read, and may exert a most salutary influence on as many immortal minds. God sees fit to employ humble and apparently trivial means to extend his kingdom-and if the little sums of money which we are so apt to expend on useless wants were given to objects of benevolence, how much more good might we do, and how much happier render ourselves .- From the New York Recorder.

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THE ARAB SCHOOL.

"Come along with me, if you please," says a missionary in Syria, "to a village school in the mountains, east of Damascus. I need not point it out to you among those earthen-roofed houses, for the noise that already reaches us from the openings in that crooked wall tells plainly what is going on within. Through these openings the hot rays of a summer's sun

m: ; freely enter; and in Syria, that is no trifle. Ti en, in winter, they allow the cold winds to ransack every corner of the cheerless dwelling. unless indeed you shut out light and all together. But step in, perhaps the inside may present a better picture. That pile of old strange-looking shoes, left at the door, protect the feet of the scholars as they tread upon the rough stone we have just passed over in the mountain paths; and there are their bare-legged owners, squatted on the earthern floor without the least regard to order. The teacher has risen, and by a sign directs you to be seated on his mat; but take care how you tread on the confused medley of bare legs on your way there. The noise has stopped a little, and eves that should be on their books are gazing on your English dress. No doubt the red scull-caps and gown-like dresses of the Arab boys are equally strange to you. But see, the teacher is putting a speedy end to the brief moment of silence. He will never allow that: he must show off to better advantage before the hoaja (gentleman;) so, whip in hand, each blow increases the din. The idlers make amends in clamour for what they have lost in time; those reading aloud read louder, and those who have no book to read bawl with all their might in imitation of their neighbours. One teacher I have seen give a dose of the korbaj (whip) to all, good or bad, dealing a blow and a scold to each, and then sit down quite vain of such a display of his superior excellence as a teacher. The noisy mob before you is really as

confused as it seems to be. Classes are things unheard of here. No two boys have the same lesson; few the same book; and many only part of a book, and some none at all. Each one recites alone when he does recite, and the teacher gives just so much attention to the lesson as he can spare from the oversight of the noisy throng before him. So it often happens that the scholar repeats his lesson by rote; he has gone over it so often that he has got it by heart. He will read a psalm with ease in his own book; give him another, with the same psalm on an opposite page, and he cannot find the place, Try him in the alphabet, and he cannot make out one letter from another. Or what would you say to an old man looking through his spectacles on a side a boy is reading, while his hand is poking at random among the crowd a cane that reaches half across the room? may smile, but I have seen the idle watch the strange movements of the long rod, and shun the stroke; while the poor fellow so intent on his book that he did not see it, got a blow for his pains.

Conce I found a little circle squatted round their teacher, on the bare earth, on the shady side of the ruins of a once famous city. There were the usual noise and confusion. But there was a strange instrument lying by the side of the master. I could not for a while make out its use. I soon, however, found that it was the large stick used as the bastinado, with which culprits are beaten on the soles of their feet.

Do you use that on your scholars?' said I. 'Certainly; why not?' was his cool reply, without turning round; and the increased noise that was made when he moved his hand toward it, gave proof that the boys were not strangers to its use. This was thought to be a first-rate school!

" See those few girls huddled up in the corner, unwashed, uncombed. One of them holds the strange letters written for her by way of primer in one hand, while the other gathers together the rents of her ragged dress. It is seldom you see girls in a Syrian school. What has brought them here? Perhaps a mother who feels her own degraded state. Perhaps a strong desire of the girls, not yet crushed by the force from without. But already its grasp is on them. your notice as though they expected to be driven from forbidden ground. Poor things! The master would feel degraded did he take pains with them. Frowns meet them on every side. They feel they are looked on with scorn. Perhaps they will soon shrink back to the common level of the females of their land. Still, let us hope that their presence here is the forerunner of better things to come.

"But I tire you, though I could weary you much more. Even such schools are scarce, and whole regions have not even this mockery of instruction; only in large cities, or in those opened by missionaries, do you find better."

Happy England! May her sons and daughters learn to value their blessings. When shall other us—when shall poor Syria, share them

Bebs From Afar.

CEYLON.—SCHOOLS.

TO THE SCHOLARS OF THE BAPTIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL ST. ALBANS. NO. II.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS .- In my last I promised to say something about schools. Before I tell you of those we have now in operation, let me give you a specimen of the manner of establishing one. About four miles from Kandy there are some villages inhabited by Gahalayas (the executioner caste). These are a very degraded class of people. They were formerly employed by the king of Kandy to perform the very meanest services, such as to remove rubbish from the town, to bury dead cattle, and to execute criminals. Of late years many of them have had the character of notorious highway robbers, and some have suffered for their crimes. In the exertions that have been made to Christianize the natives, this class has been hitherto almost entirely overlooked. It has long been our intention to open a school in one of their villages, and to make that a central place for sounding forth the word of truth among them. By the assistance of some Sunday school children in England and some friends here, steps have lately been taken which will I hope lead to this result. On being visited about a fortnight ago and having the subject explained to them, they displayed the greatest caution and fear. One person who was asked whether he would approve of a school being opened in the village, was not high enough in rank to answer the question. He said the Arachy must be asked. On applying to the Arachy, he said permission must be obtained from the Korale. The Korale in his turn dared not give permission without an order from government, so that nothing could be done among them till the government age

applied to. Happily he approved the design, and went with us last week to the place. He explained to a convocation of the people, that the school was not to be supported by government, but that he on behalf of the government gave permission for its establishment, and heartily approved of our object. It was a thing so entirely new to them, that it is no wonder they found a variety of objections to it. Some of them I will mention. One very old man said, "What benefit shall we receive? our children will be educated, but we are too old to learn." He was told that he would soon be too old to eat, but that would not be a sufficient reason for withholding food from his children: moreover, it was explained to him, that though too old to learn to read, he might listen to the words of truth, and so become wise unto salvation. Another said, "We must worship Buddhu;" and another, "We will worship Buddhu and God too, but we cannot give up the worship of Buddhu." They were told that they were in a state of great ignorance—that once the people of England were as ignorant as they, but by the reception of Christianity had become wise and good-that the word of God would be explained to them-that no force would be used to make them Christians, but that after they had been instructed in Christianity they might compare it with Buddhism, and choose that which had the strongest evidence of being true. Another complained that his children after learning to read and getting a little knowledge, would rise up and beat him, he therefore thought it safer for him that they should remain untaught. fifth commandment was repeated to him, and after being told that we should teach the children to honour and obey their parents, he said that was "very good." Thus objections were mised and demolished, till all appeared to

assent to the proposition. They agreed to repair a deserted Bana-madua, or Buddhist preaching place, for a school-room, and to build a little house for the teacher. The whole is to be finished at the expense of the villagers in three weeks, when the school will be commenced. One difficulty vet remained, timber was abundant, but, it being the wet season, straw was scarce. Now these Gahalávas are in the habit of stealing straw from the neighbouring villages at night, and taking it to Kandy for sale. connexion with this, a happy thought arose in the mind of one person, which they all approved of. It was to beg straw from the villagers, with the promise that they would not in future steal from them; and all agreed that upon such a promise the people would give them enough to thatch the school-room. About the opening of the school and its progress. I hope to inform you at a future day.

Your well-wisher.

Kendy, July 10th, 1846.

C. C. D.

THE LITTLE INDIAN BOY.

Monghir, July 24, 1846.

DEAR SIR.—When I had the pleasure of seeing you last at the house of my much esteemed friend, Mr. Birrell, in Liverpool, you asked me to furnish you with any account which I thought would interest the minds of young persons at home. I now feel much pleasure in sending the account of a very interesting little native boy who died last month on our compound.

This little boy was the son of our Christian bearer. Bundoo, who is a good servant, and a very humble, e cellent Christian. "About twelve months since, this little hov was taken ill with enlargement of the spleen, a conplaint very common in this land : several times he appeared to be on the borders of the grave, but recoverd. During the whole of his illness the word of God was his delight; he loved to read those parts particularly which described the blessedness of heaven. He was very cosstant in his attendance at the house of God. both on the sabbath day and also in the week, and when through weakness he was unable to walk, he used to entrest in father to carry him to chapel. One day his father found him weeping very bitterly; his father asked what he was crying for? he said, "He was weeping for his ains;" his father said. "What sins?" he said. "Oh! I have been a great sinner." He always cherished a great affection for his mother, who still remains in heathen darkness; and when the father broke his caste and became a Christian. quite forsook him and the family. The dear child desired one day to be carried to his mother, who still lives in the neighbourhood; he was taken to her, but the unnatural parent sent him back and would have nothing to say to him. Oh! how hardening is the system of idolatry, which can make even mothers forget their own offspring. But God, who is rich in mercy, did not forsake him now, but was evidently meetening him for heaven. When any of the native Christians came to see him, he used to ask them to talk to him about Jesus Christ, to read the word of God, and also to sing hymns for him, and until nearly the last he attended our Hindostani family worship every morning at eight o'clock. One morning he called his father to him, and said, "Father, my home is not here:" his father said, "Where is your home, then?" he said, " My home is in heaven. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Mr. Parsons had repeated conversations with him, and examined him as to the grounds of his hope, and he found every encouragement to believe that he was resting as a poor sinner on the death of Christ for salvation. On one occasion he asked him what he thought he should do in heaven? he said "He should be singing the praises of Jesus." A few mornings after this, Mr. Parsons was summoned to his dving bed. The dear child could not speak, but his placid, intelligent countenance told the inward peace and rapture of his mind. Thus died this little boy in his seventh year, and I have no doubt he is now, as he said, "singing the praises of Jesus." "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Please to present my very kind regards to Mrs. Saffery, and believe me, dear air,

Yours very sincerely,
AMELIA B. PARSONS.

JUVENILE ASSOCIATIONS.

THE DOVE.

DECEMBER is here once more! It brings its family meetings, household joys, holidays, and duties.

Among the joys and duties of this season our young friends have generally allowed us to reckon their Christmas cards for the Dove:—she still needs their help, she still looks to our young friends for countenance and support,

In 1845 we received for the "Dove" from the youralone £396 17s. 7d. In 1846 we have received about same amount: and we trust that by March, 1847, we shall have to report a yet nobler offering. Cards and circulars will be issued early in December: any friends who are willing to collect, and have not cards sent to them, will be supplied on writing a line to the Mission House. The whole to be returned not later than the lat of March; wherever possible, by the 15th of January. Let it be a new year's gift.

Our friends will be pleased to hear that the efforts of the young are more and more successful in connexion with the cause of missions. In 1845 we know that the sum of £959 3s. 1d. was contributed by the young; in 1846, £1269 4s. 7d. More was contributed by the young than we know of, and was sent in with the costributions of auxiliaries without particulars.

This year we hope our friends will distinguish clearly between the juvenile and other contributions.

Remember the "Dove,"

The Children's Bookshelt.

LITTLE MICKEY: Religious Tract Society.

THE PILGRIM IN MANY LANDS: Religious Tract Society.

THE FALSE PROPHET: Religious Tract Society.

HEATHEN BRITAIN: Religious Tract Society.

This series of books is already well known to our readers. "Little Mickey" has already appeared in our pages, in a somewhat different dress, translated from the French by one of our contributors. "The Pilgrim in many Lands" is an old friend, known in every Sundsyschool in England, and who has visited

EUROPE, speaking English to the people of England.

Dutch in Holland and Africa.

French in France and Switzerland.

'Spanish in Spain.

Portuguese in Portugal.

German in Germany.

Armenian in Armenia in Turkey.

ASIA, speaking Burmese in Burmah.

Singhalese in Ceylon.

Oriva in Orissa.

Hindostanee in East Indies.

Bengalee in Bengal.

Tamil in Madras.

South Seas, speaking Samoan in Samoan Island.

Tahitian in Tahiti.

APRICA, speaking Bechuana in S. Africa.

Malagasy in Madagascar.

His name is "The Pilgrim's Progress."

"The False Prophet," and "Heathen Britain," are both affecting little books, and very interesting, though in different ways, to all young readers.

Scripture Allustrated.

MARK ix. 41. "Whosoever shall give you a cup of cold water." &c.

THE furnishing of travellers with water is at this time thought a matter of such consideration that many of the Eastern people have been at great expense to procure passengers that refreshment. In Asia Minor, Dr. Chandler says there are frequent fountains; their number is owing to the nature of the country and climate;

many of them are the useful donations of humane persons while living, or have been bequeathed as legacies on their decease. "In Egypt," a traveller says, "there were upon this mountain three madigils, or little reservoirs, which are always kept full of fine fresh water, for the use of passengers. Sometimes we find near these places of refreshment a piece of a gourd shell or a little scoop of wood.

"Among the public buildings of Kahira those houses ought to be reckoned where they daily give water gratis to all passengers that desire it."

In India, the Hindoos go sometimes a great way to fetch water, and then boil it that it may not be hurtful to the travellers who are hot, and after this stand from morning till night in some great road where there is neither pit nor rivulet, and offer it in honour of their gods to be drunk by the passengers. This necessary work of charity seems to have been practised among the more pious and humane Jews, and our Lord assures them that if they do it in his name they shall not lose their reward.—Harmer, Obs. vol. i. p. 461.

MATTHEW xxii. 9. "Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage."

It is as common in the East for a rich man to give a feast to the poor and the maimed and the blind, as it is in England for a nobleman to entertain men of his own degree. Thus does he wish to gain some temporal or spiritual blessing: he orders his head servant to prepare a feast for one or two hundred poor guests: messengers are then despatched into the streets and lanes to inform the poor that on such a day rice and curry will be given to all who are there at the appointed time. Long before the time, the visitors may be seen bending their steps towards the house: there goes the old man who is scarcely able to move his palsied limbs-he talks to himself about better days: and there the despised widow moves with a hesitating step; there the Sanyasi or Pandarum boldly brushes along and scowls upon all who oppose his progress; these objects suffering under every possible disease congregate together without a single kindred association except the one which occupies their expectations. The food is ready—the guests sit in rows on the grass (Luke ix. 14), and the servants begin to hand out the portions in order. What a motley scene is that, and what a strange contrariety in their talk: some are bawling out for more food, though they have already had enough, others are talking about another feast which is to be given in such a village, and others who have got a sight of the host are loudly applauding his princely generosity. is delighted to hear their flattery; it all falls sweetly on his feelings, he has gained his object, he has got "a name in the street," Job zviii. 17, and the gods have been propitiated.

Poetry.

HYMN.

The man who digs a well
In Asia's burning soil,
And bids the lofty palm-trees wave,
To cheer the traveller's toil,—

Doth find his deed inscribed
On memory's glowing page,
And hear his name from grateful lips
Of pilgrim or of sage.

But we a fount would ope'
Whence living waters flow,'
And deck it with those trees of hope
That no decay can know.

E'en little hands this work

Of mission-love may aid;

May plant the flowerets round the brink.

And twine the bowers of shade.

So when a ransomed throng
Their gratitude proclaim,
How sweetly, with that heaven-imph some
Will blend our children's name.

L. H. S.

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J. BADDON, CASTLE STREET, FINSBURY.

THE

JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD

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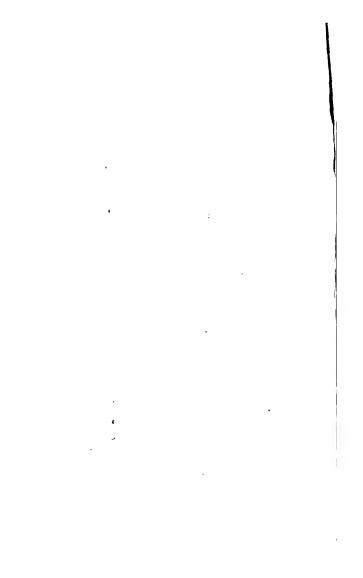
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PREFACE.

HREE volumes of the Juvenile Missionary Herald are now complete. They make together the first series.

From all sides we have received encouragement. Sunday scholars,

young friends connected with different congregations, domestic servants, and aged Christians are, as we know, among our readers. We heartily thank them, and shall do our utmost to make future volumes more worthy both of their support, and of the cause we seek to maintain.

For faults the editor must answer. For the many instructive and pleasing papers, he and his readers must thank the friends who have so nobly laboured with him. Among them are W. B. Gurney, Esq., and Mrs. Sigourney. Several others are in their province no unworthy associates of these honoured names.

With 1848 we begin a new series. Old subscribers will continue, new subscribers must begin: parents for their children, and children for themselves. If the Juvenile Missionary Herald present himself in a new dress, let him be treated as an old friend. Keep his place vacant till he come, and give him a hearty welcome.

We have heard of teachers who mean to supply all their scholars with the first number—a good rule. Let our friends generally copy it, and justify us in printing at least fifty thousand.

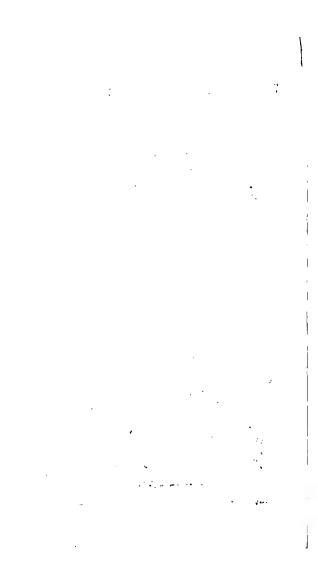
THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



BAM OR RAMU

YOL, 111.]

[JANUARY.



RAM OR RAMU.

We this month present to our readers the picture of Ram or Ramu, one of the false gods worshipped in India, of whom our young readers will be surprized to hear that there are no less than three hundred and thirty millions. Most of them seem, according to the account even of their worshippers, to have been a strange sort of beings, continually quarrelling and endeavouring to destroy one another and doing a great deal of mischief in the world.

Ram is here represented with a bow and quiver full of arrows on his back; some of the images and pictures represent him differ-

ently.

The priests tell some very wonderful stories alsout him, which the people in consequence of their ignorance believe. One is, that he was engaged in a war with some giants, one of whom was 2400 cubits high and 1600 thick, and that not being able to succeed with the army he had, he got an army of monkeys to assist him, and that with their assistance be conquered his ene-Rami is said to have lived in the Islandof Ceylon, and the priests tell the people that after he became a god he grew to be four hundred miles high. There was a little boy in Cevion who went to one of the mission schools. and there he was taught some things which showed him that this was impossible, and the next time he met his Goroo, or priest, he said to him; "Goroo, did not you tell me that Ram y"

four hundred miles high?" "Yes," said the Goroo. "and so he was." "And that he lived in Ceylon?" "Yes." said the Goroo. "Now Goroo." said the little boy, "that was impossible, for Ceylon is not quite three hundred miles long." " Oh." said the Goroo, "there must be some mistake about this, for I know he lived in Cevlon," " No. no," said the little boy, "there is no mistake about that, here is my geography book, and I read in it. Cevlon, two hundred and eighty miles long and one hundred and forty miles, at its greatest breadth.' Now, what do you say to that?" The Goroo was puzzled for a little while, but at last he said, "O, I recollect now how it was, they dug a hole a hundred miles deep for him to put his legs into." "A pretty story indeed," said the boy; "now I see through it all; that is your invention, and it is all invention, and I shall not listen to your instructions any more, I shall go to the mission school."

These stories are so ridiculous that even children in this country cannot hear them without smiling, but there even grown-up people are so deluded that they believe them all, and when persons are dying, they think that they shall be sure to be happy in another world, if they keep on crying, "Ram, Ram, Ram." When persons are very ill it is the custom of their cruel relations to take them from their beds, and lay them to die in the mud on the banks of the Ganges, which is considered to be a hely river; and a missionary who has returned from Calcutta has told us that he has frequently seen

persons lying in that state, and heard them with their feeble voices crying, "Ram, Ram, Ram." How shocking it is to think that any should die trusting in this name of an idol god, instead of that Name which is above every name, the name of Jesus Christ.

ALLEGORY OF THE THREE KINGDOMS.

Taken by permission from the "Three Kingdoms," a very interesting little book, we would recommend to the notice of all our young readers.

In the midst of a vast Ocean* lay an Island peopled by a numerous race of men. Now this Island was very fair to behold. Green hills sloped gently down to the water's edge, and groves of trees shaded the deep valleys between them.† Among the fresh grass grew luxuriantly every flower and shrub. Clear rivers flowed through the meadows, and softly mingled their shining waters with the ocean-waves, when they had finished their silent course.

Far away beyond the narrow vision of the Islanders, these waves washed the shores of another country, of wonderful and glorious beauty, greatly surpassing anything which their eyes could see, or their hearts conceive. It was called the Fair Country; and there dwelt the Great King who ruled the Island. He was

^{* &}quot;The empty place,—he hangeth the earth upon nothing." Job xxvi. 7.

t Proverbs iii. 19.

[‡] Psalm xi. 4 and exxxv. 5, /

wise, good, and powerful, and he reigned over a vest kingdom. The ocean belonged to him. and it was studded thickly with clusters of fix isles, all subject to him. From the Fair Country he could look over them all, for his eyes were strong and far-sighted: + and nothing happened in all his vast domain which he did not discover either thus, or from the messengers who were constantly passing over the seas to one or another part of his kingdom. But the Islanders, though they lived in the midst of a large group of sister-isles, t-some of which were not very far removed from their own,vet. by reason of a certain dimness of sight, saw little and knew less of them, nor indeed anything whatever of the men who dwelt upon them

Besides the Fair Country where stood his own beautiful palace, the Ocean, the Island, and all the other isles whose shores it washed the King's dominion reached over yet another Country. It was on the borders of the Ocean, on the farther side; so that the Island lay between it and the Fair Country. It was a very fearful land, a land of mists and gloomy storms; and by reason of the darkness which overshadowed it, and hid from it the light which beamed over the rest of the countries floating on the bosom of the ocean, it was commonly

^{*} Isaiah xl. 26; Amos v. 8.

[†] Job xxviii. 26; Paalm xxxiii. 13, 14.

The sun and the moon, and the eleven stars." Genesis

called the Land of Darkness.* Now though the heart of the Great King was warmed with exceeding love to his subjects, vet was he stern in executing justice, if need were. The Land of Darkness was frequently used by him as a place of punishment for those of his subjects who were unfaithful to their allegiance. Psince of the Dark Land had formerly been one of his faithful subjects; nav, he had even lived in the Fair Country as a chief noble. became proud, would no longer obey the King's will and tried to persuade his fellow subjects to join him in rebellion. He wished to supplant his good King, and set himself up in his stead. But the King was more powerful than he, and sent him, with the others who disobeved, to dwell in the Land of Darkness. So he evermore carried a deadly desire of revenge, deep shown in his heart, and sought to vex the King whenever he found occasion. And when he arrived on the shores of the fearful land of his exile, he further showed his hatred, by declaring war against the Fair Country.

This was one of his schemes. One day he caused a ship to be made ready for him, and in it he steered his course across the waters to the Island. Now, as he drew near to it, and saw the peaceful hills rising slowly out of the sea, crowned with villages of rose-covered dwellings, and the inhabitants gladsomely occupied at their light toils, of tending their little garden-plots, or dressing the simple fruits which formed their

^{* 2} Peter ii. 4 : Jude 6.

daily meal, his soul was troubled within him. The marvellous beauty of the Island, and the peaceful content of the Islanders, sent a pang of sharp jealousy right through his heart, as he contrasted it with his own land, black as night; and the thirst for revenge raged more fiercely than ever in his bosom. So he stepped briskly ashore, and went in quest of some to whom he might unfold his tale.

Two found he at length, a man and woman, dressing their garden; and to them he told the story of his wrongs-not wrongs in truth, but esteemed to be so by him who suffered. He said that the laws were strict and hard to be kept, which the King gave unto his people; that the Islanders would be freer and happier if they decided to break them, as he had done: and that he would then become their Prince. It was foolish, he added, to fancy the King would punish them for doing what was for their own freedom and interest.* So in an evil hour the woman promised, and then the man, to be the subjects of the Dark Prince. suaded others; and the Prince himself prowled about, like a lion looking after his prey, seeking whom he might deceive. Awhile he staved, marking with fiend-like satisfaction the mischief he had set to work; and then departed from the shores, and returned again unto his own land.

Many voyages made he across the Ocean, to sojourn for a space in the Island; and the Islanders, though they could not but dread his

^{*} Genesis iii. 4. 5.

dark countenance—evermore wrapped in thick gloom, saving the fierce fiery glances which anon darted from his torch-like eyes—yet received him hospitably into their houses, and did his will, till at length the whole nation acknowledged him as their Prince, and, with no exception, forsook their rightful allegiance.*

Now was the fair Island sadly changed. Where the peaceful sounds of industry and happy love had been wont to be heard, at the rising and going down of the sun, now arose only the mournful voices of anger, strife, and woe; for the spirit of the Dark Prince had entered into the hearts of his people. Nor were the praises of the Great King any more lifted up, as heretofore, throughout the land.

The Great King was sorely grieved,† when, as he watched from his lofty palace-towers the events that passed in his kingdom, he saw the Prince of Darkness come and spread sorrow and confusion over the Island. For he saw that the Island was lost to him, except for the infliction of punishment. It is true he was mighty, and could have arrayed a fleet of war, and sent and utterly destroyed the ship of the Prince ere yet he had neared the shore; but he set little store by the faithfulness that could not stand in the hour of trial. Or he might have placed a strong guard of warriors over the Islanders, to prevent them from disobeying his laws; but he cared not for the obedience and

^{*} Romans iii. 10—12. † Genesis vi. 5, 6; Psalm xiv. 2, 3.

love wrung by force from unwilling hearts. Therefore would be never compel his subjects to obey; but would have the allegiance of free. grateful choice, or none. So when he saw that the Islanders had disobeyed his laws, placed themselves among the number of his unfaithful subjects, and joined his greatest enemy in war against himself, he was displeased and grieved. And all over the Fair Country, so soon as the news was rumoured abroad, there arose great wrath at the rebellions Island-nation. the worst ingratitude to rebel against their Great King, for all their happiness flowed from For, before the Island was inhabited, he had stocked it with the trees and plants which now made it so beautiful. and with the animals that sported in the woods and plains, or meekly served the wants of the people. then it had him a barren waste. It was the King too, who, as soon as the Island was made ready, sent men and women to dwell there, and gave it to them and to their children to use and enjoy for so long a time as they should remain faithful to him.+

The Islanders were sentenced to be punished, according to the King's law, for their disobedience and ingratitude. It was not cruel to condemn them, for they richly deserved it, and if they were spared, rebellion might soon spread through the other isles of his kingdom. Yet was he sad in heart, for he hated to cause

^{*} Genesis i. 11—25; Job xxxvii—xxxix.; Psalm civ. # Genesis i. 26—39, fl. 16—22.

* Tsalift xfli. 17.

suffering to any, and he had loved the Islanders as his own sons and daughters.

But especially was the King's Son filled with grief. He sought anxiously for a safe plan by which to save them alike from pain, and from the rule of the Prince of Darkness, and to restore them again to their rightful allegiance. things there were which caused this wish to arise in his heart. One was love to his Father, whom he could not bear to see wronged. Another was deep displeasure at the Dark Prince, who had already caused the King so much trouble. Also was his own heart filled with exceeding tenderness and love; and some feelings of pity were fain to mingle themselves with his thoughts, as he reflected on the erring people. For he loved the Island well. He had been wont oftentimes to visit it, while it remained faithful to his Father. It was, in truth, a pleasant spot; and there were pleasant memories of it about his heart, which clung closely there, and he would not that they should rudely be torn away. At length he approached the King, and earnestly inquired of him whether there were not some way to restore the Island-nation to their former state of obedience and favour.

(To be continued.)



A SEAL-SKIN BOAT.

You will all think that this is a very curious boat: it is used sometimes instead of a cance by the Esquimaux in North America.

It is made of seal-skins, fastened together and filled with air, so that it floats upon the water.

Look at the picture, and you will see the long paddle with which the man rows; it is made of whalebone, and is fastened to the float by a thong or string of leather. We hope soon to be able to tell you something about the missions to the Esquimaux.

MILLIONS WITHOUT GOD.

MILLIONS of immortal beings now live on the earth without the gospel. Numbers of them without the arts and sciences; given to theft, murder, and every kind of cruelty. Ignorant of the true God, their duty and destiny, worshipping senseless idols, and practising cruel rites of self-torture. One half of the race having no protection, abandoned to the grossest ignorance and slavery, and all this because the Bible is not there.

They ask for bread, "not that which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life;" not the "corruptible manna which our fathers did eat in the wilderness, and are dead," but the living bread of heaven, revealed in the Holy Scriptures, which a man may eat and never die.

LIVE IN PEACE.

In a distant land, on the other side of the world, there lived not very long ago a powerful chief, called Turoa. He had been a great warrior, and had fought many battles, and like other savage men of his tribe, had been proud of displaying his clubs and spears, and even of decking himself with the skulls of the poor fellows he had slain in battle. But now, at the time we are speaking of, he was very ill, and, stretched on his bed, seemed near about to die. He had frequently heard of Jesus from the missionaries who lived in his country; but he had never cared to listen to them, and now that he felt he was dying, he was very unhappy. He knew that his idols could not

more him, and he was determined to have nothing more to do with them, but he did not know whother Jesus would help him, as he had so often turned from him.

A missionary heard he was ill and came up the river to see him. As soon as be entered his room, Turoa lifted himself on his elbow, and said, "Tell me, do you think one who has been living all his life in the dark can now, in his last hour, enter the light? Can I be a child of God after having so long been \$ child of the devil? Did you ever know any one who came to Jesus at the last?" said the missionary; "there was once a thief, who, when he was just about to die, prayed to Jesus, and was promised that that very day he should be with him in Paradise." said Turoa, "he will not cast me off: I will have Jesus for my Saviour, and will die one of his people."

Not long after this, in the midst of the night, he sat up, and caused himself to be dressed in his best clothes, that he might speak once more to his people. What do my young friends think it could be that the dying chief was so anxious to say? He wished to tell them to do something which sounds very simple, but which I think you find sometimes very difficult. His last parting advice was this, "Live in peace. I have been a man delighting in war and evil: let the evil be buried with me: you are all brethren: you originally came to this hand in the same canoe: love, therefore, as men of the

same cance." He then lay down, and in the morning when his companions awoke, they found him dead and cold.

Are any of the little English boys and girls who read this story apt to quarrel with their brothers and sisters, and to return with angry words, or perhaps with bitter blows any unkindness they receive? I hope they will remember the last words of this poor New Zealander, and think if men of the same cance should love one another, how much more children of the same family.

Edge-hill.

Seripture Hliustraten.

Judges vi. 31.

A CHIEF in Tahiti informed Messrs. Tyerman and Bennett, that when Pomare, the king, abjured heathenism, he ordered the chief to take an axe and chop his gods in pieces. Though exceedingly terrified at the anticipation of the consequences, should they resist and retaliate, as the priests threatened, he nevertheless determined to put their divinity to the proof, and with a trembling hand began the work, when, no evil following, he completed it with all his might. After the last decisive onset, Pomare commanded his people to go to the great Marae or temple, at Tairuba, and fetch out Oro (the god of war), and commit him, together with all the other blocks in the same chamber, to the flames. This was a perilous enterprise; but a few bold spirits were found to attempt it. These marched to the Marae, but, instead of entering, fired into the house, saying, "Now, ye gods, if ye be gods, and have any power, come forth and avenge the insults which we offer you." The multitudes, who had assembled to witness the sacrilege, were amazed both at the impotence of the deities, and the rashness of the assailants. The house was afterwards pulled down, when the wooden inhabitants were shot through and through, and then burned to ashes.

LEV. ii. 13. "With all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt."

SALT among the ancients was the emblem of friendship and fidelity, and therefore was used in all their sacrifices and covenants. It is still considered in this light by the natives of the A covenant of salt seems to refer to the making of an agreement wherein salt was used as a token of confirmation. One traveller in the East, speaking of a person who desired his acquaintance, says, "Upon his departure he promised in a short time to return; I had already attended him half way down the staircase when he stopped, and turning quickly to one of my servants, 'Bring me directly,' said he, 'some bread and some salt;' what he requested was brought, when taking a little salt between his fingers and putting it on a bit of bread, he ate it with great seriousness, assuring me that I might now rely on him."

NEWS FROM AFAR.

A GIRL'S SCHOOL IN CEYLON.—LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY.

"I CAN never tell you the surprise and delight with which I read your account of the effort made for our school here. It was so unexpected and pleasing that it revived my spirits wonderfully, and seemed for a time almost to impart strength to my then very weak frame. Since God loves cheerful givers, I cannot but think that his blessing will rest on all who so cheerfully contributed. and I do trust that the prosperity of the school will be such as to make them rejoice in their deed. We began last month with twelve, many more we might have had, but we feared to take them, until we were certain of obtaining supporters for them. They vary in age from seven to nine years, and they are all as good and docile as we could desire. I must give you some idea of their appearance: like all Singhalese people, men, women, and children, our little girls have their beautiful black hair combed straight back from their faces, and fastened in a knob at the back of the head. Their dress consists of a combay and jacket; the combay is a straight piece of blue cloth reaching from their waists to their ankles, and bound tight round their bodies, (in full dress the combays of the women are plaited a little in front, but as plain as possible behind;) their little calicoe jackets are ugly in shape and simple in construction; but though their dress is not at all striking, some of their little dark faces are to me very pretty, and they look so bright and happy that it is quite delightful to see them. I feel confident that twelve English children could not be managed with so little trouble as these little girls are; they try hard to please, and I have no doubt, as we are making a few impossions on the old dirty habits of the Singhalese, in giving them posket-handkerchiefs and towels to use, instead of allowing their combays to serve all purposes, they feel themselves already advanced beyond other children, or as the idea would be most likely to form itself in their minds—gaining caste.

"We commenced by teaching them the English alphabet, as we had no Singhalese characters large enough for them to learn upon. Already half of them can read words of three letters very well, and they have a much better idea of the sound of the letters than you would expect. But I can often scarcely resist a laugh as I see the ridiculous contortions of their visages when attempting to give utterance to words that have letters in them which their language knows nothing of, such as f. th, and others; they seem to think that by some violent distortion of their faces, or a special nod of the head they shall be able to force it out; and if they succeed in giving a pretty correct pronunciation to some new word, their faces brighten with pleasure, and they seem brim full of excitement. They have, too, begun writing on slates, and they really get on as well as any children could.

"This morning I commenced teaching them the Sing-halese alphabet, and they appeared to like amazingly the sounds of their own language. To prove to you how good they are, I have rarely to enjoin allence in school-time, and never have had to tell one child to attend to what she was about. For the first time, the other day I was obliged to put the youngest, a very little creature of her age, in the corner, for she was seized with a stubborn fit and would not sound a letter. On turning a

minute at two after, to see hew she was getting on, I new her merry little face (which laughs so thoroughly all over, that the effect is irresistible) looking as full of fast as passible. I then was obliged with very constrained gravity to turn her round, and let her see only the wall for a time. This little punishment had such a wonderful effect that Mrs. Davies said her memory served her capitally in the afternoon, and ever since she has read as well as any of her class. My engagement with them it from 10 till 12 o'clock in the morning, and Mrs. Davies instructs them again in the afternoon for two hours."

Colombo, Sept. 26th, 3846.

REASONS FOR SERVING GOD.

What has led you to offer yourself for a missionary?

Answered by a native preacher now residing in Calcutta, and connected with Mr. Duff.

- 1. The prayerful but humble meditation on the love of Christ, as manifested in his infinite condescension and deep humiliation in behalf of a guilty world.
- 2. The consideration of the entire devotedness of Christ to do his Father's will.
- 3. The contemplation on the nature of the work, as the best, the sweetest, and the most glorious.
- 4. The love of the immortal but sinful souls of my fellow-creatures.
- 5. The sincere desire to advance my Saviour's kingdom in a direct way in this world.
- 6. The careful perusal and consideration of the writings of the apostles, especially the remarkable expressions of Paul, viz. "For necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel."—I Car. ix. 16.

- The meditation on the lives of the Christian references, martyrs, and missionaries, which I had an oppositunity to peruse.
- 8. The Christian conduct, and truly missionary spirit of those disciples of Christ under whose instruction and protection I am providentially placed.

PRASANNA KURNAR CHATTERJI.

Young reader, which of these reasons does not apply to you?

Poetry.

FROM THE YOUTH'S MONTHLY VISITOR.

"In the year 1844, near the city of Louisville, Kentucky, as the sexton went to open a grave-yard, he found there a slave-mother digging a grave for her own infant, which, without shroud or coffin, was lying by her on the earth. Her mistress had sent her thus to bury her infant, to save the expense of grave-clothes and coffin."—Mr. Needham's Speech in the late Liberty Convention, June 12, 1845.

BY REV. J. BLANCHARD.

AIR—Araby's Daughter.

The slave-mother leaned on her mattock full weary,
At the grey of the dawn, in that home of the dead:
Where the tall city's shade made each green grave look
dreary,

Though spangled with tears which kind nature had shed. But she recked not that cold dews were falling around her, Though weary with toil, and though fainting for food, For the last tie was broke which to feeling had bound her,
And froze e'en the fondness for life in her blood.
Her children, as mothers love, once she had loved them;
But sold were they all, save the corpse by her side;
God saw all her fears for her child, and removed them,
And her last pulse of hope with her last babe had died;
Oh, then, though she knew its young eyes first met her,
In language of smiles which the lips could not speak,
She thought that its safety in death was far better,
Than the joy she had felt when it breathed on her cheek.
And she prayed, as she turned to her strange task preparing

The abroudless and coffinless rest for her child,

That soon her torn breast might her babe's sleep be
sharing,

Her heart no more wrung, and her brain no more wild: For she said, while around her damp vapours aspirant, Rose chill from the moist turf which covered the grave, That earth was less cold than the heart of the tyrant, And death far less drear than the life of a slave.

"O SAVIOUR! I DO THIS FOR THEE."

Exclamation of Mrs. Comstock, of the Burman Baptist Mission, on sending her two children to the United States.

BY SPENCER WALLACE CONE.

Moan came, and in that silent bay
Beneath the Burman sky,
So motionless the vessel lay,'
You could not dream, ere close of day,
How swiftly she would fly;

How, like a mist of summer, part
From that deep inlet's quiet both,
And sever from a mother's heart
All that she loved on earth.

A woman, in a stranger land,
Ten thousand miles away
From kindred soul or friendly hand;
A mother, too! Can heaven demand
Her life's last earthly stay?
Her children? From her throbbing breast
Cast forth the babes that on it grew,
And nightly go alone to rest
Where once they stumber'd too!

Was the cup bitter to the taste—
The cross a weary load?
Friendless and childless to be placed
Alone, amid a darkling waste,
By heatile footsteps trod?
Ah! whence shall strength to bear such ill
To woman's gentle heart be given?
Proud man, be all thy boasting still:
Such strength descends from Heaven.

The livelong night, that mother's prayer
Went up to Christ above,
That as for her the cross He hare,
Her cross for Him she too might wear.
Supported by his love.
Oh! how she kissed them as they slept,
And sobbed that prayer each kiss between,
And closer, closer to them crept
When the first light was seen.

Morn came. She led them to the strand,
And pointed o'er the main.

It was almost too much to stand,
And clasp in hers the little hand
She wa'er might clasp again:

It was too much to see the face
That she had pillow'd on her heart,
Turned up to plead for her embrace,
And tell them they must part!

One burning kiss—one wild good-bye t

Put off—put off from shore—
In mercy to the mother fly,
And swiftly wast them from her eye,
For she can bear no more!
She knelt and cried, as o'er the sea
Faded their forms like sunset ray,

"O Saviour, I do this for thee!"
And sobbing, turned away.

Lowes then thy Lord? Ask of thine heart
A sacrifice like this:—
And when thou dar'st with such to part—
Though scalding tears unmaster'd start,
And wild farewell and kiss,
'Till thy dear heart-strings bursting be—
Oh blest art thou! if thou can'st say,
My Easiour! I do this for thee!
And turn to tread his way.

. HYMN.

JOHN X.

CHEIST is my shepherd: can I doubt His tender, watchful care? He'll guide me through life's pilgrimage To pastures fresh and fair.

Though roaring lions rage around,
They never can molest;
The path through which my Saviour guides
Will lead me home to rest.

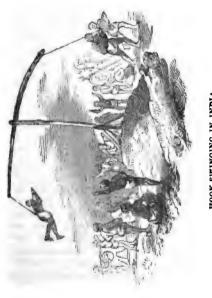
The persecuting fires may burst Around my feeble frame, Still in the tempest or the storm, I'll praise my Jesu's name.

The stormy billows ne'er shall quench
My love, O Lord, for thee;
Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
Hast set the captive free.

Joyful I follow in the road,
My Saviour, thou hast trod,
The way, though thorny, dark and drear,
Leads upwards to my God.

Thy smile shall light, thy voice shall chest,
Thy presence gild my way,
Thy Spirit animate my steps
To bright and perfect day.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



HOOK-SWINGING IN INDIA.

VOL. 111.]

FEBRUARY.



HOOK-SWINGING IN INDIA.

In various parts of India, the heathen thrust iron kooks into their bodies, and are swung high in the air. You will see a picture of this on the other page. When this is about to take place, the people pour in from every part of the country; and, assembling near an idol temple, they form a circle, and in the middle raise a heap of earth, about two feet high: in this is fixed an upright post, and across the post is laid a bamboo about thirty or forty feet long. This cross-beam is made to turn round at the top, and to move up and down.

The crowd shout and clap their hands, the drams beat, and the women dance, when the coarse wooden idols are brought from the temple to the spot. A man who is to be swung steps forward, and falls on his face. One of the attendants makes a mark on his back with dust: another rubs the place very hard to deaden the feeling, and pinches up the flesh with his hands; and a third thrusts the hook through the place marked, so as to take fast hold. This is done on both sides of the back. The man rises. stands on his feet, and then mounts on the shoulders of an attendant; the cross beam is lowered, and the hooks are tied to it; ropes are then pulled at the other end, which raises the part on which the wretched man swings, and in a moment he is high in the air. As he rises. water is thrown in his face, while the crowd cheer and clap their hands. The pole is then

swung round, and the suspended man throws down flowers, leaves, and strips of paper, on those below: these are eagerly seized by the crowd. They swing him round five times, and the cry is raised by the people, "How many more?" when, perhaps, he daringly tells them to do it five, ten, or twenty times more. Again, they rush round with their victim, while he raises his hands to his forehead as an act of worship to the frightful-looking idols beneath. He descends, with a bleeding body, from a height of forty to sixty feet, amidst the applause of the people.

Some are swung only for a few minutes; others for half an hour. It is said one man was swung three times in one day, on different posts; and, at another time, four men were on the hooks at the same time. In some cases the hooks are driven through their legs or feet; and in this way five women were suspended. They do not shed a tear, but appear indifferent to the pains they suffer. A missionary once saw a man smoke a pipe while swinging; and another had a shield and sword, which he moved about to imitate a man fighting with an enemy. When a third was lifted on high, a butterfly was seen to pass over him, and a hundred voices eried. "Behold! behold! the goddess is pleased. is pleased!" The ignorant heathen thought. that this was an approval of the deed of cruelty and blood.

During this ceremony, which commonly lasts several days, the whole place is like a fair:

there are stalls for the sale of sweetmeats and fruits, with music, singing, and dancing.

You will wonder what good these men promise to themselves by tearing their bodies. Some do it to obtain a name, and to be great among the people, or to have power with the gods. Others, as the way to secure pardon for their sins. How vain are these ways to obtain peace for a guilty conscience, and peace with God! They have an idea that something must be done to atone for their sins, but having no knowledge of Jesus Christ, and of his atoning sacrifice, they hope by self-torture to cleanse away their guilt.

Oh! pray for the poor heathen! Send them Christian teachers, who shall tell them of the mercy of God, and the love of a Saviour. Send them Bibles and tracts, that they may know there is redemption through the blood of Jesus, and that "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," Acts iv. 12.—From Missionary Gleanings.

ALLEGORY OF THE THREE KINGDOMS.

Continued from page 11.)

"My Son," replied the King gravely, "the Islanders have forfeited my grace. More than I have done for them already, I cannot do.* I

^{*} Gen i. Psalm civ.

planted their Island with the choicest of trees. the loveliest of flowers, the most nourishing of vegetables. I spread over the barren soil a carpet of greenest grass. I caused the voices of singing birds to fill the air with sweet music. and the cattle to graze upon a thousand hills. I placed men there. Children grew up around their board, and the voices of love and joy arose from all their dwellings. I guarded them from I gave them wise and good the assault of foes. laws to rule them. Nav. more, I myself often conversed with them familiarly; and my messages of love were frequent. I have no more to give them. Were I to offer them my pardon. they would slight it. They are altogether lost to me. They have gone after rulers of their own setting up. Too late they will find their mistake. But they must now abide the consequences."

"Oh! my Father," said the Prince, deeply moved, "your words are true, and your anger is just. Yet there remains one hope. You have sent messengers to the Islanders, to warn them of their folly, and they have slighted them. Yet is there one other messenger who, perchance, might move their hearts. Father, send me, your only Son. I am ready to go, even should they slight me, for the love which I bear towards them. I will be merciful to them; and if I should succeed in restoring them to you again, refuse not then the pardon bought for them by your own Son."

"Your words are full of mercy, my Son; but

look abroad over these multitudes of Fair Isles, calmly floating on the ocean waves. What think you, will the dwellers therein feel, when they behold free pardon granted to the guilty? Will not rebellion and disorder increase in my

kingdom?"

"Nay, but, my Father, their pardon, though tree to them, is not wholly uncarned; for it is hought at the price of my exile and suffering. I suffer, that they may be spared. punishment is laid on me. And will the inhabitants of all those Isles, when they see me leave my present home, and go and bear the reproaches of those who would fain be let alone in their rebellion, think disobedience a light thing? or, rather, will they not fear the more to break the bonds of their holy allegiance, when they see that pardon for such crime costs the woe of the King's own Son? And thus, through all this vast kingdom, sin will benceforth be counted more than ever an unholy thing."

"True," replied the Great King, "yet answer me now one more question. Will my justice be accounted highly of, when one is seen to suffer for the sin of many? one punished, when thousands merit to be punished? Is not this ruling with a weak hand? Shall sin indeed

escape so easily?"

"Though they be many, and I but one," said

powers in heavenly places might be [made] known by the church the manifold wisdom of God,"—Eph. iii. 10.

the King's Son, with reddened cheek, "yet hast thou not often, O my Father, told me out of thy loving heart that I exceeded to thee in value all the people of the Island, yea all they that dwell in all the Isles of thy dominion? so thou hast said. And have I ever, by word or look, transgressed thy commandment at any time? Therefore shall the worth of him that suffers, his innocence and infinite faithfulness, be counted against the number of the guilty, and the greatness of their crimes."*

"My Son, be it even as thou wilt. All things that I have are thine; and I give unto thee, in a more especial way, all that I have on the Island. + Go and do with it as seemeth unto thee best. My messengers of love shall sustain thee. Lead back the wanderers from the power of the Dark Prince, and set up a kingdom on the Island for a shelter where they may be made meet to be received back again as faithful subjects into my favour."

There was great surprise in the Fair Country, when it was rumoured abroad that the beloved Prince was about to depart, and dwell on the Island, among the faithless nation. Many trembled for his safety, but he felt no fear himself. So all things were made ready for his departure. Many brought offerings to him, the choicest gifts were laid at his feet, and a chosen band of brave men craved permission to attend him as his guard. But he put them all aside,

^{*} Rom. v—18, 19. Matt. iii. – 17. Heb. iii.—3. † Join xvi. 15; ch. xvii.–3.

with many words of love and thankfulness withal, and took only a staff and a vest like those the common people of the Island used; saying "Not by the might of my arm, or the valour of my followers, will I conquer these poor rebels, nor allure them by the splendour of my apparel; but by the deeds of mercy and of love will I win them, and lead them tenderly into a better way. My_gentleness shall make them great." Though he was rich, yet for their sakes he became poor.

Then he departed alone in a small vessel, bound across the great ocean for the Island, once so happy, now ruined. It was not long before he landed on its shores. But instead of the people crowding joyfully around him, seeking who should be counted worthy to offer to him the comforts of his home, as had ere while been their wont, they turned coldly from their Prince; and many, seized suddenly with shame and remorse, slunk away with drooping heads from his presence.

The night drew on apace; it was cold and stormy. One by one the people departed to their homes; and the King's Son was left alone, for none offered him to share the shelter of his roof. Even the birds sought their nests among

^{* &}quot;Verily he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham. Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren."—Heb. ii. 16, 17.

[†] Zech. iv. 6. Hos. i. 7.

^{‡ &}quot;Unto you is born this day a Saviour-Christ the Lord."-Luke ii. 11.

the rocking boughs, and the force the covert of their holes; but he had not where to lay his head. It was in an empty, forsaken stable that he at last found a comfortless abode. Did he sorrow now that he had banished himself from his pleasant palace-home? Oh, no; for there was no variableness in him, nor the shadow of a turning from his merciful purpose. He was the same to-day in the faithless Island, as yesterday in the Fair Country.

When the Dark Prince heard of his arrival, he was greatly dismayed; for this was a working of mighty love and power which he looked not to behold, and he foresaw his own danger. Well, indeed, knew he that this blow was aimed at himself, and his own power in the Island; dimly and fearfully now began he to perceive the added pangs of punishment which doubtless awaited him. So he resolved to make one bold stroke for conquest, ere he yielded in despair.

One morning the Dark Prince espiced the King's Son roaming in a lonely wilderness, faint for want of food.* Suddenly he placed himself in front of his path. He had disguised his fierce countenance in unwonted smiles for the occasion; and he spoke courteously, may even reverently, to the noble stranger. But the King's Son looked coldly upon him, and replied shortly to his greetings; for he knew well the artfulness that lurked in his bosom. Then did the Prince of the Dark Land lead him to the foot of a high hill, which stood nigh at hand,

^{*} Matt. iv. 1 2

and made signs to him to follow where he should farther advance. The stranger did so. They climbed the steen side by a narrow path. winding at first amongst furze and heather, but afterwards leading with difficulty among loose stones, and through narrow chasms between hard high rocks. But the guide knew the road well, for since he had abode on the Island he had become acquainted with almost every suot within its hounds; and hither he had often bent his steps, in the pride of his heart, to survey the fair dominion he had won (although through the sare suffering of the dwellers therein) from his enemy the Great King, over whom he would at such times fancy, so dim-sighted was he, that he had now gained gertain triumph. Nor was the summit unknown to the Good Prince, who, while his false foe pointed out to his eyes now ene scene of beauty, and now another, recognized them all, and felt his heart faint within him as he saw how the acenes of his old love ware changed.

Alas! the land was as beautiful as ever. The hills were bright with the blossoms of the golden furze, and the rich red bloom of the heath-bells. The broad-leaved fern waved in the shadow of the tall forest trees; the leaves of the graceful birch shook tremulously on their slender stems; and the willow drooped over the clear water-courses. Elsewhere uprose fan-like palms from the midst of the burning plains, and banian-groves sheltered the sultry valleys from the noon-day beams of the sun. But these

things no longer ministered joy to thankful hearts. The air was loaded with the sweet scent of a thousand flowers, and the breeze was as the fragrant breath of the spice-groves; but they bore nowhere the glad sounds of thanksgiving. For the valleys, which were wont of vore to resound from sunrise to sunset with the King's praises, were now mute in sullen silence, or rife with the sounds of confusion, anger, and strife. It was only the people who were changed; still was the Island fair; and as the eye of the Prince wandered from one spot of marvellous loveliness to another, his heart rose again, to think that all this was his by the gift of his Father, when he should have won it from the foe who stood darkly by his side.

Then began that foe to try to persuade the Good Prince himself, as he had already persuaded the Islanders, to renounce his allegiance to his Father, and join in warring against him. And as he set before him, one by one, all the beauties and conveniences of the Island, he concluded by offering it to him at once, without delay, if he would only come over to his aid, and pay him homage as a superior lord.* He ceased, and stood waiting a reply.

* Matt. iv. 8. 9. Luke iv. 5. 7.

'To be continued.)



BREAD-FRUIT.

HERE is a branch of the bread-fruit tree. This tree is found in the islands of the South Seas, and in the Ladrone and Philippine islands. The fruit is round, and grows on the boughs like apples; when ripe it is the size of a child's head, and is vellow, soft, and sweet; but the natives take it green, and bake it in the oven, till the rind is black. This they scrape off, and eat the inside, which is soft and white, like the inside of newly-baked bread. This fruit is in season eight months in the year, so that the natives feed upon no other sort of bread during that time. The tree on which this curious and useful fruit grows, is about the size of a large apple tree, or small oak. It grows with little trouble: if a man plant ten of them in his lifetime, he will do all that is necessary for keeping up the supply of this valuable food.

INDIA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, -You will remember that in my last paper about India I told you a little shout the voyage thither, and of the arrival of missionaries in that country: especially of the kind way in which they are often received by their brethren and friends in Calcutta. I then promised to tell you something about Calcustra. You all know. I suppose. that it is the chief city or metropolis of India. and that a great many people, of almost all colours, costumes, and countries live there. is said that there are 500,000 people in Calcutta. Now this will give you some idea of the extent and importance of the place, and may also show you how desirable it is that missionaries should be placed there. Wherever people abound, there the servants of Christ should be. to point them to him as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. There are between twenty and thirty missionaries there from different societies; and it is indeed a great comfort for these good men to ment together in a land of so much trial and affliction. ask why there should be so many missionaries in one city? I will tell you. All sorts of people are found in Calcutta from almost every part of the Eastern world. It would delight you much to walk through its bazants and streets, and to notice the great variety of feature, dress, and nation. Almost all the languages of Asia are spoken in Calcutta, and

most of the people can read their own language. Thus you see the missionaries have access to nearly all kinds of people for the purpose of preaching the gospel to them, and of distributing amongst them Christian tracts and the Hely Scriptures. These are aften carried to all parts of India, and the neighbouring countries; and are often made the power of God to the salvation of the soul. Many such instances of good occur, of which we may hear nothing in this world; but in the future world we shall know all about it.

The greatest number of the people in Calcutta and its neighbourhood are Hindoos and The first are heathen, and Mahomedans. worship a vast variety of false gods, and the latter, that is the Mahomedans, are followers of the false prophet, and are much opposed to Jesus Christ and to his people. But besides Hindoos and Mahomedans, there are many Parsees, Armenians, Chinese, Jews, and others. residing in that city. These all require the attention of missionaries; and many efforts are made to bring them to the knowledge of the only true God, and Jesus Christ. you before that some of the missionaries are engaged in translating the Holy Scriptures, some in educating the young, and some in preaching in English, and others in Bengalee and Hindosthanee. In a future paper I intend to tell you more particularly of these several ways of making known the gospel to the people. I shall take you with me, in thought,

to the printing-office, where the Holy Scriptures are prepared for circulation; then to the different schools in and around Calcutta; and then into the chapels and bazaars, where the missionaries take their stand to preach the gospel. There are many other places in India where good men are labouring as the servants of Christ for the good of the people around them; and, by and by, I will tell you what I know about these missionaries, and the different

places where they preach the gospel.

If you have examined the map of Asia, as I requested you to do, you will see that India is in the centre of a great many other very large and populous countries. Now all these countries are accessible to missionaries through India, and especially from Calcutta. very desirable then that Calcutta should be well supplied with missionaries, and that all God's people should be daily praying most earnestly for his blessing to follow all their labours, so that the word of the Lord may proceed from thence into all the regions round about. dear young friends, let me ask you to pray for the dear missionaries in Calcutta, and through-May the Lord bless you every one, out India. and enable you to give your hearts to the dear Redeemer, and then you will be prepared to become missionaries to others, either at home or abroad. For another month, farewell!-

A MISSIONARY.

"WHY SEND MISSIONARIES?"

"Why should we send missionaries to the heathen?" said a little boy to his teacher. The teacher explained it as clearly as he could, and after a while went home and thought yet more, "why should we send away so many good people who would be so useful at home!"

Then his thoughts turned into a dream, and he dreamed that there came a messenger to call him into the King's chamber. So he rose up and went before the King. "Subject," said the King, "thou art a dweller in part of my kingdom, where there is much good, though there remains yet a great deal of evil. But know, that there is another great country where scarcely any one knows me; for, years ago, the people all rebelled against me, and these their children have not been taught my will. This country is full of wickedness, cruelty, and hatred. The people have set up pieces of wood to serve, instead of me, and their laws are so bad, that they call that good which I say is very wicked."

Then the teacher was very sorrowful to think there was so wretched a country. The King then said, "Subject, what would change that country and make it good?" "Oh," cried the teacher, "if they knew thy great name, and thy laws, and thy lovingkindness." "My book that shows all this is in your country, subject," said the King again, "how shall they get it?" "We will send it to them," replied the teacher.

"Do so; I command you; and I myself will help those who go, and will do you good for sending them;" and whilst the King was saying so, the teacher awoke and found it was a dream.

Then he thought of his dream, and said, "surely this is the meaning thereof. The King is God; one kingdom is that part of the world where the bible is, and the other kingdom is the heathen part, full of misery and woe. God says, we must take the bible to the people who live there, and teach them about kin, and that will take away their wretchedness and make them glad."

So the teacher told his dream to the little boy, and said, "This is why we send missionaries to the heathen."

HAPPY DEATH OF A HINDOO CHILD.

"THE following interesting anecdote of the death of a Hindoo child, in Jessore, was brought to our notice a few days ago. His parents were heathens; but had heard the grouped and had received a copy of the New Festament, which the father carefully read daily in the hearing of his family; consisting of a sister, a wife, a widowed daughter, and a see, then mine or ten years of age. He has besides an infant daughter. The son heard the soriptures with apparent delight, conversed with his fasther frequently upon the important truths, and arrised him to renounce idolatry, and embrace

Christianity. Very shortly after, this interesting had fell ill; and in the latter stage of his idness, one day said to his father, 'Pray to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I shall die happy.' Not long after he died; and was, we cannot deubt, carried by angels into the presence of that Saviour, by faith in whom he looked for a happy exit. How many such cases may there he, of which the heralds of salvation never hear. We need scarcely add the parents shortly after embraced Christianity."—Calcutta Missionary Herald.

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Ezekiel xxxvi. 26. "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh."

TROYNSBUNG was a noted chief among the Delaware Indians of North America, in 1780. The efforts of the Christian missionaries had been the means of diffusing much scriptural knowledge among the native Indians, and their doctrines were frequently the subject of conversation among them. One evening Tedynacung was sitting by the fireside of his friend, the missionary, who mentioned the golden rule to him as very excellent, "One man should do to another, as he would the other should do to him." "It is impossible—it cannot be done," until the Indian chief. After musing for about

a quarter of an hour, Tedynseung spoke again, and said, "Brother, I have been thoughtful on what you told me. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a new heart he could do as you say, but not else." Thus you see, this poor Indian, although not quite converted could see that he could not make his own heart good—able to act right always. It is God alone who can do this, and he has promised the blessing to all who ask for it.

John xi. 31. "She goeth unto the grave to weep there."

A striking resemblance between the customs of the Jews and the East Indians, may be traced in many instances. In mourning for the dead, they appear to have expressed their sorrow in much the same manner. The Evangelist has informed us that Mary went to the grave of Lazarus to weep there; and Mr. Fountain, a baptist missionary in India, has told us of the same practice there. morning," says he, "when I awoke, I heard a great noise by a number of people on the bank of a tank near my dwelling. I went to see what was the matter, and found a number of women and girls assembled, to lament over the grave of a lad who had been killed by a wild buffalo ten days before. The mother sat on the earth at one end of the grave, leaning herself upon it, and bitterly exclaiming. Oh my child, my child!' On the other end of the grave sat another female, expressing her grief in a similar manner. This was not occasioned, however, by the affecting accident which befel the lad, but is one of the customs of the Mahomedans, who make lamentations for their friends ten days after their decease."

NEWS FROM AFAR.

GANJAM.

Last year we gave our young friends some interesting statements respecting the missionary school at Ganjam. in the East Indies, from the report of the General Baptist Missionary Society, by which it appeared that the instruction had been blessed to the conversion of some of the children. We trust there are among our readers some who are seeking in early life the salvation of their own souls; and such will rejoice in hearing that those mentioned in the last report maintain their Christian profession; and that others have forsaken their idols, and given their hearts to the Saviour of sinners. The missionary says, "Three of our dear girls have been added to the church by baptism, and have hitherto adorned their profession. One of the pious elder girls, Dalimbo, has been married to Luke, a pious youth. With one proof of her regard to the will of Christ I was much pleased. Luke made her an offer of marriage before he became a real Christian, but she said she could not be the companion of one who was not a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"The happy effects of Christianity have been displayed in some of the young persons in the Asylum,

when under circumstances of affliction. On their kind instructor parting with one named Joanna, who had been a member of the church a little more than a vest. scarcely expecting to use her again, he asked her the state of her mind, to which the dear child replied, 'I have a peaceful home.' On other occasions she remarked, I am not afraid to die-I feel Christ to be present to I am a sinner, but I have sought to have my sins forgiven, and I believe my Seviour has forgiven them: my mind is full of joy.' Another orphan had also died. When received into the Asylum she was extremely ignorant : but there was hope in her death. She expressed great contempt for idols; said she knew that none but those who turned from sin and helieved on the Lord Jesus could go to heaven; and during her sickness was heard to pray, 'O Lord, I am a great sinner, forgive my sins, for Christ's sake."

"I have just had a serious conversation with five of the boys. They appear to be in a hopeful state of mind. I am pleased with the conduct of four of them."

A very pleasing fact is recorded respecting a little girl at the neighbouring station of Choga. "When one of the men hesitated to declare himself a Christian at the time he had appointed, through fear of losing his farm, his little daughter, a nice girl about ten years of age, came to him, and looking him in the face said. 'Come father, don't be afraid, let us leave these idols, and go to the Christians on the mount, who worship God'! Come father, I will carry the basket with a pance kokharoo." This is a kind of large fruit needful for every meal. The father looked upon his little girl, and took courage. The little one was as good as her word; and I saw her first in the group, with a basket taining the pance kokharoo on her head."

Little English children, take care that you improve the many privileges you have, as well as these little Hindoo children do.

A HINT FOR BOYS.

DEAR SIR.—Some time since, I wrote to Mr. Clarke, requesting him to tell me what the youths in our sabbeth-school and congregation could do for Africa. As the subjoined extract appears likely to be useful, I shall be obliged by your inserting it in the Juvenile Missionary Herald.

Very sincerely yours,

E. C. S.

"I have not yet said anything to set your beys at work for Africa. I think they might supply each a copy-book, and 'set the copy' on each page; then the book, if wished for, could be returned to each boy when filled up by our African youths; or specimens from each could be sent, if sending all the filled-up copies would be too expensive; but I could send them to London, free of expense.

"Any mechanical contrivances would do great good, especially if so simple as to be easily imitated. A small wheel-barrow, cart, windmill, water-mill, or such like, would, I am persuaded, give a bent to the African mind which it has not at present. The introduction of harmless toys, such as balls, kites, &c., would make our schools places of desire, and tend to prevent the indolent apathy

induced by the climate and the nabits of the people. I wish some scientific lad, of a mechanical genius, could contrive an "orrery" for us, it would indeed work wonders. The changes of the moon, eclipses, and the motions of the planets, the change in the sun's position, being sometimes north of us, and at others south, are all far beyond their knowledge, and are to them inexplicable mysteries."

HOME.

And shall we dwell together,
As children dwell at home,
And every one be happy,
And not a sorrow come?

Dark people from the islands, Far scattered o'er the sea: Pale men from icy deserts Too cold for flower or tree?

Yes; all shall dwell together
That once were far apart,
All who have served their Saviour
With hand, and tongue, and heart.

Yes, all shall dwell together, As children dwell at home; And then we shall be happy, God's kingdom will be come

From Missionary Hymns,

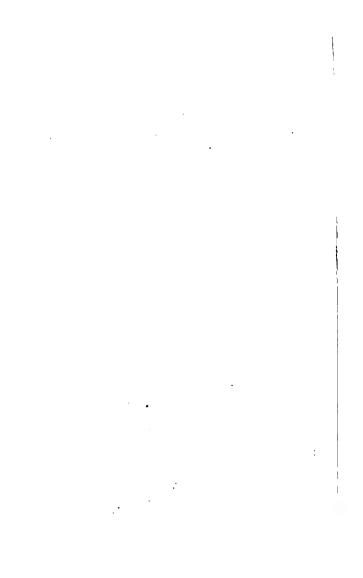
THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD



HUNOOMAN.

VOL. 111.]

MARCIL



HUNCOMAN.

The picture now presented is that of Hunooman, one of the false gods worshipped in the East Indies. Perhaps some of our young readers are ready to exclaim, "Why, what a strange being he must have been if he ever lived: he has the face of a monkey?"—Well, according to the account given by his worshippers, he was a monkey, indeed he was the chief of the monkeys.

It is said, that he assisted Ramu in his war with the giants: you will remember, to have read of this in the January number. Huncoman. they say, performed very wonderful exploits; at one time he leaped 500 miles at one leap; and when Ramu wished to get over to the island of Ceylon, to conquer the giants, he and the other monkeys tore up the neighbouring mountains and cast them into the sea. himself carried three mountains on his head,one on each shoulder, one in each hand, and one on his tail: all these mountains being thrown in, and becoming buoyant (that is, swimming on the surface), a complete bridge was formed, over which Ramu and his army advanced and subdued the giants.

These seem to us very absurd stories, but alas! many thousands believe them. Not many years ago, a Rajah, a rich man in India, in honour of his god Hunooman, spent no less than 10,000 pounds, in feasts in the marriage, as he called it, of two young monkeys. All the parade common to Hindoo marriages was

exhibited on this occasion. In the procession there were elephants, camels, and horses richly caparisoned—singing, and dancing girls, and music—and learned Brahmins were employed to read the form of marriage from the Shastres, or sacred books.

We trust all our dear readers are ready to say, how sad it is that any people should be so ignorant and debased, as to worship such a god. Pray that they may soon know the only true God.

MISSIONARY DANGERS.

Ir was a fine star-light morning when two missionaries started on a journey across the dreary country of Labrador. The cold white snow lay thick upon the ground, and upon the frozen sen which they were obliged to cross. But they stepped boldly into their sledges, wrapped themselves in their furs, and, cheering on their hardy dogs, went swiftly and smoothly along. They had with them three Esquima v men, and a woman and child. The morning was fine, and the sun shone brightly for a while. But after a time the travellers felt the water moving beneath the ice, and they saw many large cracks which made them fear the sea was violent and stormy. Towards evening the wind rose, and the ice was still more uneven. Soon the wind began to blow fiercely, and the clouds spread over the sky. The travellers

hastened to drive to the shore; but when they came near they did not know how to land. The ice, broken from the rocks, was shivering into a thousand pieces; and the driving snow made it difficult to see anything. The dogs were frightened, and would scarcely be persuaded to rush to the land. At last they did, and the two sledges were drawn up upon the beach. A moment after the missionaries saw the mass of ice they had just left broken up and covered with the stormy waves. Even the heathen Esquimaux joined the missionaries in thanking God for saving them from sudden death.

They now began to build a snow house to shelter them from the cold strong wind; and very glad they were as they all crept into it, that they had even this comfortless hut. They looked once more at the sea, now quite free from ice, and dashing and roaring upon the rocks. It was a splendid sight.

They ate their supper, and then lay down to rest. But one of the missionaries could not sleep. His throat was very sore, and the noise of the wind and sea disturbed him. About two o'clock in the morning he felt some salt water drop upon his lips from the roof of the little house. Then some more drops fell, and just afterwards the sea rushed in. The missionaries woke the sleeping Esquimaux, who jumped up in an instant. One of them with a large knife cut a hole in the side of the hut, and they all escaped. The snow house was

quickly washed away by the sea. They sheltered themselves as they could behind the rocks till the morning, and then built another house of snow. It was very small, and not comfortable; but they could do no better. They had no fire to warm them, and very little food to eat. The missionaries gave an equal share of their biscuit every day to the Esquinaux; but their hunger was not satisfied by it. One greedy man always ate his very quickly, and then held out his hand to ask for the missionaries' share. Two or three times they ate some old skins which had served as bags and mattress.

Four days they passed in this sad state, the storm still continuing with great fierceness. One of the Esquimaux, who was a sorcerer, said he should like to try to make good weather. The missionaries told him that would be wrong, and would do no good; for that God would make the storm cease when he pleased. The man said, "I shall tell my countrymen about you, how well you bear this misfortune." The Esquimaux all said at the time, that they were thankful to God for saving them from death; but most likely they forgot it when the trouble was over.

On the fourth day the inside of the snow house began to melt, and the peor missionaries could not keep themselves dry or find a dry place to lie down in. They said this made the cold much more painful than it had been before.

The next morning the weather improved, and

they all gladly started homeward again. The ice had formed again on the sea, but it was not so thick and strong as it had been before the storm. However, the travellers reached their home without further accident, and we can guess how glad their friends were to see them, and how heartly the mission family all joined that evening in prayer and praise. We have not these dreary, dangerous journeys; but we must think of those who venture their lives, to take to the heathen the glad news of salvation. Let us pray for them that they may always be as patient in suffering, and as diligent in working, as these missionaries were; and let us also ask that they may not labour in vain.

E. S.

ALLEGORY OF THE THIEF KINGDOMS.

(Continued from page 36.)

Nor for a moment was the youthful Prince staggered. He held the Island as his kingdom already, by a far surer fitle than it was in the power of the Dark Prince to bestow, even the promise of the Great King. Yet, notwithstanding, it was only after sharp contest that he could hope to win it from the grasp of his strong foe. And when he saw in spirit the toils of the struggle, and felt all the bitterness of his long weary exite from home, his spirit recoiled from the work before it. It was a temptation, to one whose sensitive nature shrunk from conflict.

suffering, unused to it, as he was, in the peaceful regions of the Fair Country, to gain his end by foregoing the warfare.* Yet he was not even for one brief moment inclined to yield, but his noble heart was strong in its purpose. Not for this had he left the Fair Country, crossed the mighty ocean, and braved toil, danger, and scorn, to subject himself to his foe. He spurned the false thought, and replied to the Prince of Darkness, that the Island was not in his gift, and that it was unlawful to tempt his Ruler. Then he descended leisurely from the hill-top, and found awaiting him some messengers from the Pair Country, † who were wont often to pass between it and the various ocean-isles, and who had come from the King, at this seasonable hour, to cheer and comfort their beloved Prince.

The King's Son soon began to preach. One day he called together a number of people; and then, standing on the brow of a rocky hill, beneath the shelter of some spreading palms, he addressed them. He reminded them of the King's past mercies, and how they had been slighted; he reproved them for many sinful practices which he had witnessed among them, and also for their utter disregard of the laws of his Father. Here one stood up, and pleaded harsh, while the Dark Prince offered them as

ii. 18. See also chart iv. 15.

Matt. iv. 11.

easy yoke, and much fresh knowledge and pleasure.

"Has this man represented your case truly?" said the Good Prince. Several replied that he had, and the rest nodded in token of assent. "Well then, my beloved friends, hearken awhile to me, and I will speak unto you the words of Believe me, while you continue to render unto the Dark Prince that allegiance which belongs rightfully to another, even unto the Great King my Father, you cannot be at ease; nay, worse, you are utterly lost. You know not the character of the Prince you have chosen. you he seems glorious and beneficent: but before the foundations of this fair Island were as yet arisen from the deep. I knew him: and he was then, as now, evermore engaged in working woe to the King's subjects. dressed to your eyes in the clothing of the guileless sheep; but beware of him, for inwardly he is like a ravening wolf.* He is a liar, and seeks to deceive you-not that you may thereby be advantaged, but for his own profit. Yet you cannot, you say, break off from him, and return to submission to the King's laws. It is true they are severe; yet the time was when his service was counted a delight. Oh! when shall that happy time dawn upon the Island again?"

"Oh! that it might," said some. "Down!" cried others. "Away with him!" exclaimed a third. "Let us at least hear him," interposed another voice. So he went on to speak.

[·] John viii. 44.

"The King knoweth your infirmities; nay, that you are as frail as dust. He desires not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his evil ways and live. Yet you are all inners, liable to his punishment. How then shall you be reconciled, for the King is just? Here, my friends, am I, come to show you the way of escape. The King so loved the Island that he hath sent his only Son, that whosoever cometh to him might not perish, but be suffered to live. I am the Great King's last messenger: if ye will not believe me, ye will have no other opportunity of escape. I here proclaim pardon in the King's name—a free, full pardon—to all those who choose sincerely to repent of their former unfaithfulness, and wish to submit themselves again to the King's government. my sake, because I entreated with tears and supplications before his throne, and offered to exile myself from the Fair Country, and to come and take up my abode with you, the King has consented to pardon you. But there is no other way, if you reject this. Under the wide arch of heaven, there is not uttered another name save mine which has power to deliver you from his wrath. Are you then willing to take me for your Ruler, instead of the Prince of the Dark Land? It is true I have no wealth or dazzling gifts to offer you, for my kingdom is not rich in the things of the world, and my followers must be lowly and poor in spirit; but my Father loveth me, and hath delivered all things into my hands, yea, all power, and judgment, and honour, and might: so that though I come not outwardly with the state of a king, yet all the Islanders may honour the Son, even as also they honour the Father. And I can give unto you a love, a peace, and a joy which none shall molest. and which your present Prince, with all his boasts, can never bestow. You will find his service a hard one ere long, if you continue in it; but my yoke is easy and my burden is light. See you yonder plain, by the side of that clear lake?" concluded he, stretching forth his arm, and pointing thither. "On that will I set up a tent for my dwelling. Thither let any follow me who are willing to exchange their present service for mine, and gain reconciliation with the King. Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

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When the Prince ceased speaking, there was a great silence; for the multitude had not all heard him unmoved. He regarded them a while with tenderness and pity; and then turned to descend the hill, bending his steps towards the plain. One by one, some came forth from the crowd, and followed him. There were only twelve; yet did others regard him intently, as if they had fain go but dared not, not being so bold-hearted as their companions. It was not long before the little company increased. All who came tried to win others. In a few weeks the little band numbered seventy.

The Prince drew up a code of laws for his new subjects, both to instruct them in the right way, and to explain to others the manner of entering his kingdom. It was very simple, and not hard to be obeyed; for he was so merciful to their frailty, so patient with their ignorance and dulness, so willing to teach, and so ready to remind any about to fail, that the people had constant help from a strength more perfect than their own. These are the laws the Prince made. First, that every one who wished to be in his kingdom should forsake the service of the Dark Prince: and then present himself at the tent, before the throne of grace, as the place where the Prince sat was often called, humbly acknowledging+ the unfaithfulness and ingratitude of which he had been guilty in breaking his allegiance to the King. He was also to bring to the Prince a humble petition for pardon, t to be given to the King, which petition must contain a sincere and full confession of the offences of him who presented it, must declare that as a criminal he deserved punishment, must plead for pardon only through the kindness of the Prince in coming to bear the sufferings which many had carned, and to raise a kingdom where those who should turn from the Dark Prince might be received into safety, and must pray for admission into this kingdom. Further, the hope of pardon must be expressed clearly and without

Matt. vi. 24.—Rom. vi. 6.—Luke xiii, 3.—Repentance.
Yohn i. 8.—Confession.
2 Prawer.
5 Rom. v. 8.

misgiving,* for the King would count it as an insult that any should doubt his word of promise. All such petitions presented to the Prince, he signed with his own name, and sealed with his own seal;† and the next time that any messenger's ship touched at the Island, bound for the Fair Country, he put them therein, and they were safely conveyed to the King. Thus were subjects admitted into the kingdom of the Prince.

* Acts x. 43, and xvi, 31.—Faith. † John xiv. 14.

(To be continued.)



THE BANYAN TREE.

This curious tree grows in India; it is called the Banyan or Indian Fig.

It may be thought that the picture represents several trees, but it is one tree with many stems. One traveller describes it, as "like " 'tent supported by many columns." The branches of this tree, after spreading a little way horizontally, begin to grow down again to the marth, where they take root, become stems, put forth new branches, which do the same thing again,—and thus a single tree may increase into a forest.

Travellers tell us that the Banyan tree, is generally now inhabited by a Brahmin, who builds his little shed against its trunk: here he lives and amuses himself by directing the lengthening branches into proper places, forming each into a regular arch: he spends his solitary hours in wandering amongst the green alleys of his tree, seldom leaving its limits. The people of the neighbourhood take him food every day, and receive his prayers and benedictions.

The great poet Milton, has given a beautiful description of this tree:—

"Branching so broad and long, that in the ground The bendstl twigs take root; and daughters grow About the mother tree: a pillared shade, High over-arched, with echoing walks between."

Beripture Allustrated.

Genesia xxxi. 40. "In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night."

THROUGHOUT western Asia, there is much more difference between the temperature of the day and night, than is generally known in

Europe. An idea of this can only be imagined, by supposing a night of our winter temperature following a day warmer than any that our summers afford. In the summer time, the night air is, in the warmest situations, cooler than that of our summer nights, and in other situations, often as cool as the night in our early spring. This night-coolness is felt, however, in the East as a gratification after the intense and relaxing heat of the day: but when the nights become positively cold, while the days remain extremely warm, the contrast is very distressing to those who are exposed to its influence in the open air. European travellers suffer much from this.

Leviticus xxvii. 32. "Whatsoever passeth under the md."

This is most likely an allusion to the process which Jewish writers tell us was followed in taking the tithe. The cattle were placed in an enclosure, with a narrow entrance, through which one animal only could pass at a time. At this entrance, outside stood a man with a rod marked with other, or other colouring matter, and as the animals passed out, he counted them, and let his rod fall on every tenth without distinction. Whatever animal bore the mark thus impressed, was taken for the tithe, whether were it male or female, sound or unsound.

ADORATION OF THE TOOTH OF BUDDHU IN CEYLON.

THE people of Cevlon serve "lords many. and gods many." They worship trees, stars, books, painted images of mud, unholy living men, and even devils. The object, however, to which the highest adoration is paid, is a supposed tooth of Buddhu, the founder or restorer of their religion. He was the son of a king who lived about 2,300 years ago. he died they say his soul ceased to exist. His body was burnt on an immense funeral pile, in presence of seven hundred thousand priests, and sixty thousand princes. His favourite pupil rescued the tooth from the flames, and to it the same veneration is paid which was shown to Buddhu when alive. The books containing its history, are much read by the Cingalese. According to their account, it has passed through many changes. They say that mighty monarchs have sometimes contended for the honour of having it. At one time it fell into the hands of persons who denied its power, and attempted to destroy it. By them it was thrown into a glowing furnace, but it burst forth, unscathed, emitting rays which ascended through the skies, and illumined the universe: it was buried deep in the earth, which was trodden down by elephants; but it reappeared on the surface in the centre of a gold lotus flower: it was cast into a deep and filthy pool, which speedily became a clear pond covered with lotus flowers, on one of which the relic was seen

reposing. It was brought to Cevlon about 1500 years ago, and during the reign of the Kandyan king it was guarded with the greatest Even since it came into the possession of the English it has been protected day and night. by soldiers paid by the British Government. At the remonstrance of the missionaries the guard is to be withdrawn, and the tooth delivered to the people themselves. Not long ago a meeting of the priests, chiefs, and people, was convened in the Hall of Audience of the late kings of the Island, to make arrangements for transferring the tooth to them. They were unwilling, however, to receive it. as they considered it too valuable to be entrusted to their keeping. One aged idolator especially. advanced with trembling steps, and stretching out his withered arms, implored the government to protect that which they valued more than their lands, more than their lives, more than their children. He was told, however, that his request could not be granted.

The relic is preserved in the "Palace of the Tooth" in Kandy, in the interior of Ceylon. The room in which it is kept is small but richly decorated. The floor is covered with the costliest carpets, the walls are hung round with cloth of gold. The tooth itself is enshrined within golden caskets, studded with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. Thrice a day the temple is opened for the reception of worshipper, who come even from Burmah, Siam, and China. The offerings presented are

precious stones, &c. When the worshippers are essembled, a priest with shaven head, and yellow robes, draws back the curtain, and amid a deafening noise of drams, and other instruments of music, the people prostrate themselves offore this tooth of a dead man. They repeat during that time the following words in Pali:—

I make Buddha my refuge: I make his books my refuge: I make his priests my refuge:

Children, you who have been taught to make Jesus your refuge, pity the poor deluded Cingalese, who are trusting to refuges of lies which will be swept away in the day of trial. As soon as you 'read this pray for them. Work for them. is pleasant to hear how much the children of England have raised for Africa. I hope they will remember Asia too, which contains six times the population! Many Sunday schools number one hundred pupils; were each child in such a school, to collect a halfpenny a week, it would support a teacher in India or Ceylon. At the next missionary meeting of every Sunday school, let the question be asked, and answered, Can we not support a school in Ceylon or India!

MISSIONARY ANECDOTE.

MR. READ, a missionary in Africa, relates that hearing that a little girl of five or six years ald was frequently seen going to the bush, said to her, "I hear that you often pray; what do you pray for?" "Oh, said she. "I say, Lord Jesus, here is a poor little child,—forgive me all my sins, and give me a new heart, and grant me thy Holy Spirit."

NEWS FROM AFAR.

A LETTER TO SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN IN ENGLAND.

Names, Bahamas, Nov. 18, 1846.

· MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS .- I was once a Sunday school teacher in England, but am now become one in the West Indies. I well remember what interest the Sunday school children felt in hearing about mission labours in various parts of the world: I will therefore tell you something about what we are doing here. A few weeks ago it was agreed to have a Juvenile Missionary meeting at the baptist chapel of this place : accordingly, on the sabbath afternoon appointed, the children of the two baptist schools met together-about 300 black Mr. Capern, our missionary, began children. reading about the dying Indian boy (from the Juvenile Herald) to them, and made some comments on it. Then they sung a favourite hymn from Curwen's Hymns and Chants.

-M' Around the throne of God in heaven.

· Thousands of children stand:

Children whose sins are all forgiven -

A holy happy band.

Singing glory, glory, glory."

It was delightful to hear them sing this, for they seemed to sing it with all their heart, and I think there

is nothing so beautiful as to hear sabbath school children sing.

A gentleman then addressed them, and said what a delightful thing it would be if they all met and sang " glory, glory, glory," in the other world; but they must remember that they could never join that "holy happy band" unless like these glorified little children they seek their Saviour's grace, and love his name on earth. He had been taught when a child in England to think the English children the happiest, for no children had such privileges as they; and had often sung Dr. Watts's beautiful hymn "I thank the goodness and the grace." &c. : but he really thought that now the Nassan children were as well off as the English children, and enjoyed the same privileges; this was owing, under the providence of God, to the missionaries who had left their homes, crossed the seas, to publish the glad tidings of salvation. and establish schools for the young. How much then did they not owe to the missionaries; they could never repay the debt; they should then show their gratitude by giving all in their power to enable the society to send missionaries to Africa, so that the little children of Africa might be as well instructed as those of Nassan.

Mr. ——— (formerly a slave) then told them how much better off they were than their parents had been: who had no schools, nor any one to instruct them. When he was a boy the only chapel he had to go to was the gaol, and the only lesson they taught him was thirtynine lashes: he once had a severe flogging for simply asking to go to school. They ought then to show that they valued their privileges by helping to send the gospel to the little children in Africa.

One or two more teachers also spoke; after which the

mission-box went round, and they contributed about two dollars. I must also tell you that they contribute in the solved every Sunday for Africa.

And now, my dear children, I must conclude this brief account of our missionary meeting by asking every one of you, whether you contribute anything for the cause of missions? If you do, you do well; but if you do not, let the black children of Nassau be an example to you, and go and do lik ewise.

I new remain, my dear children, Your sincere friend.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETING, NORWICH.

The children of the Orford Hill sabbath-school, Norwich, held a juvenile missionary meeting for the first time on Sunday afternoon, October the 11th. It was opened by reading and prayer. The children then sang some hymns, and recited several dialogues and pieces. The meeting, which was an exceedingly interesting one, (and which all the old people as well as young ones will for a long time, we hope, think and pray about,) then concluded by a short address, and prayer, and a collection of nearly £2 for the juvenile missionary box.

The Children's Bookshelf.

LITTLE GEORGE'S FIRST JOURNEY: Religious Tract Society.

THIS is a very interesting and instructive little book, giving an account of many things which children ought to know. Little boys who stay quietly at home will like to hear all that little George saw when his kind papa took him out travelling with him.

THE NUMBER GUIDE; or, the Infant's First Hymnbook: R. Yorke Clarke, and Co.

This little book is written by a mother, and gives tokens of the deep anxiety and tender love of a mother's heart. It will be, we believe, a favourite with both mothers and children. The little ones will like the easy rhymes, simple lessons, and pretty pictures; and mothers will find those first great truths of the bible, which they so much wish to impress upon the minds of their children, here put into language most likely to please and interest them.

YOUTHFUL WARRIORS.

In the year 1611, an army of ninety thousand children, commanded by a youthful warrior, set out from Germany to conquer the Holy Land. Filled with zeal, but ignorant of the geography of the earth, they were dismayed on perceiving the waters of the Mediterranean spread out before them. They had no means of crossing this sea; and soon fell into disorder. Many died or were murdered; and thirty thousand were captured on the shores of Marseilles by the Moors, and sold into slavery.

Long years ago a youthful band, Full ninety thousand strong, Set forth to shield the Holy Land Trom Saracenic wrong.

A blood-red cross-each warrier wome.

On cap of polish'd steel of
The motto which each banner here
"Fidelity and seek."

With vig'rous step, and eagle glance,
These young crusaders pass'd
Along the sunny plains of France,
And reached Marseilles at last.

Here was no friendly hand to guide,
No bark to waft them o'er;
Full many sicken'd, drooped, and died,
On that unfriendly shore.

The others, roaming o'er the plains
In unquench'd bravery,
By barb'rous Moors were bound in chains,
And sold to slavery.

Young friends! a battle you must fight, .
A race you all must run;
Your armour must be polish'd bright,
To glitter in the sun.

If you your risen Lord would see, And in his triumphs share, Salvation must your helmet be; Your watchword, "fervent prayer."

You must be soldiers of the cross; Must fight and conquer sin; Must count all earthly joys but dross, That Canaan you may win.

The sin-crush'd soul in ev'ry land,
Of ev'ry hue, and clime,
Fram'd by the same Almighty hand,
Thy brother is—and mine.

"TO OBEY IS BETTER THAN SACRIFICE."

'T is better to offer the heart's pure devotion—
The soul's pure affections—submission and love,
Than the wealth of the earth, or the pearls of the ocean,
As gifts at the feet of the Saviour above.
'T is better to list, when the Spirit's revealing
The love of Jehovah—our duty to God;
When his mercy is offered for cleansing and healing,
Than to scatter our heartless oblations abroad.

'T is blessed to open our treasures—a fountain,
Whence constant benevolence may readily flow,
Like streams gushing forth from the depths of the
mountain.

To water the plains and the valleys below.

But what are our gifts! though many applaud them,

If the heart is withheld from our Saviour and King?

Our charities, he will not own nor reward them,

Unless the heart's offering we willingly bring.

Oh! then, in the bloom of life's early morning,
When the fresh buds of promise are ready to ope;
When the future with visions of beauty is dawning,
And earth's gladsome picture is gilded with hope,—
Oh! then let thy youngest affections be given—
Lay thy heart's fairest blossoms on heaven's pure shrine;

An offering meet and accepted of heaven,
And faith's conscious blessings shall surely be thine.—

From the New York Recorder.

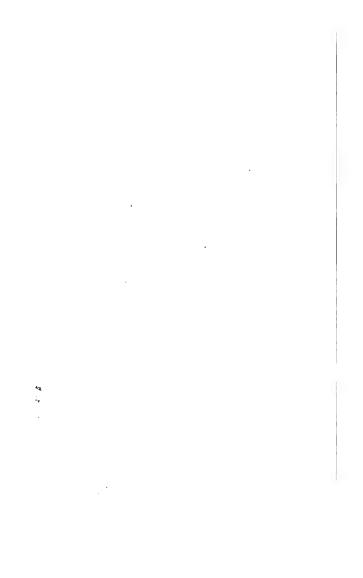
THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD



THE HINDOO BRIDEGROOM.

voi. 111.]

[APRIL.



THE HINDOO BRIDEGROOM.

Our picture on the other page represents part of a marriage procession in India. We gave a short account of one last year ni illustration of the passage of scripture contained in Matthew axv. In the marriages of the rich, great preparations are made, of music, fireworks, &c. and vast multitudes are invited to the wedding. Generally at twelve o'clock at night, the bridegroom goes to the house of the bride. He is carried in a gilt palankeen, richly deesed, and with many gold and silver ornaments. The procession before and behind him is very long. The streets are quite illuminated by the flambeaux and lights which the servants carry: and fireworks, placed on such side of the street, are let off as the procession moves along. Horses, camels, and elephants, richly caparisoned, are led in the procession, and music of different kinds is placed before and after the bridegroom.

HOW CAN I HELP THE HEATHEN?

[&]quot;Here is your new missionary magazine," said Brith's mamma to her little girl one selbbath merning, "which gives you an account of God's work in the certh."

[&]quot;This is not a pretty picture at the beginning, mamma? what is it about?"

[&]quot;It is the picture of a great integer, chear.

and I think with you that it is not very pretty; but the poor heathen in a far off country call it God, and fancy that it can hear and answer their prayers to it."

" How foolish they must be !"

"Yes, but they have never been taught any better, and believe what their ignorant priests tell them, without questioning their stories."

"But why do they not read their bibles, and

learn about God in reality, mamma?"

"Because they have no bible yet; and then they have so long believed in their own false religion that they find it very difficult to think they have been in the wrong all this time; and when any Christian missionary tries to convince them of their error, and explain the true way of salvation, they do not feel at all willing to admit that their own painful efforts to atone for sin are of no avail."

"What do they do?"

"Some heathens cut themselves, or tear their hair, and endure all sorts of voluntary hardship or suffering; others make a pilgrimage to some place they imagine more holy than any other; some stand in one position all their lives, or make a vow always to crawl on the ground; in some countries they even believe it is right to sacrifice each other, or their sum dear little children! many think that they shall be sure of future happiness by casting themselves under the moving car of a frightful idol named Juggernaut; or drowning themselves in some sacred river."

"Dear mamma, how shocking! but what makes them think of such things!"

"The bible, my dear Edith, tells us that God has given to all men an inward light, called conscience, which if attended to will teach us what is right and what is wrong; but if it is neglected, to use the language of scripture, it "sleeps" or becomes "seared," that is dead, and ceases to guide us. Now in the first chapter of the apostle Paul's epistle to the Romans the heathen are described as shutting their eyes to the knowledge which they might gain of God by observing his wonderful works in nature, because they did not like to remember him; and so, it goes on to say, God gave them up to their own evil minds."

"Do the heathens now seem to know that

they are sinners?"

"It does appear almost universal, my love, among the most ignorant of the heathen that there is a consciousness of their unholy state, and all who think much on the subject, we learn from their own statements, pass their lives under that certain fearful looking for of judgment,' which induces them continually to seek some mode of deliverance from their heavy burden of guilt, and some assured hope of future happiness. In the Old Testament there are continual allusions to this, especially in the prophecies, where the heathen is described as saying with deep anxiety, 'What shall I give for the sin of my soul?' and the same anxiety now leads to the many misguided efforts w read of in missionary accounts."

"One would think they would be very glad to hear of God's way of salvation, instead of not believing the missionaries!"

"You forget, Edith, that having so long been used to believe error, it is very difficult to change an opinion suddenly; and most people would so much rather do something by which they might earn pardon, as it were, that the simple act of faith prescribed in the gospel is despised and rejected, till God touches the heart, and enables us gladly to look to the dear Saviour for that help which no one also can give!"

"Ah mamma! ever since you explained that sweet verse:—

'He saw how wicked men had been And knew that God must punish sin; So out of pity Jesus said He'd bear the punishment instead;'

I have wished all the world could hear of his love; and when I grow up I should like to teach in the Sunday-school as Aunt Sarah does!"

"But you need not wait till you are grown up, my love. There are many epportunities for you to tell about our dear Saviour in our own house, to your nurse, or your brothers and sisters; and though you cannot talk to the heathen, you can help to send the good missionaries to them."

"Dear mamma! how can I help them?

"Why, you know that as it is not the daty

of every one to go abroad, Christians, therefore, join together and agree each to pay something for the support of some pious person who should devote all his time to preaching and prayer. They also furnish him with bibles and books for teaching people to read. This is called a Society, and the more money they can procure, the more hibles and missionaries they are enabled to send."

"How I should like to help them! But I have no money, what can I do?"

"Well we must consider what else you can give. You can work neatly, and collect shells and sort them into their classes, and your head and your hands are both useful."

"But shells and needlework will do no good

to the Missionary Society, will they?"

"Listen to me, Edith, and I will tell you how other children have contrived. I knew a little girl, who, like yourself, was very anxious to send light to the heathen, and her mamma suggested that she should dress dolls and sell them to her friends, and give the profits of her work to the Society. This little girl had feeble health, and was not very persevering, but her mamma encouraged her and gave her the first doll with materials for clothing it, and she worked diligently till the end of the year, when she had the great pleasure of sanding eighteen shillings as her own earnings for the poor heathen."

"Mow happy she must have felt, mamma; can you tell me any other plan?"

- "There were also two little boys, who had a small printing press presented to them, and they printed labels for preserved fruit, and names to paste inside books, and even a long poem which they sold to their friends, and thus realized £1, which they could not have raised but by their own industry, for they were not rich. Another very little girl used to collect the snails which infested her papa's garden and spoiled his plants, for which he paid her sixpence a hundred. I remember one damp summer she was quite consoled for its inconveniences by the increase of her work for the mission."
 - "Well, mamma, but what can I do?"
- "We will consult papa. You know he is often glad for us to fold papers for him, or sort different things from his laboratory, but he complains that you are soon tired; however, if your love for the souls of the perishing heathen will make you persevere in the employment he gives you, I have no doubt he will agree to pay you a certain sum for every such service, and then you will have a little fund at your own disposal."

 E. W. P.

(To be continued.)

ALLEGORY OF THE THREE KINGDOMS.

(Continued from page 61.)

IT was wonderful to see his tenderness towards the rebels; even the worst were never

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turned away, but all that came were welcomed. Nor were they needlessly upbraided for past crimes, having once confessed them; yet they were wont to say among themselves, "Though the Prince never casts our former guilt in our teeth, yet oh! how bitter seems it to our own hearts, when first we taste his exceeding love towards us. How wondrous are his ways towards the children of the Island. could we forsake such a Ruler!" after were they commanded to make all their requests to the King through the Prince.* Before they rebelled, the King had been wont to come and converse familiarly with them; but when they left his service, he did it no more. If they now wanted to ask anything of him, their petitions must have the name of the Prince affixed to them, and be sent through him to the "For," said the King, "they Fair Country. would never have been heard at all, for their own sakes, after they rebelled; but since my Son loveth them well, and earnestly intercedeth for them, I will hear them; yet will I show them that it is for his sake, and not for theirs, that I grant their requests."

Every one, directly he was received into the Prince's new kingdom, had a copy of the laws given unto him.† It was bound up with the King's own original code of laws, and with a history of the Island, particularly of the rebellion, which the King had caused to be written,

^{*} John xiv. 6. Eph. ii. 18. † Luke xvi. 16.

that the Islanders might read it, and ponder on their ingratitude. The Prince made yet other laws, besides those which explained the terms of entrance into his kingdom. One was, that they should render their conduct faithful and true to the ancient laws of the King, * such as it had been before they joined the dark Prince; for though these laws had been broken by the Islanders. they had never been repealed by the King, who indeed governed all his vast dominious according to the same rule: and to restore the Islanders to their former allegiance, not merely to save them from the punishment of their present guilt. was the great object of the Good Prince. needed it many struggles to forsake the habits of sin which had grown familiar to them. And some thought it hard to have to watch every thought and word, in order to take heed that it were not false. But most obeyed joyfully, for the love which they bore to the Prince made all things easy. Another law was to love and succour one another. + And truly they would have done it, even had there been no law: for their common love to the Prince did so knit their hearts together in love to each other, that they were like one brotherhood.

Yet, though the Prince's laws were clear and easy, many were the mistakes, wilfully or unwittingly, made about them. Indeed the very simplicity and lowliness of the way of entrance

^{*} Matt. v. 48. also ver. 17-20.-Holines.

⁺ John xid. 34, 35.—Brotherty love:

prevented some from enrelling themselves as subjects of the kingdom, who would willingly have done some great thing to gain favour with the King and his Sen. They would have bought their pardon by leading an army against the Dark Prince, or by performing other hard service; but they could not submit to be treated as little children, to gain favour in so easy a way; and especially they disliked to acknowledge that the favour, when gained, was only granted for the Prince's sake. They could not brook to have their own efforts put so entirely aside. But the Prince said to them, " " By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of vourselves: it is the King's gift: not by works of rightcousness which we have done." Some, again, came for pardon, who yet secretly continued to serve the Dark Prince; for they were fearful of offending either, till they should see who would prove the stronger, and they wished to get all the advantages of both kingdoms. But the Prince would not receive such halfhearted followers: and he said anto them. + "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve me and the Dark Prince too."

Others, who begged admission into the new kingdom, would not own that they had ever broken their allegiance to the Great King. In fact, they wanted to share all the pleasures and

^{*} Bob. H. * + Lake mpi, M.

advantages of the new reign, without the shame of acknowledging that they had been tempted into the service of the Dark Prince. But to such the Prince said, "Nay, but my kingdom is not then for such as you. I come not to call those who have kept their allegiance to repentance, but those who have broken it.* For they that are whole need not the physician, but they that are sick." Some sent their friends to beg for them. but the Prince said that would not do. "Every man must bear his own burden," he told them. "and each must give an account for himself." Some tried to persuade the messengers to take their petitions to the King, being too proud to send them through the Prince; and they fell on their knees before the messengers, and besought them to grant their requests, in like manner as the Prince's subjects were wont to pay him homage at his throne. But the messengers put them aside, saying gravely, "See that ye do it not; for we are but your fellow-servants of the King. + There is none other name whereby ve may be saved, but that of the Prince." some mistakes were made through fearfulness of Many, when they reflected on the exceeding love of the King's Son, felt their faithlessness to be so great that they dared not ask for pardon. Their sorrow bowed them to the earth like bruised reeds. Did the Prince break them? Oh no. "For," said he, "I came to bind up the broken-hearted; and him that

^{*} Matt. iz. 12. | Rev. xxii. 8.9.

cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.". Then they adventured to knock feebly at the door of the tent, with beating hearts, to ask for pardon at the throne of grace; and the door was quickly opened to them; all that asked, received; and they that went in weeping, by reason of sorrow and fear, often came out

rejoicing in the hope set before them.

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So the Prince's kingdom went on increasing, day by day. Yet there still remained on the Island many wicked rebels; in fact, they who sided with the Dark Prince were more in number, by many times, than they who had joined the King's Son. These took pleasure in tormenting the Prince's followers, and in saving harsh things of them. It was even insinuated. by some of the worst, that all his power, and the gifts which he bestowed, were owing to the Dark Prince.* Thus to ascribe the power with which he was contending against his enemy, to that enemy himself, was surely the greatest insult and folly. For the Dark Prince would not help his enemy to fight against himself, and lessen his kingdom. On the contrary, to see the success of the new kingdom made him feel very angry, especially when he noticed that even his own followers since the first-some of whom he had brought over from the Land of Darkness when the Son of the King came, to help to fight against this new enemy,-had to obey that very enemy, when he commanded them to

leave off tormenting the people, whom they worried sadly.*

Now those who became subjects of the Good Prince were soon quite changed in character. You no longer saw the working of bad passions apparent on their countenances, but peace and holy joy beamed on every face. And whenever any was sorrewful, it was wonderful to behold how the yest would gather about him, as if he were a brother, to comfort him, and support his failing spirits. Then would the Prince himself send for him to the tent on the plain, and bestow on him, not rich gifts, but words of love, that did good inwardly. And whenever any were brought into the Prince's kingdom from the dominion of the Usurper, as the Dark Prince was frequently called, great joy was felt; and they were welcomed, oh! how lovingly, and cared for, oh! how tenderly. And not only was there joy in the Island, but the messengers. from time to time, carried tidings to the King of the Fair Country of the welfare of his Son's kingdom; and when any went on well, or were added to it from the other kingdom, there was rejoicing likewise through all the King's court. On the Island, the "rescued ones," as those who followed the Prince had aptly called themselves. took great delight in conversing one with another of the great happiness which had fallen upon them, since their beloved Prince had come to reign over them. They were, however.

Luke viji. 98, 36. † Luke xv. 10.

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greatly tormented by the Dark Prince and his subjects. It is true that the Prince, by the great power he could command, might at once have expelled all his enemies from the Island, and thus have had it all to himself for his subjects in peace. But he was wenderfully good and long-suffering; and he would not that any should perish, but rather that all should come to him, and live happily. He was often heard exclaiming, as he beheld the Island, and wept over it, "Oh, that they would know the things belonging to their peace! But how they are hidden from their eyes. They will not come unto me, that they might have life."

(To be continued.)

A RESCUED SLAVE.

It is a custom amongst some of the African tribes, at the death of a chief, to sacsifies a number of human beings at his grava. On one of these occasions, several victims were assembled together; amongst them was a boy, who contrived to escape to the woods. There he lived for some time on wild fruits, but he was captured by a tribe of cannibals, as these savages are called who eat human flesh. From this peril also, by great skill, he managed to escape, but was again captured and sold for a slave, and was put down with many others in the hold of a ship which was employed in this barbarous traffic. He now felt increasing

terrors. After some days, to his great joy, a sailor entered the hold, crying out, "Good, good," almost the only English word the poor negroes understand; and their fetters were atruck off, and their oppressors loaded with them. The slave-ship had been captured by a British vessel sent out to give freedom to slaves: they were taken to Sierra Leone. In this place, after being instructed in Christianity, he related these adventures, adding, "I at first thought myself a very clever boy, and that I had escaped through my own skill, but I now find it was the Lord Jesus who was leading me. He leads the blind by a way they know not."

W. H. COTTLE.

Scripture Allustrated.

NUMBERS xxiii. 55. "Pricks in your eyes and thorns in your sides," (2 Cor. xii. 7.)

PROPLE in the East, in consequence of their light clothing, of the exposed state of the feet, and the narrowness of the paths, have a great dread of thorns. Those who carry the palankeen or who travel in groups, often cry aloud, "Mullu, Mullu!" a thorn, a thorn! The sufferer soon throws himself on the earth and some one famous for his skill extracts the thorn. Does a person see something of a distressing nature, he says, "that was a thorn in my eyes!" A father says of his bad son, "he is to me as a thorn!" A person going to live in an unhealthy place, or where there are quarrelsome people, is aid to be going to the thorny desert.

MATTHEW xxi. 21. "Ye shall say to this mountain, Be thou removed," &c.

It was a common saying among the Jews, when they intended to commend any of their doctors for his great dexterity in solving difficult questions, that he was a rooter up of mountains. In allusion to this proverb, our Lord tells his disciples that if they had faith they should remove mountains: that is, in confirmation of the Christian religion, they should be able to do the most difficult things. As these words are not to be taken in a literal sense, so they are likewise to be restrained to the age of miracles and to the apostles, since experience convinces us that this is not a gift belonging to Christians at this time.

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NEWS FROM AFAR.

LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS LITTLE SONS IN ENGLAND.

Hayti, Dec. 25, 1846.

MY DEAR BOYS,—I want to write a letter to you,—a letter on this Christmas day, if the heat will allow me. Such a Christmas day as this I never spent before. It is quite different from yours. When you rose this morning, perhaps, the snow was lying thick on the ground, covering the housetops, and powdering the bare branches and the peoples' hats. Perhaps you have just come into the house, after having thrown snow-balls, with your fingers as hot as fire, and your cheeks as red as the sun when he rose in the East. If

I have been wrong in these conjectures, then it has been wet and stormy, and the roads are muddy, and necess are helding up their umbrelies, with large handkershiefs over their mouths, and heavy cleaks upon their shoulders, making all hashe home to their finasides. But ales for me! there is not a firsplace in the house, nor a name of slass in the town! The breeze is aucening through every room, and we sit in the draughts, getting our hot busys cooled, and looking out upon the trees. These, unlike yours, are covered with more beautiful foliage than you ever say. There are the shade temerind trees, with their small green leaf, and their nice finit; yender the coops tree, with such bunches of muta; and close beside it the large, tender, green-leaved plantain, loaded with fruits which the people beil for their dinner. Further on one the orange trees, some with vellow oranges which look tempting, but which I know to be sour; others, with sober-coloured green ones. which I know to be sweet, for I have knocked down several. When the people take the trouble, and everything is a trouble, to gather them and bring them to your door, then they give you three hundred for a shilling. But where is this land? you are inquiring. If Henry the map-maker has made a chart of my voyage. you will see it at once in the form of a large island to the eastward of Jamaica. It was one of the first and largest islands which Columbus discovered in the new world. He called it Hispaniola, or Little Spein. It was afterwards called St. Domingo, from the name of its principal town. As I have been travelling at sunrise through its tranquil valleys, I have often thought of the long centuries of peace which must have reigned there, before men from Europe defiled it with their crimes.

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But soon after it became known, the French and Spanisada, greedy of gain, stole men from Africa, and brought them hither as wretched shaus. These shaus were, at one time, half a million in number. They were poor, ignorant, and degraded; but being so numerous. after a time they rose against their masters, eleving markitudes of them, and committing dreadful cruelties. The masters struggled mightily to regain their power. hat the slaves achieved their freedom. They then formed themselves into a republic, and appointed a excesident, with ministers of state, two houses of parliament, and a large army. They formed laws very much like those of France, only they enacted that " no white man, whatever be his nation, shall ever set his feet upon the territory of Hayti: under the title of master or proprietor." They changed the name of the island to Hayti, whice, in the old Indian language. means mountainous. You cannot wonder at their making this law, when you consider how much they had suffered from the white man. It was well they did not pay them back completely, by throwing them and their families into slavery. But another law says: "There cannot exist alayes on the territory of the republic: slavery there is for ever abelished."

The anddest thing about the people is, that they have no true knowledge of Christ and of his religion. Without that it is impossible that they should ever he great or good. They followed the ceremonies of their masters, which were those of the Roman Catholis church. But they are little better than idolatrous. Indeed, the old superstitions of their forefathers have more influence over them. Some of the richer people keep priests for themselves, such as are new found

among the savages in Africa; and among the lower class the heathen dances are quite common. I saw one of these one night after it was dark. There was a number of people sitting in a circle. One man had a rude drum which was laid on the ground, while he rede astride upon it, and beat it violently with sticks. It exactly like the one you have which was brought from Fernando Po. To this the men and women danced with hideous gesticulations. Some of those who were sitting shouted a song, and all joined in the chorus with a loud, wild noise. You cannot imagine how savage they looked when the torches glared upon their black visages, white teeth, and upturned eves. Poor creatures. this was nearly all their religion! One pleasing thing is that many are anxious to be taught a better way. Very near the spot where I saw that dance, and at the very time it was going on, I witnessed quite a different spectacle. It was on a sabbath evening. There was by the wayside on the top of a little rising ground a cross erected, on which was a figure of our Saviour as large as life. Many lighted candles were placed round about it. and nearly a hundred people on their knees praying to Their prayers were led not by a priest, but by a man whom they had employed for the purpose, dressed in common clothes like one of themselves. a very distinct, clear, and audible voice. Many of the supplications were very good, and to me very touching. I assure you I felt my heart join most earnestly with them, when they addressed Jesus by his glorious titles and cried to him for mercy. The prayers I refer to were like these :-

Man. . . "Jesus, thou Son of God."

All the people. "Have pity upon us."

Man. . . "Jesus, king of glory."

All the people. "Have pity upon us."

Man. . "Jesus, thou dying Lamb."

All the people. "Have pity upon us."

Man. . "Jesus, full of compassion."

All the people. "Have pity upon us."

Could you have helped joining in these petitions? O that the poor people had known the full meaning of But, perhaps, Jesus saw some true their words! desires among them. I afterwards learned that the man who read these prayers had sent to a missionary for a bible, and that he often read passages in public. He obtained, also, a copy of Wesley's sermons in French, of which he had read some parts also. They are very polite, and willing to hear anything you wish to say to them, even although it be against their superstitions, in which they have little confidence after all. knowing how much the people need instruction, you would be delighted to see a nice little school kept here by Miss Harris. The children are very neatly and tastefully dressed when in school, but as soon as they get home, so hot is this country, they are glad to get all their clothes off save a little shirt. I was much amused the first time I saw the little boys running about in that style almost the moment after they had escaped from the school. I gave them a parting address yesterday, and they promised to write to me and sign all their names, which are very grand, such as Diogenes, Voltaire, and Semiramis. You see my paper is quite done. How glad I shall be to see you again; meanwhile, dear boys, farewell.

Your affectionate father,

C. M. BIRBELL.

MISSIONARY ANECDOTE.

A MISSIOWARY in the East Indies passed a place which had failed into decay, although it had been the supposed dwelling place of a god: not finding the god there, he inquired what had become of him, and was told by the people that the white ants had eater him up.

JUVENILE AUXILIARIES.

ANNUAL REPORT OF NEW PARK STREET ENVENIES.

Presented January 5th, 1867.

It is with very great pleasure that the officers of this association have to report that the past year has been one of increased effort and of greater success than any previous year. The entire sum raised during the year has been £39 3s. 11d. of this sum £14 2s. 8d. has been raised by the children of the Sunday school, £21 0s. 1d. by the young friends connected with the church and congregation, and £4 ls. 2d. as a new year's offering to the "Dove." During the year four letters have been received from the Island of Ceylon, two from Mr. Allen, one from Mr. Davies, and one from a teacher of one of the schools supported by the association. All these letters are interesting. Our quarterly meetings during the year have been well attended and have been found very useful in keeping alive an intere t in this important work. During the year the feachers on behalf of the association have pledged themselves to contribute £32 annually towards the establishment and support of three distinct schools in Ceylon. Two f them are the common native schools, which cost £8

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a year for each, the one being altuated at Kitigawhatte, the other at Gonawella, the remaining school is just established under the superintendence of Mr. After at a spot of ground near Kandy, which has been purchased by him for the mission, and where it is intended to build a chapel and school house.

Should there be any surplus fund after the £32 has been paid, this will be handed over to the mission either for general purposes or towards the support of some one particular school or station. It is with great pleasure we can also report that the desire for missionary information among the children of the Sunday school continues as great as ever. There have been during the year 206 copies of the Juvenile Missionary Herald distributed amongst them every month, also about sixty copies of the Missionary Newspaper; for the most part these papers have been purchased by the children themselves. In April last the Missionary Dissolving Views were shown to the children and explained by Mr. France. The meeting was very well attended and much interest was felt. The total amount collected by the association during the three years of its establishment has been £104 4s. 8d. this added to £30 8s. 3d. collected by the Sunday school children before its commencement, will make a total of £134 12s. 11d. as the result of the efforts of the young people connected with New Park Street Chapel and Sunday School.

Msy God own our feeble attempts to serve him, and make them conducive to the promotion of his ewn glory, for the Saviour's sake.

UMION CREEKL SUNDEY SCHOOL, MANCHESSER.

The second annual meeting of the Missionar

Auxiliary connected with the above school was held on the 29th December, when the amount collected during the past year was reported as £12, the meeting was addressed by some of the teachers and friends connected with the schools, and all left with the determination of doing for the future still more than in the past, for the service of Him who has done so much to impart to them that salvation which they hope to send to those benighted souls on whom the light of truth has not yet shone.

"YOUR LABOUR SHALL NOT BE IN VAIN IN THE LORD."

1 Cor. xy. 58.

While sadly we muse on the evil that's spread O'er the regions of darkness, and realms of the dead, Let us toil for their good, and expect the reward. That our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

The heathen are cruel, and brutish, and blind;
They are mortals in body, but demons in mind:
Yet their souls we must seek, though their ains be abhorr'd.

For our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

And now let us feel for each desolate land,
And fear not, and faint not, and stay not our hand;
But act on the promise, and trust in the word,
That our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

And when from our duties on earth we must rest,
We shall find—as we mount to the realms of the blest,
And fill the bright mansion, and strike the sweet chord—
That our labour has not been in vain in the Lord.

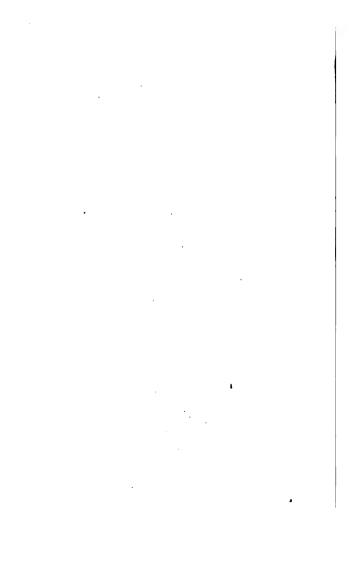
Religious Tract Society.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



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[MAY.



AN AFRICAN IDOL.

WE this month present to our readers the picture of an African idol which was brought from Western Africa by the Rev. John Clarke, one of the missionaries of the Baptist Society. Our readers may suppose from the hideous countenance of the supposed god, that the people have not very pleasant ideas of their deities: and Mr. Clarke informs us that they are objects not of love, but of fear. They consider them as the disposers of evil, and pray to them not to inflict upon them the various evils to which they are exposed: they have what they call devil houses, and they talk of the Great Debile as living below the ground, but say that he is aware of all which is passing here, and listens to their conversation; and they worship the devil, praying him not to afflict and trouble them. They know nothing, alas! of immortal life and happiness; but they are in continual fear of some evil.

It is no matter of wonder that with such ideas of their gods they should themselves be cruel; and that is the case to an awful extent. They sacrifice a great many human victims to appeare them. When Mr. Freeman, the Wesleyan missionary, was permitted to wait upon the king of Ashantee, two females, as he afterwards learned, were sacrificed and buried under the path by which he was to approach the king, as a charm against any evil which it was sup-

posed might befall the king in consequence of his visit; and Mr. Freeman states that after a custom, as it is called, or sacrifice, it is impossible to walk through a place without seeing parts of human bodies lying about and being eaten by the jackalls or the vultures. When a king or great man dies, a number of his wives and many other victims are sacrificed. When the late king of Calabar died, three hundred of his subjects and some of his wives and officers were put to death in the hope of securing his happiness in the unseen world, and also, that they might attend him there; and in Ashantee the number put to death on a like occasion appears to have been not less than three thousand. "Surely the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

"HOW CAN I HELP THE HEATHEN!" (Continued from page 80.)

A FRW weeks after the conversation recorded in our last number, Edith's mamma found her little daughter sitting busily occupied in the domestic sewing which she had voluntarily undertaken with the new arrangement suggested, and which was more useful than interesting to a youthful sempstress.

"Well, my dear Edith! your love for the poor heathen is teaching you a valuable lesson of perseverance, you have been very industrious

over your work."

"Ah, mamma, I have been thinking that though it is very kind of you to pay me for any help I can render, it is hardly fair to take the money because you have to teach me and make my clothes, and do so much for me, that I ought to do everything I possibly can for you

without even wishing for any reward."

"That is a very proper feeling on your part, my love, and if I had not found you attentive to your lessons, and generally willing to render such assistance as a little girl of your age can, I should have hesitated before proposing the plan; but it is quite right you should enjoy some of that leisure which is the privilege of childhood, and if you voluntarily choose to devote a portion of that time to work, for the benefit of the perishing heathen, I am pleased to encourage and assist you, by enabling you thus to obtain a little fund which must depend for its amount upon your own exertions."

"Thank you, dear mamma, but it will be a long time before my work will yield enough to

send a missionary abroad."

"You will soon be rich enough to afford a few testaments, and, if they are read with prayerful attention, they can 'make wise unto salvation,' you know. But there is one way of helping to spread the gospel which perhaps you have forgotten."

"What is that, Mamma?"

"The most effectual method of all, and that for which we have most command in the Bible —prayer. We are told that the 'fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much,' and 'that if two shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them.' We are assured that God listens to and answers the simplest prayer offered in faith and sincerity."

"And yet, mamma, I never feel so much interested in the missionary prayer-meeting as

in any other "

"Perhaps that may be because you have not sufficiently realized the condition of the poor heathen: not seeing their idolatry and ignorance here, you have felt less impressed by it than by your own individual wants and those of persons more immediately around you: but if you could take a peap into one of the idol temples, and see the cruel rites practised which are described by missionary travellers, you would go to the next missionary prayer-meeting with very different feelings."

"I dare say I should, mamma, for since you talked to me the other day I have been quite longing for the next first Monday evening in the month to enjoy the recollection of the number of Christians all joining together in prayer for the whole earth. But I must work hard even to send the New Testaments you

speak of."

"Well, my dear Edith, if after all your contribution should be but small, you must remember God loveth a cheerful giver, and accepts the offering according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not." Do you not recollect that beautiful incident in our Saviour's life, when he sat over against the treasury in the temple, and 'beheld how the people cast in their money?"

"Do you mean about the widow's mite?"

"Yes! I have often thought of the instruction that passage affords, being an evident proof of the divine watchfulness over the comparatively secular affairs of the church. As each contributor dropped his offering the amount was disregarded, and only the motives for giving noticed. I dare say the disciples wondered what occupied their Master's thoughts, and were not a little surprised at his startling declaration, that the poor widow's gift was of far higher value than those of the rich men around. Can you tell me the reason He assigned?"

"Yes, because while they offered 'much' from their abundance, she out of her penury

brought all that she had."

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"Is not this very encouraging, dear, to all whose hearts are larger than their purses. May you, my child, ever cherish a liberal spirit, and then, whether your gifts be intrinsically large or small, you will receive the recompence of your heavenly Father's approbation, and, possibly, having been found faithful in that which is least, may be entrusted by his bounty with the stewardship of more?"

going to prepare a place for you; and when it is ready I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also." And then their hearts were lightened, and he proceeded to give them some parting directions.

"Continue to love me." he said : "for as my Father leveth me, so have I leved you. And if ve wish thus to love me, ve must keep my commandments: for so abide I in my Father's love by keeping his commandments; and my commandments are not grievous. Remember the word that I said unto you. The Islanders who are not of your number will hate you; and as they have persecuted me, so they will also persecute you. I tell you plainly that here you will have tribulation. But when these days come, be not dismayed; for I will make you strong to overcome, if you are faithful to the And above all, when sorrow comes, see that ye love one another with a pure heart, fervently, and bear one another's burdens; for so shall your own be lightened. These things I tell you, that, when the time shall come, ve may remember that I told you of them; for I shall not be beside you to bring them to your remembrance. And I told you them not at first, because I was with you, and it needed not that ve should know them. Write your petitions when ye have need of anything, and send them by the ships as before; for in the Fair Country I am ever beside my Father's throne; and I will write my own name upon them, and present them to the King. And if a man be overtaken

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in a fault, ye who are faithful shall warn him, and restore him in the spirit of meckness. Put the brethren in remembrance of these things,"

When he had finished saying these things, he went out to a favourite garden, nigh unto the tent, taking two or three of his friends with him : for his soul was sorrowful, even unto death. But their eyes were heavy with sleep, and he went apart for a little space. As he sat, alone and weary, under the shade of some olive-trees. his heart was bowed down to the earth with anguish. The scorn and hardship he had borne. the daily sight of guilt and misery, and the suffering he had yet to endure, weighed heavily on his spirit. In his agony, he felt as if the whole load of the Islanders' crime was pressing upon him. And so, in truth, it was; for it was only by his suffering in their stead that the King could pardon them safely. While he sat there defenceless, the plot was hourly deepening upon The enemies were gathering their forces to seize him, expecting, no doubt, to be stoutly resisted by his friends: but these friends were -sleeping! Yet might he have averted his doom. Thousands in the Fair Country had burned to relieve him of the burden of his work. One word from him would have sent all the messenger-ships, which then lay off the Island, shooting like lightning-flashes across the ocean to the Fair Country, whence legions would have sped to his rescue. Should he give He did not; he had come on the word? purpose to suffer.

^{*} See John xiv. xv. xvi. &c.

Suddenly the Dark Prince, with his band, led by the traitorous subject of the Prince, appeared in the grove.* He smiled at their approach, and quietly submitted to be taken and bound. His own followers fainted in the hour of trial. Terrified, they fled, and left him to the tender mercies of the foe, knowing they would share his doom if they stayed. They gave him a kind of mock trial, and vented their savage fury on him-all alone and defenceless there.-by all manner of cruel scourgings and Then they bare him away, senseless, as one dead, to the strong prison, hewn out of a solid rock, which was prepared for him. They laid him there in chains, and shut the door, securing it with a great stone, and setting a watch, lest his friends should secretly come and deliver him. Then they left him to his solitude.

Now were his subjects plunged in grief and consternation; and they remembered the word he had spoken to them in the tent, warning them of his disappearance. They mourned for him as one mourneth for an only son, and wandered restlessly about in his old haunts, seeking comfort and finding none. The other party triumphed over them, saying, in derision, "He pretended to save others from us, but himself he cannot save!" But the mourning of the faithful was soon to be turned into joy, and the traitors' boasting put to nought.

(To be continued.)



THE FRUIT OF THE CEDAR.

THE cedar in its full growth is perhaps the most stately and majestic of all trees. You have heard and read of the cedars of Lebanon. Psalm civ. 16; Ezekiel xxxi. 3—6. They were very large: some now growing there are said to be more than thirty feet in circumference, and the height varies from sixty to one hundred feet.

The branches are broad and sweeping: they decrease in length, as they grow higher and higher up the trunk, till at last, the top forms almost a point.

Our picture shows us the fruit of the cedar: it resembles that of our fir; and when cut open is found to contain resinous juice, which has an agreeable odour.

The cedar of which pencils are made comes from the West Indies; it is the wood of a tree called the red cedar. The wood is sometimes used there, in building houses and chapels—it is very strong, it lasts two thousand years, it is said: it also resists all noxious insects, and gives out a very pleasant small. You will no doubt remember that the beautiful temple which Solomon built was lined with cedar.

"THE LORD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER"

WHEN a Missionary Association was first established in the Island of Huahine in the South Seas, and contributions were solicited. the people were explicitly informed that they should not be compelled to give anything: that whatever they did must be of their own free will. One day a native brought a hog to Hautia, who was the treasurer, and throwing the animal down at his feet, said in an angry tone, "Here is a pig for your society." it back again," replied Hantia; "God does not accept angry pigs." He then explained to the man the objects of missionary institutions, and the necessity of those who supported them. doing so from right motives, especially exposing the scripture words, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The man was obliged to take his hog home again: though exceedingly chagrined at having it rejected; Hautis was too sternly conscientious to accept it. In Tahiti, on

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a similar occasion, a person brought a quantity of cocoa-nut oil to Pomare, in a bad spirit, exclaiming, "Here are five bamboos of oil, take them for the society." "No," said the king, "I will not mix your angry bamboos with the missionary oil; take them away," and he dismissed the reluctant contributor, who would afterwards have been glad to redeem his character with twice the number of bamboos; but the reproach clave to him.

HUMAN SACRIFICE.

MR. MARINER, in his account of the Tonga Islands, on which he was shipwrecked and detained as a prisoner for several years, gives a sad account of the human sacrifices which are there offered to their false gods. He states that the king was very ill, and his priests told him that to obtain a cure he must sacrifice his own The mother heard of this, and she child. could not bear the thought of her child being put to death, and she hid him; but he was found, and he was brought into the presence of his father, and was quite pleased with the attention paid to him; and when something was put round his neck, supposing it to be an ornament, he was delighted; but it was the cord by which he was to be strangled; and in the very moment in which he was smiling, he was a corpse. Then his body was taken round to the idol temples. But all in vain; his father, who had thus murdered him, was himself dead the next day.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE MAZE POND SABBATH SCHOOL

Muttra, Dec. 2nd, 1846.

MY DEAR CHILDREN.-Last month having attended the Gurhmukteswar fair on the banks of the Ganges, I purpose giving you a short account of it. I went in company with the Rev. J. T. Thompson, who has been accustomed to attend this fair for years. We were afterwards joined by two other missionaries. The fair is held on the deserted sandy bed of the Ganges, which is overflowed in the rainy season. The magistrates had evidently prepared for an enormous gathering of people. by marking out a street as broad as Oxford-street and nearly as long for the shopkeepers alone. There was also a large space filled with grass booths arranged is long streets, for the pilgrims on the river side. On the other side of the great street was a large plain which was soon filled up by those who came too late or would not pay for the huts. Rich men had large enclosures, and especially two troops of ascetics called Nunak Shahis, had each an extensive camp, with their high priest in the centre. One of these parties had come from the Punjanb. the country we have lately conquered. Their Mahunt or head came in great state on an elephant, attended by All these religious outriders and ascetics on foot. beggars profess to despise the pomps and vanities of this wicked world; and to show that they can do without common comforts, often go nearly naked in the coldest weather. And yet these men are as fond of money, good food, and outward show as the most worldly-Scripture, you know, teaches us that God has given us all things richly to enjoy, and that we are to use the world and not abuse it. We often visited these Nunak Shahis, preached to them and gave them all the scriptures we had in their language. Nunak their founder wished to unite Mussulmans and Hindus into one sect, by saying that it was the same God, who was worshipped, whether by the Arabic name Allah or the Hindu Ram. We know however that there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but that of Jesus Christ.

The Mela soon became filled with shop-keepers. pilgrims, mendicants, and greedy Brahmins. To keep all in order the police and native soldiers were stationed in various places. In former years bodies of thieves would rush in and rob the merchants towards the end of the fair. Once the shopkeepers paid them 5000 rupees not to rob them. When all were assembled, it was the largest number of human beings I had ever seen assembled; and, as they were all encamped on the bare sand, with not a tree near, it gave me a pretty correct idea of the encamping of the children of Israel in the desert of Sinai. You would have been amused by the mountainous pyramids of sweetmeats, covered with gold and silver leaf, neatly piled up behind blazing lamps on one side of the street, and on the other shops, glittering with pillars, wall shades and flowers of talc, and various-coloured tinsel, most elegantly arranged. Here we have quite a vanity fair. Mountebanks on poles, with several waterpots on their heads, flourishing a sword, and firing a gun; others dancing the tight-rope; women dancing and singing; bards telling tales in a chant; cloth. jewels, brass vessels, a forest of spears, and a large

however, came neither to bathe in the ancient Ganges, nor to waste our time and money, but to save souls. How many thousands rushing to hell, deceiving and being deceived! Is there no eye to pity, no arm to save? Oh yes, dear children, it was our privilege, day after day, to be seech them to turn from these vanities and believe in Jesus Christ, whose blood alone, and not any water, cleanseth us from all sin.

I pitched my tent close to Mr. T.'s, and under an awning, from after breakfast to dark, we gave away scriptures and tracts, and also preached to the hundreds who crowded around us. They were generally quiet and respectful. I pitied those who could not read, but sat gazing at the books, and envying those who received them. Many of these, however, heard several sermons, as they sat for many hours. One or two opposed us while preaching. One man made the people should victory to the Ganges. What would you think, if the congregation were to all burst out in a shout, while your dear minister was preaching a solemn sermon! Another man who received several books was brought back by his father and family, and made to give them all back again, because they were afraid some harm would follow our books being brought into their house.

Morning and evening we generally took a walk either along the street or the river side. On the banks thousands were seen bathing, and priests standing at the water's edge, to receive their dues. In this famous river how many thousands, yes, millions in past ages have bathed, and have died in the full assurance of being saved. How miserably disappointed were they, the moment after death, to find in the presence of an anger

God, that Ganges had not washed away one sin. Be not you deceived, by supposing, that your good deeds, your prayers, your tears will save you.

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We had only three female hearers all the time, two had wemen, and one a female mendicant who had left her husband, and dressed herself in salmon-coloured elothes. Women are not taught to read in India. except by missionaries. The natives think it makes them worse instead of better. Be thankful, little girls, that you are in England, where sabbath and day schools abound for girls as well as boys. Would you like your school to be shut up, and be told never to open a book again? Then pity poor Hindu girls. I will tell you one thing more about the fair, and then conclude. We went to the police station, and there were pained to see women with their feet in the stocks, one of them with a child at her breast. They had to lie on the cold sand. and in the open air all night, with nothing but a thin cloth to cover them. There also were many little children, who had lost their parents in the crowd. crier goes round with a drum, and by describing the children they are generally restored to their friends. saw the happy meeting of a mother and her two daughters. They were seated amongst the police when the mother, closely veiled, was brought near them. The cloth over her head was too thick for her to see through. but placing her hands on their heads, she recognized them by their voice. Need I say, how glad those two interesting little girls were? Oh that they knew of a dearer Friend than a mother, who is seeking and saving those who are lost.

Now let me tell you a little about your school in Muttra. The day before yesterday was reward day for

three months. I had examined them the day before. The head boy, whose name is Ghuri, writes a beautiful hand, reads well, and has learned all the geography of Asia, the ten commandments, the beatitudes, &c. besides ciphering and Sanscrit grammar. He received a brass inkstand, and a little Hindu book of natural history of the elephant. Others received pictures. Others a little book about Thirtz-a-Goltsh, a pious Jewess girl, whose conversation was blessed to her father; others received lead pencils, and all oranges and sweetmeats. These are the first rewards that have ever been given. They are not like English children, who love learning for its own sake. After the rewards had been given, I addressed them; we then sang a hymn and prayed.

I wish to have the outside walls of the school covered with texts of scripture, so that they may preach when we are absent. I see your subscription for this year acknowledged in the Herald, though it has not reached India yet. I must try and get a drawing of the school taken for you, and with it I will send a specimen of the writing of one of the scholars. May God bless you and your teachers, especially when you pray for us.

Your affectionately,

THOMAS PHILLIPS.

Scripture Illustrated.

Deuteronomy xxix. 17.

In Baitenzorg, a village in the island of Java, there is a street nearly a mile long, inhabited solely by the Chinese. Messrs Tyerman and Bennett called at several of these houses

and found in each an idol of some kind. "That which most surprised us," say they, "was a French engraving of the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte in a gilt frame, before which incense was burning, and the old man to whom it belonged, in our presence, paid it divine honours, bowing himself in various antic attitudes, and offering a prayer for blessings on himself and family. When we asked him why he worshipped that as a god which came from Europe, he frankly replied, 'Oh, me worship any thing.' In this street are two temples, one a decent building under repair, the other an open shed on a little mound. In this sanctuary are several misshapen stones. placed on their ends, to which prayers are daily made by these poor people. A cocoa-nut shell was placed in the midst of these stones. containing some small offerings. We visited two other temples like this one, and consecrated to gods of the same material, rude upright stones, which it seems the rude Malays worship with no less devotion than the shrewd Chinese."

THE HEAVENLY DRESS.

"Mamma," said a very little girl to her mother one day, "shall you wear your new dress when you go to heaven?" "No, my dear;" replied her mother. "What dress will you wear, there?" she asked again. "The robe of Christ's righteousness is the only

garment which will be worn in heaven," answered her mother. The thoughtful little girl looked very inquiringly in her mother's face for a moment, and then asked, all in the same breath," what is that, mamma? have you got one? if not, where will you get it?" Her mother then told her little daughter, in as simple words as she could, that all mankind are sinners against God, and that, on this account, they would never be permitted to enter heaven if Jesus the Son of God had not died to save them.

She told her that Jesus Christ, who was both God and man, was perfectly holy, and never sinned—he was righteous; that he died for us that we might be saved from sin and hell; and that all who love him, and try to be holy like him, are said to be clothed in his righteousness. And she added, none will go to heaven but those who trust in Christ, and those who trust or believe in him have on the robe of his righteousness.

I do not know how much of this conversation little Susan understood, but she was very serious for some time after it, and she remembered all about it as long as she lived, and there is reason to believe that when she died, she had on this pure and spotless robe, which is the only thing which can admit any efus to heaven.

Now, my dear children, this little story is true, and I have told it to you for two reasons: One is, that you may know how you can get to heaven; the other, and the one which I think you understand the best, is that you may see of how little consequence it is what kind of clothes you have for your body while you live in this world. If you have fine dresses and beautiful garments now, you cannot take them with you to heaven. When you die you must lay them all aside, and then you will feel how much more important it is that your soul should be covered with that robe of Christ's righteousness, than that your body should be adorned with all that could make it attractive to the eyes of others. If you have this " white robe" on, when you stand before the judgment seat, he will know at once that you are his, and he will say then, as he did when he was upon earth. "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE NAMAQUA GIRL.

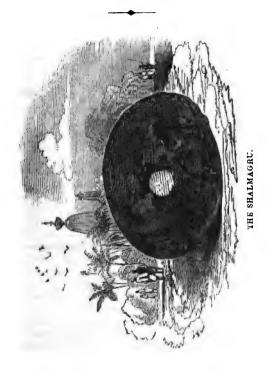
A LITTLE Namaqua girl, about eight years old, was found with her book instructing another girl of fourteen, and telling her about Jesus Christ. The missionary says, "When I asked her whether she loved the Saviour, she answered, 'Oh yes, I do, and I desire to love him more.' I inquired why she loved him since she had never seen him: she answered, 'He loved me first, and died for me on the cross.' When I asked her whether Jesus Christ loved little children, her heart was too full to answer; that were her reply."

PITY FOR THE HEATHEN.

No slave that toileth in the sun, Until his hard day's work is done,-No convict labouring in the mine, (A punishment for wilful crime)-Though these are weary and unblest, And soul and body both need rest,-Not these deserve your pity more, Than thousands on dark Afric's shore. For not the Saviour's name to know, That is to live and die in woe: Live aimless - save to reach the tomb, Whilst all beyond is lost in gloom. The heathen, too, have souls to save, Souls that must live beyond the grave, In lasting misery and woe, Or else in endless joy you know. Then give your mites with willing heart, And help the blessing to impart, The knowledge of that God of love Whom you, too, hope to meet above. If you have found your Saviour dear, Then spread the Bible far and near, That they may get their ains forgiven And learn the happy way to heaven. Oh think how glorious it will be, The little heathen there to see. To praise together with one breath The Lord of life, and power, and death!

M. A. B.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD



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(JUNE.

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THE SHALMAGRU.

Ir is probable, that many of our young readers, when they open this magazine, will begin to wonder what the picture is intended to represent. One will cry out, "Why, it is a stone with a hole in the side." Yes, so it is; but what is it intended to represent? They will perhaps hardly believe that this is worshipped as a god, but, alas, such is the case. The Hindoos worship not only some whom they imagine to have been living beings, and have become gods, but rivers, and trees, and stones: one of which is the Shalmagru. These stones differ in size: some are sold for as much as two thousand rupees, or £200. Almost every respectable Brahmen keeps one, and so do many of the inferior castes. Some families have a hundred, or two hundred, and some even a thousand of them. They are worshipped daily by the Brahmans. Each morning they are washed and perfumed, and sweatmeats are set before them, which, after remaining for a certain time, are eaten by the family. There are lights put up around them, and incense is offered: and during the hot weather, it is not uncommon to see a Brahman standing for six hours together, pouring water, drop by drop, into the hele which there is in the stone, in order to prevent the god becoming too hot. In the evening they are taken down, and each is nut into a soft bed, and muslin curtains are drawn around it to prevent the musquetoes teazing it

in the night. Some persons, when sick, employ a Brahman to present single leaves of a certain plant, sprinkled with red powder, to the Shalmagrû, repeating incantations. A hundred thousand leaves are sometimes presented; and when a Hindoo is at the point of death, a Brahman shows him the Shalmagru, the sight of which, the wretched man is taught to believe, will ensure his soul a safe passage to heaven.

ALLEGORY OF THE THREE KINGDOMS.

(Continued from page 108.)

ONE morning, as two or three of the Prince's subjects repaired early from their sleepless couch to the place of his prison, -- for they lingered about it daily, gazing wistfully and with tears at the wall of adamant which shut him whom they loved from their view, and beyond which they fancied him pining in chains and darkness,-they saw the door was open. Two messengers stood there, beckoning to them to approach and see the empty prison. had come from the King, and rolled away the stone, and set the captive free. Then were they amazed and joyful, and ran to tell the rest. saying, "The Prince has escaped! Come, see the place where he lay." Oh, what joy filled the hearts of his loving subjects when he appeared again among them, as was his wont.

And he explained to them,* when they grieved over his sufferings, that this was the King's plan, by which alone he could justly grant them pardon. The Dark Prince was confounded and enraged, yet not humbled. And now was the work of the King's Son upon the Island finished; and he made ready to go, the time of his departure being fully come.

He went down to the shore to embark for the Fair Country. Only a few of his first and most faithful friends went with him to the water's edge; for his heart was heavy at the thought of leaving his belove kingdom, and he wanted not the curious multitude to crowd around him. Just off the beach, a little sloop was riding at anchor. The King's flag of fine white linen, with a dove holding an olivebranch embroidered upon it, was streaming from the mast-head. Some men, as soon as they saw the Prince approaching, began to heave up the anchor and set the sails. the vessel was making ready, the Prince drew his companions aside to the shelter of a rock. He said some last words to them there, which they never forgot. Raising his hand, and waving it over the Island, he said, "Go ye throughout all the Island, and areach the good news of my kingdom to every creature; teaching them to observe whatsoever things I have commanded you."

The men who were in the boat withdrew,

^{*} Luke xxiv. 26, 27.

after reverently saluting the Prince, so soon as he came close to it, for he was going to cross the ocean alone. He stepped into the vessel. The wind was blowing freshly, and the sloop bounded swiftly across the waves. When he was just disappearing in the distance, he looked back and waved his hand to the sorrowful friends on the beach, as they stood straining their eyes to gaze after him; and then a jutting point of land hid him from their sight.

The Dark Prince was glad he was gone. He now tried more than ever to win back his shaken power; sometimes disguising himself in the garb which the King's messengers commonly wore, that he might gain the more ready access to those who would have shrunk from listening to him had they known who he was.* He did succeed in persuading many not to enter the new kingdom, and in tormenting the Prince's subjects, or secretly causing hem to misunderstand the Book of Laws. latter way, particularly, he did a great deal of mischief. For he not only made them wrong things, but he raised disputes among them, and thus injured their love. For a long time he continued to have the upper hand in the Island; but his dominion always went on diminishing, while the other kingdom steadily increased. In fact, the departure of Prince made such an impression in the Island. that many more flocked to his kingdom than had ever been in it before.

It became a custom among his subjects to keep every week the day of his escape from the prison with great gladness. Then they ceased their daily labour, and gathered themselves together in groups beneath the shade of some far-spreading tree, or on the flat rocks down by the water's edge; and there, while the wind rustled among the leaves, or the soft ripple of the waves among the loose shingles between the rocks, soothed them to peace, they would sit for hours discoursing of the Prince. and of his wonderful love towards the children of the Taland. Or if the Prince of the Dark Land had been particularly intent on tormenting them, it was at such seasons that they would draw strength from each other's sympathy and the memory of the Prince's words, to contend This day was commonly called the afresh. Prince's day, because it was esteemed, above all others, sacred to his memory. It was beautiful to see the old and the young all unite together to praise the same King. The aged men, with their locks of snow and time-honoured features bearing marks of the wisdom gathered by years, were there, with the men in full vigour of life, and the young just rising up into it. parents brought their little children hardly able to lisp: for they were anxious that they should grow up to be subjects of the happy kingdom, and the name of the Prince was one of the first words they were taught to say.

Then the Book of the Laws was brought

[.] Acts xx. 7; Rev. i. 10.

forth, and one was chosen to read portions of it aloud, to remind all of the duties they owed to their Prince. The history of his sojourn in the Island, the record of some of his sayings and of the welfare of his kingdom, which he had caused some of his first friends to write and add to the Book of Laws, were also read at these seasons. And at these happy meetings they would often sing songs. The Islanders were fond of music; and at all times of their history. the sounds of sweet voices might, ever and anon, be heard rising up from their dwellings, and from the woods and fields where they loved to wander. But ever since the time when the King's Son came, and set up his kingdom, it was observable that the style of singing entirely changed among his followers. You no longer heard wild noisy ballads, praising war, murder, rebellion, and the like: but the whole burden of their song was the goodness and love of the King and his dear Son, and their gratitude for Perhaps as the hymn of praise deliverance. uprose to the clouds, it was echoed in the Fair Country also, and in the ears of the Prince. And these were the words they sang: "We give thanks unto the Great King, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the children of light; who hath delivered as from the power of the Prince of Darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear For while the servants of the Usurper were often called the children of darkness,

-because the more the Islanders flocked to the rule of the Good Prince the fiercer grew their countenances,-the subjects of the latter commonly wore such smiles on their faces, as they discoursed of their Prince, that they were frequently called, by way of contrast, the children Thus they went on their course in iov. despite the taunts of the faithless, and the conflicts which vexed their hearts. mutual love was so apparent, that it was a common remark of their enemies, among whom was no such thing to be seen, "See how these 'rescued ones' love one another!" And it is worthy of notice that, by remarking the beautiful spirit of their lives, many were drawn to enter their fellowship, wearied of the strife and tumult that evermore raged among the other party.

So the kingdom of the Prince grew and spread in the Island. And his subjects, inspired with love, cheerfully endured all manner of scorn and persecution, if by any means they might win some. For his sake, many of them left their homes, went into far distant parts of the Island, and gathered around them crowds of poor ignorant people who had never heard of the Prince's kingdom, though they were no strangers to the Dark Prince. They taught and persuaded them, and won many; thus fulfilling the parting command of the Prince, which he gave to them by the rock on the beach.

At length nearly the whole Island had

become subject to the King's Son, though the Dark Prince had still a few followers scattered about here and there. The Prince had told his first friends, before he left, that when this happened he should return and receive them to himself.* He did not, however, mention the day nor the hour wherein he might be expected, but commanded his subjects to watch, and best all times ready, lest when he came he should find them not prepared.† It was even rumoured, likewise, that the King himself intended to accompany his Son.

People did watch. They would often consult the messengers, and question them over and over again; but they could find out nothing more than that he would come, though none knew when, and that they must watch for him. Some would climb the mountains, and strain their eyes to gaze all round the sea-line; for as the messengers had told them that the Prince would so come in like manner as they had seen him go, they knew he would come in a ship. Often when they funcied they saw a distant sail, which did not look exactly like other sails, they would hurry down to the plains, and alarm the people, by telling that the Prince was now certainly coming. There have been, and still are many such false alarms about the end of the world. But, at last, they who heard this tale found that they had been

^{*} John xiv. 3. * Mat. xxiv. 42—44.; ch. xxv. 13.; Mark xv. 39–37. ‡ Acts i. 10. 11.

disappointed so often that they ceased to believe it, and determined to wait patiently; instead of ceasing from their daily labours, and speeding to make all things ready as they used to do at first.

The Prince came at last. It happened, after all, as he foretold, that all were taken unawares when he did arrive; for he came at an hourthey thought not. No one, just then, was watching from the hill-tops or prophesying, though many were ready. In fact, he had neared the land, and was coming fast into shore before a stiff breeze, before any one perceived the vessel. When he was seen, the news flew from mouth to mouth, and from town to tewn, like lightning. It was soon spread all over the Island.

Meanwhile the Prince had landed, amideterowds of eager friends assembled on the beach to receive him. He did not come alone this time. He was accompanied by his Father, the Great King, who came in the same vessel as hisself. There was besides a numerous fleet to escort him, filled with his own attendants.*

And ships, with courtiers from the Fair Country, and messengers abroad on the ocean, kept coming in for several hours.

The Dark Prince was filled with dismay; for well did he see that his power was come to nought, and he knew, better than the Islanders, what it was to feel the mighty wrath of that King. Also were his followers alarmed: for

they saw that they had sadly misjudged in their choice of a leader; and they would fain new have made their peace with the Good Prince

and the King, but that it was too late.

But the Prince's subjects were full of joy. They crowded around him, and their faces beamed with love and wonder at his exceeding glory; for he came now in glory as great as was his humiliation before. Then the King, and Prince, and all the court, and all the Prince's subjects, repaired to the tent on the plain; or rather to the spot where it had stood, for it had long since fallen into ruins. All the people of the Island were there, except the enemies of the But he speedily sent unto these a trusty messenger, with orders that they should appear directly before his throne of judgment, for he was about to hold a solemn trial in the Island. The messenger found them skulking among the rocks and in stony, desolate places, bitterly bewailing their folly, and even crying out in their anguish to the mountains and hills as if, poor dumb things, they could hear and save them-" Fall upon us, and hide us from the wrath of the King and of the Prince his Son; for the great day of their wrath is come. and who shall bear it?" He delivered to them the command of the King; and the Dark Prince, with fierce glances, placed himself at the head of his now small train of subjects, and marched indignantly to the plain.

(To be continued.)

^{* 1} Pet. iv. 13.; 1 John iv. 17. † Rev. vi. 15.-17.



THE TEA PLANT.

THE tea plant is an evergreen, somewhat like the myrtle in appearance, and it flourishes on the hills of Southern China. The tea with which all our little readers are familiar, is the leaf of the tea plant, after having been curled and dried. The plant grows wild, but is very extensively cultivated in plantations, where the plants are placed in rows about four feet apart. The greatest part of the tea used in this country is grown in the province of Fokien, which is north-east of Canton, on the seacoast of China. It is brought from the plantations to the Canton market, and there shipped by the merchants on board our ships. The fineness of the tea is determined by the age and smallness of the leaf when gathered.

The earlier in the season the leaves are plucked, the more valuable and finely flavoured they are.

Thus the far distant country of China yields us benefits. God causes the tea plant to grow for our use, and gives the Chinese husbandman skill to cultivate it, and prepare the leaf for our tables.

LETTERS ABOUT INDIA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—In my last paper I promised to tell you something about the translation, printing, and circulation of the Scriptures, under the direction of the Baptist missionaries in India. Much has been written on this subject already, but to you, who are but beginning to feel concern in the state and history of the Mission, it may be at least desirable to inform your minds a little more on this important subject, especially as the writer has lived and laboured in India, and narrates what he himself has seen.

I suppose that all the young friends of the Baptist Mission know that there is a large establishment in Calcutta, for the printing of the word of God in the different languages of the Eastern world. It is called the Baptist Mission Press, and it is situated in the Circular Road, Calcutta. There are hundreds of natives employed there, in making type, in printing, and in binding the Scriptures; and all this in preparation for a midding them to the missionaries to circulate at the

ent stations. I have often walked over the whole shment with wonder and delight. A large Printing is always an instructive and interesting scene but what must it be to see a large number of Bengalees and Mussulmans, in their Asiatic dress, employed in various' ways to make ready the word of life for the millions of India!

The Mission Press in Calcutta was first established by Mr. W. H. Pearce, the son of the Rev. Samuel Pearce; of Birmingham of whose life and labours a very hite-resting account is given in the Life of Dr. Yates, just published by Dr. Hoby. Same of those who are now reading this paper will recollect his visit to this country about seven years ago. Soon after his return to Calcutta he died of cholers, after an illness of only a few hours. Mr. Thomas succeeded Mr. Pearce, in the superintendence of the Mission Press, and is still living to discharge its numerous and pressing duties. During the last year there have been printed,

In Sanscrit .			3,000
In Bengalee		•	69,000
In Hindustance		•	12,000
•			
	Total		. 84,000

I need not tell you, my dear young friends, how much of knowledge and patience is required to prepare these sacred scriptures for the press, and then in printing them correctly, so that they may be ready for distribution amongst the natives of India, who now show great anxiety to receive them. God has favoured the Baptist Mission with able and faithful men for this purpose, and if caracst prayer is continued, He will do so through future years. I hope you know the importance of the word of God. The gospet, and all its blessed truths, a centained in that word, and that gospel is the po

of God unto milvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the gentile," Rom. i. 16. What would our own country have been without the bible! What will India be, when all the people shall ke able to read and understand the bible in their own lasgnace? And what will the world be, when all people and tongues shall be made acquainted with the blessed truths of God's most holy word? I hope, my dest young friends, that you value the bible, and that you manifest this by a prayerful and diligent perusal of it from day to day. You must, like David, say, "O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day. How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" Psalm exix, 97, 163. Much could be told you of the useful results of circulating the scriptures in India, but my paper is full. May the God of all grace make his word useful to you, my dear young friends, that you may become really earnest in prayer and effort, in order that it may become useful to others, and especially to the heathen!

I am, your loving friend,

A MISSIONARY.

NO BIBLE-NO LASTING SUCCESS.

More than a hundred years ago, a good missionary, George Schmid by name, visited the Cape of Good Hope. He soon cleared a plot of land, and, by gaining the good will of the Hottentots, persuaded them to send their children to a school which he had begun. He taught them to read Dutch, and instructed

them in the truths of the gospel. Difficulties, however, were soon thrown in his way by the Dutch people who lived in the colony; and, after labouring seven years, he went back to Holland with a view of obtaining further help from his brethren. But he never returned; and fifty years passed away before another missionary was sent to the poor people among whom good Mr. Schmid had laboured. came and commenced a station near the one which Mr. Schmid had established. He expected no welcome. He supposed that all the effects of Mr. Schmid's labours had ceased, for only seven persons had been baptized. no! the tidings of his coming had spread; and a poor Hottentot woman, eighty years old, was carried to see him, being too infirm to walk. Schmid had baptized her, and given her a Dutch Testament as a treasure beyond all price. Schmid's scholars had taught some of the people to read it. The faith and the knowledge of the little colony had been preserved, and the new missionary found a band of disciples ready to receive and help him.

Throughout a large district of country in South America, the Jesuits had established many stations, and gathered a large band of disciples. They were at length expelled from the country, and in a few years all trace of their labours was blotted out from the minds of the people. What was the cause? They gave their converts no bibles. The work was built upon the sand, the storm fell and swept it

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NO LATER STREET

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away. The poor Indians of Paraguay are pagans still. The descendants of the early converts are heathens now. No signs of Christianity remain.

The missionary, like the angel in the Revelations, must carry the everlasting gospel in his hand, and on the roll, and give it entire to his hearers, if he wish his teaching to have lasting success.

J. A.

THANK GOD, WE ARE NOT BORN IN CHINA.

In China it is believed that the murder of infants prevails to a frightful extent. This has been denied, but the missionaries have lately assertained that it is, alas, too true. seems little reason to doubt, that in Pekin not less than nine thousand are put to death, or left to perish, every year. In some places poor bebes are put into baskets, and hung up in trees, where they are starved to death, or devoured by birds of prey. In other places they are buried alive. In the island of Sumatra, some vears ago, Captain Wickes, an excellent man, who rejoiced in carrying out some of the missionaries, found a little boy shut up in a coop; he supposed that it was intended as a punishment, but what was his astonishment, when he was told that he was put there to be fattened for a sacrifice? He immediately purchased him, and took him to Calcutta, to be brought up by the missionaries.

SE WHO ARE SAVED WISH TO SAVE

TREBE was a little girl in Africa, who was taken captive in war, and carried to a place very far from her home. There Mr. Moffat rescued her, and brought her to a missionary station: there she was taught to read the bible, and the love of the Saviour deeply affected her heart. One day, Mr. Moffat, perceiving that she was crying, inquired the cause, when she exclaimed with many tears, "Oh, my dear mother! oh, my dear mother! she will never see this precious book; the light which has shone upon me will never shine upon her; taste that love of the Saviour she will never which I have to sted! My mother, oh, my dear mother !"

NEWS FROM AFAR.

CEYLON.

TO THE SCHOLARS OF THE BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL, ST. ALBANS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—A letter from your kind pastor, Mr. Upton, acknowledging the receipt of my two former communications, came to hand a few days ago. When it reached Matura, where I now reside, I was on a visit to Tangalle, a flashing town, about twenty miles distant, where we have lately opened two new achook which are entirely sup poorted by the contributions of people residing there. Before mying another word I

must thank you most sincerely, and on behalf of many anxious parents here, for your promise of £8 annually for an extra school. This will be opened either in or near Matura, and will be regarded specially as your. Of its opening and progress you may expect to hear in future letters.

I should like to give you an account of the schools around Matura, but before doing so must fulfil my promise and say something about the opening of the one in the Gahalaza Village. The Bana-madua having been repaired and converted into a Christian school-room, a day was appointed for commencing the school. On this day. Mr. Allen and I went to the place, and were soon met by the government agent and the colonial chaplain. The teacher, who had been sent on with the school-books, was also there. The children being very shy, we had to use kind words, such as Byamendeppar Pootay, 'fear not, my son,' whilst we led them one by one into the school-room, gently patting their little brown The parents were present, and narrowly shoulders. watched all our movements, each one giving a special eye to his own children. Their names were then written down, and although more than sixty were present, not one of them could read. Their parents also, and the other adults, were, with one or two exceptions, equally ignorant. All being seated on the ground (after the fashion of tailors in England), we addressed them on the advantages of education, and the infinitely greater advantages of religion. They appeared to understand what was said, and assented to its truth. But you must not imagine that by so doing they became Christians. It is one thing to gain the assent of their minds, and another thing to gain the obedience of their learts.

Still, as the mind must be enlightened before the heart is subdued, we are always glad to see even that effect produced, and pray that it may end in their real conversion to God. After receiving from them the assurance that they were very thankful for our concern about their welfare, and that they would send their children regularly to school, we partook of a little milk, and some fruit, and returned home.

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A short time afterwards, we determined on opening a school in the populous district of Doombera, about five miles from Kandy in another direction, and from which repeated applications for a schoolmaster had been received. I am not going to describe the opening of it. but will just tell you of my disastrous journey home. About four miles from Kandy, there is a wide river, over which passengers are ferried in a large boat. this way, Mr. Allen and I, with our ponies, crossed it on our way to the village. As we approached the river, on our return, we saw that the boat was on the opposite side, and, whilst waiting for its arrival, we rode our ponies to the brink of the river to drink. Mine became refractory, and plunging forward into a deep place, was carried out into the stream. I kept my sitting, and turned the pony's head, hoping to swim him ashore; but my weight being too much for him in the water, down we went, and entirely disappeared. There was no time for deliberation, so I extricated my feet from the stirrups. and springing off his back, rose to the surface and swam ashore. In so doing I was in danger of being struck by the legs of the affrighted pony, as he plunged about most furiously. The horse-keeper nobly exposed himself to the same danger by springing in to our rescue : and. having caught hold of the bridle, dragged the pony to

the bank. Mr. Allen would have jumped in to my assistance, but seeing that I could swim, he very wisely desisted. By this time the boat arrived, and we were ferried over to the other side, where there is a populous village. I went from house to house, begging the less of a dry cloth of any kind, and permission to rest till dry clothes could be procured from Kandy. time I pleaded in vain, the people all saving they had no clothes to spare, and laughing at my drenched appearance, as if they really thought it was characteristic of my me-However, just as I had determined on riding fession. home in my wet clothes, a man, to whom I had often spoken about religion, acted the part of the good Samaritan, by letting me rest in his hut, and giving me the use of some dry clothes, till Mr. Allen arrived with a fresh suit from Kandy. The man had long wished to possess a Singhalese bible, and in return for his kindness, I gave him, on my next visit to the village, the only one that I had. For the preservation of my life in this time of danger, I feel unspeakably grateful to the Preserver of men. May all my future days be entirely consecrated to his service. And may you, my dear young friends, know the blessedness of this service. May you in early life enter it, and feel it to be your meat and your drink to do the will of your Father whe is in heaven.

Yours most sincerely,

"Matura, Doc. 28, 1846.

and the temperature of Magnetic transport of a photographic ordinal and making much the of C. C. DAWSON.

Scripture Mustrated.

"The wrath of the king is as

to the manner in which performed upon perough to incur the immeking. In Persia when the mined upon the death of some . nobleman, an order for his execumade out, sealed with the royal signet, . committed to an officer appointed for the This man rides post, pressing horses as he requires them: then presenting himself to the principal person in the place, he shows the roval mandate and forces this individual to go with him and help him. He enters the house of the condemned, walks straight up to his victim. takes the warrant from his bosom and gives it to his witness, then drawing his scimitar he rushes on the unfortunate criminal, saving, "it is the king's command;" cuts him down, and strikes off his head. Resistance is seldom offered, and would be quite useless.

Compare this passage with 1 Kings ii. 28, 84.

Matthew xii. 26.

THE fishermen in Bengal build their huts in the dry season on the beds of sand from which the river has retired. When the rains set in, which they often do very suddenly, accompanied with violent north-west winds, and waters pour down in torrents from the mountains, a fine illustration is given of our Lord's parable:—"The rains descended and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell." In one night multitudes of these huts are swept away, and the places where they stood is the next morning undiscoverable.

Poetry.

LITTLE BUILDERS.

The coral insect buildeth well,

Far down beneath the sea:

Chamber on chamber, cell on cell

In after days shall be.

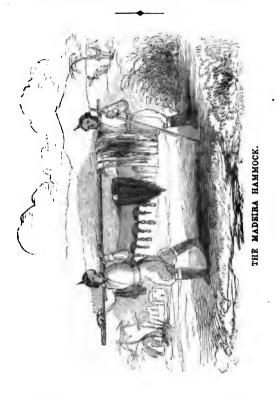
The work shall through the waters burst,
Like walls about a town,
From small foundations, that at first
A child might trample down.

Then who shall say, but little hands
That little offrings bring,
May houses build in Eastern lands,
For God our heavenly king?

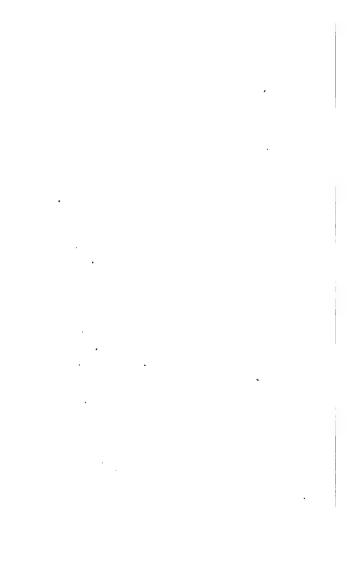
May dwellings build for thee, O Lord, In hearts like mountain stone: When these shall hear the Holy Word In Christian countries known?

Taken from " Missionary Hymns.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



VOL. III. [JULY.



THE MADEIRA HAMMOCK.

THE situation of the island of Madeira is one of the finest in the whole earth. It is a kind of half way house to the tropics. It has almost every European comfort, with almost every tropical luxury. The seasons are a neverending spring, in its youth, its maturity, and its old age. The myrtle, the geranium, the rosetree (literally a tree) grow on the right hand and on the left. Bamboos, bananas, and vines, adorn the gardens, and in Funchal (the town) hang over into the streets in the form of the most luxuriant festoons.

The town of Funchal appears very strange to an Englishman. The houses are all white, with flat roofs. They glitter and smile under the sun's light most joyously. On the blue sea may be seen boats with high pointed sterns and coloured bows, a large eye looking out at each bow, or a bunch of flowers on each side, washed by the spray. The men stand to row, with their faces to the boat's stern.

On shore the people move about on horses or in hammocks borne upon men's shoulders: Merchandize is carried in rude carts, dragged along by oxen.

The glory of the country is the climate.

"The air, the earth, the sea, the skies, Seem all like opening Paradise."

The people are very ignorant, and most of them have no love for religion, but persecute and hate it.

ALLEGORY OF THE THREE KINGDOMS. Slightly abridged.

(Concluded from page 132.)

Wonderful was the sight which they saw.*
On a high throne of judgment, hastily formed of slabs of pure white marble, where once the throne of grace had been, sat the Great King, and the Prince on his right hand.

And now all was ready for the trial, and the Book of Laws was opened, and laid before the seat of the King and Prince; "for," said the King "by the law ye shall be justified, and by the law condemned." Then began the King to ask each one in turn whether he had rebelled, and whether he merited pardon or punishment. Now it was marvellous to observe how differently they answered these questions. All had to recount their acts of broken faith and disobedience: but when the King asked if they deserved pardon, it was observable that those who, by reason of belonging to the Prince's kingdom, had at least the best claim to it, hung their heads, or threw themselves prostrate at the footstool of the throne, and said, with tears and blushes of shame, that they knew they were in themselves utterly unworthy of it; yet they pleaded that, on account of the love he bore unto the Prince his Son, they might be pardoned for the sake of his sufferings and humiliation: while those who were still in heart rebels and enemies to the King, and in league

^{*} Rev. xx. 11, 12; and iv. 4

with his greatest foe, would not so much as own that they deserved punishment, but began making many excuses.

When both sides had made their defence, the Prince himself arose and spoke. His countenance was serene, but his manner was grave; and these were his words:—

"Father, the hour is come in which thy Son shall be glorified. As I have honoured thee, so do thou also now honour me. And this is the way in which I would be honoured. I left my home, thou gavest me power over all the inhabitants of the Island whom I could win to my dominion, that I might restore them again to peace, and to submission to thee. It was for thine honour that I suffered, as well as for their rescue. And now I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. Honour me by receiving again into thy favour these my children, whom I love, for whom I have gladly suffered, whom I have nourished and brought up. I am most honoured in their honour. For my name, and to spread my kingdom, they have endured persecution and But for those my enemies, who would not that I should reign over them, cast them out of thy presence, with the Prince they have chosen, and let the smoke of their torment ascend for ever: So shall thy righteous law be magnified and made honourable, and all my enemies cast under my feet; so also shall peace be restored throughout thy wide kingdom,"*

^{*} See John xvii.; Luke xix. 27; 2 Cor. xi. 23-27, &c.

He ceased; and oh! with what mingled feelings did the vast assembly, who had remained still and breathless during the time he spoke, regard him. Hearts were there which felt the very extremes of joy and despair. Again they were hushed into a deep silence; for now the King arose, and prepared to reply to his Son.

"My Son," he said, "thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Thou knowest that I am a righteons Ruler, honouring those who are faithful, but visiting transgression of my laws with punishment: loving justice and hating sin. Yet do I not delight in the torments of the guilty. I would rather they should turn from their evil ways and escape. And my love to thee is so great that for thy sake I will pardon the crimes of those who are thine, and love them freely. But for the rest, who, with the way of rescue set full before them, have despised it, I have henceforth ne mercy. The utmost means have been tried for their salvation. Now must they suffer for their wilful folly. My justice was satisfied, that my mercy might be offered unto them; but they refused it, and now my law must be honoured. They must abide my wrath."

Now the Islanders trembled with exceeding fear, as they listened unto the closing words of the King. But those who belonged to the Prince trembled only for others, and rejoiced for themselves. Then the King commanded, with a loud voice, that the messengers should

separate the people into two companies, for they had mingled together: the one, consisting of his Son's subjects, to his right hand; and the other, of the followers of the Prince of the Dark Land, to the left. Then the King arose, and beckoning with his hand to the company on his right to draw near to the throne, he regarded them a while with looks of satisfaction, as he said,—

"Well done, good and faithful subjects, enter now into the joy which your Prince has won

and prepared for you."

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But to the rest he made no sign to approach; only, with severe glances and a voice of thunder, he pronounced their doom:—

"Depart, ye accursed ones, from my presence. Worse punishment I could not assign unto you than to dwell, for the rest of your days, with the Usurper-Prince whom you have chosen.

Then arose such a wail of grief from the condemned as had never been heard on the Island before. They were not allowed to remain there, but were driven from its face, and sent with their Prince to the Land of Darkness, whence they were never afterwards suffered to depart.

When they were shipped off, the rest of the Islanders had their old garments taken off; and white shining robes were given unto them, like those which the dwellers in the Fair Country are wont to wear, to fit them to be in the company of the Prince. And they gathered each one a palm-branch, and held it in the

hands, in token of joy.* Then the King with his attendants, accompanied by the Prince and his train of joyful subjects, repaired to the shore. From the beach they embarked, in the King's vessels, and soon were speeding over the ocean, towards the shores of the Pair County, with their white robes shining in the sunbeams, a thousand flags streaming in the breeze, and the music of many harps mingling with the low rushing of the waves. Nor cast they one lingering look behind at their own beautiful Island, where they had known so wonderful a mixture of joy and sorrow.

What became of the Island, after it was suddenly deserted, was never certainly learned. It was however rumoured, with what truth could not be discovered, that after every trace of the former inhabitants, and particularly of the rule of the Dark Prince, had been carefully removed, the King, who never suffered any part of his dominions to be wasted, sent colonies of fresh people to live on it; from whom a new race of men sprang, who, it may be hoped, were found more faithful, if not more beloved, than the first inhabitants.

MISSIONARY WALKS AT THE SEA-SIDE; OR, SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS.

We were sojourning a few weeks at a watering place on the coast, and one warm summer afternoon my beloved grandpapa summoned

me to walk with him. He led the way to the harbour, and I wondered in my childish ignorance at the deep interest with which he appeared to regard the dingy-looking merchant-ships crowded by the quay, and which to me seemed far less attractive than the brilliant groups of fashionable ladies who were walking on the pier. I was about to petition that we might join them, when we drew near a heavily built Dutch vessel. Suddenly a sedate looking seaman, who was pacing the deck, raised his head, and in a moment he sprang on shore and touched his hat to my aged relative with an eye beaming as if he had met his best friend.

"I am delighted to see you, sir!" he exclaimed,
"I have looked for you ever since we have been

in port."

"Indeed, my friend, I am not aware of having seen you before, —I am only a visitor here," rejoined my grandpapa. "May be so, sir; but do you not remember four years ago, coming aboard a schooner in this very harbour, and inquiring if we sailors had Testaments in our lockers. You were good enough to talk to me about my soul, and told me many things I had forgotten since my mother taught me when a child; you spoke of the scriptures as the only chart to guide us safe across life's troubled sea. I could not read English though I can speak it, but you procured a Dutch Testament for me."

"Ah, I recollect that circumstance. Well, my friend, I trust you found it useful." "Si

blessed be God! that Dutch Testament has been, and still is, my greatest treasure. We were outward bound, sir, and put in here from stress of weather, and many an awful storm did we have on our voyage hence; but we were favoured also with seasons of calm.—I read the Testament because you spoke so kindly to me, and as I read, I found the glad tidings, sir.—I told my shipmates; and our captain was interested too, and whenever the weather permitted, we had a sabbath service; and now I trust most of us are washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"This is pleasing news, indeed! and now I suppose you are all provided with Testaments."

a That, sir, is my business with you. We have not visited any port where they could be purchased, and here I hoped we should succeed. I have orders to get one for each of our crew, and several more besides, that we may make presents to our friends at home. Ah, sir! if every one would improve opportunities of speaking a word in season, how much more good seed might be sown, and if we sailors did but feel for the heathen as now I do, we might often convey the Gospel to foreign parts. I thank you most heartily, sir, for directing me to the word of God; and often have I prayed that the Lord would continue to bless you and make you a blessing."

My beloved grandpapa gave the sailor the needful directions for procuring his Dutch Testaments, and after a few words of suitable counsel, received with prayerful gratitude, he

took my hand and passed on. For some minutes we walked in silence, for the tear of thankful joy was in his eye, and his heart was full; but, mindful of following up every opening for usefulness, he said to me; __ " Never, my child. forget that it is the duty of every Christian to induce his fellow creatures to come and drink of the water of life. I am not a minister, and I find it difficult to say much; but I can offer the word of God, and you see how He has blessed that silent messenger, and how he overruled the apparently accidental inconvenience of bad weather, to be the means of bringing these poor men to that 'river of God which is full of iov."

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Grandpapa was very diffident of his own powers, and perhaps none but his grandchildren are fully aware how delightfully he could converse with them on the best things; adapting his words to their youthful capacity, and rousing their attention with such a glowing, cheerful smile, that one of my cousins said after his death:-- "The first thing that made me long for religion was watching grandpapa's countenance, as he read his bible." The "lambs" and the poor of Christ's flock were his especial care; and he went in and out among them continually, seeking their spiritual welfare, while his periodical visits to the coast were marked by unostentatious efforts to fulfil the duties of a Christian missionary at home.

Youthful readers, - "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thinhand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

E. W. P.



SCHOOLS .- PROGRESS.

SALTER'S HILL, JAMAICA.—When Salter's Hill school was opened, eleven years years ago, there was scarcely a school for the education of the peasantry open in the

whole island, but now we have them in every direction, and although not attended so well as we could wish, yet they are perhaps as well as we could expect, when we remember that none of the parents enjoyed the advantages of the lowest elements of instruction. Connected with the Salter's Hill church there are three day schools, with 284 children on the books, who are taught reading, writing, ciphering, geography, English grammar, &c. We have also two children's Sunday schools, and two for adults, carried on by forty-six teachers, containing four hundred and fifty-three scholars, one hundred and sixty-three of whom can read in the scriptures. different this from the period when I first took charge of the church. I do not think that ten persons then in the whole congregation could have read a chapter in the New Testament, or that three persons could have been found that were able to write.

BIMBIA.—We have recently divided the whole village, says Mr. Merrick, into classes, so that almost every person in the station both English and Isubu is under instruction. Brother Clarke teaches the second Bible class. I teach the first Bible class. Brother Newbegin the third Bible class. Mr. Byl the first Testament class. Joseph Fuller the second Testament class. Brother Fuller teaches the alphabet, &c. to the Isubu and Dewalla people. Mrs. Byl teaches the first class English: Mrs. Clarke the Female Testament English class. Mrs. Merrick the girls' Testament class English and a female Isubu class, a few of whom are reading short words, and a few others the Isubu Gospel by Matthew. Several of the native children residing in the village as servants can read both the Isubu and English Testaments, and several

learning to write. Mr. Christian teaches the alphabet and short words to a class of English children, and Samuel Wilson from the Gabom, of whom brother Clarke has doubtless often spoken to you, teaches the alphabet, &c. to a class of Dewalla and Isubu adults.

Nems fram Afar.

A LETTER FROM AFRICA.

Thaba Bossiou, Sept. 1845.

THERE is a little boy, at Morija, about ten years old. Rapétloané, whose father and mother are Christians. This little boy is distinguished amongst his companions by a seriousness of character, and great intelligence, so that the missionaries hope that he will become a school-master, and perhaps even a preacher, if God shall call him to that work. You would be surprised, if you were to go into the chapel at Morija, on a Wednesday evening, at the time that the word of God is explained to those who wish to became wise unto salvation: in the midst of a great number of men and women you would see a little child, quietly seated, his eyes fixed on his testament, ready to read his verse, when his turn comes. This child is Rapétloané. I have an interesting anecdote to tell you about him.

The Bassoutous are obliged, when their corn is ripening, to protect it from the constant thefts of the pigeons. To do this, they heap up a hillock of earth on the highest point in the field, and then a person stands on the top of this mound, and flaps his arms, claps his hands, and cries out loudly to frighten these voracious birds. By the side of this mound is a round hut, where

he takes refuge in bad weather. Amos, the father of Rapétloané, being one day very busy, sent his son to protect the corn. It was very cold, and our little friend lighted a fire in the hut. Unhappily, he was not careful to put his fire far enough away from the dry sticks which formed the entrance to this little building, and in a few minutes Rapétloané was surrounded by flames, and could not go out. Some women who were watching their corn. at a little distance off, ran towards the poor child, but saw that it was quite impossible to save him. They heard him praying earnestly. "My God," said he, "I am going to die: burn my body only, and have pity on my soul; take me to heaven for the love of Jesus Christ." A terrible silence followed these words: they heard nothing but the crackling of the stakes and grass which the fire consumed without ceasing. After several minutes. the flames diminished, and there remained nothing but a heap of cinders, and some pieces of wood half burned. The women approached with trembling, but all at once Rapétloané rose up, and ran to throw himself into their arms. He was not hurt at all! God had prompted him to throw himself on the ground, and to cover himself with a cloak of ox's skin, and in this way he had escaped the danger of being suffocated by the smoke. The skin, instead of burning, became hardened by the heat, and thus proved the better protection for the child from the hot cinders.

Some days after, Rapétloané came to tell me of this accident himself. I asked him if he felt afraid. "Yes," said he, "I did feel much frightened, but I called upon God for his help." "Did you think that you should escape from death?" "No, I thought that I must die," "Did you hope that your soul would be saved?"

"Yes, I believed that Jesus would listen to my prayer, and that he would take me to be with him, because he died for me."

My dear children, is not this indeed a brand plucked from the fire in a literal sense, and will you not pray that Rapétloané may be a brand plucked from the fire in a spiritual sense?

Tsélané is the name of a little girl, who has been in the school at Morija for a long time. God took her home to himself, when she was eleven years old, very suddenly. She was bitten in the leg by a serpent, as she was getting some ears of corn in her father's field.

She had strength enough to run home, but very soon her whole body was swollen, and she knew that she was going to die. She asked a Christian to take her on her lap, and tell her about the Saviour. A little before she died, she said to this friend, "Salomé, I am going do you wish to come with me?" "No. Tsélané, I will stay here." "What, stay here, in this barren and dark world? come with me." "God has not called me yet," replied Salomé. "Oh, do you see," said Tsélané," that shining way which is before us? Salomé, I leave you." "I see nothing, dear child." "You do not see that glory, those beautiful angels, you do not feel the Lord Jesus Christ here, quite close to us!" "No, dear child." "I pity you then, poor Salomé: you must remain in this world. But I will go to Jesus. When I am dead. lay out my body carefully, put a handkerchief round my head, and bury me as the Christians are buried. go to our minister at Thaba Bossiou, and tell him not to weep, because I am gone to heaven. And you Salomé. do not weep any more, this would not be right." Some minutes after, Tsélané added, "Salomé, now lay me

down: I am going." Salomé obeyed, and the little girl expired.

Dear children, would Tsélané have died thus, if the messengers of salvation had not visited her country?

Do not some of you feel called to prepare for a sudden death, from these tidings of Tsélané, in the centre of Africa?

Could all of you die as Tsélané did?

Here are three very important questions sent across the sea to you, by

A MISSIONARY.

(Translated from the French.)

NEW BOOKS FOR REVIEW.

ISUBU SPELLING LESSONS. Nos. I. II.

HYMNS in the ISUBU TONGUE.

English and Isubu Dictionary.

The Gospel of Matthew in Isubu. By Joseph Merrick. Sentences in the Fernandian Tongue. By John Clarke.

All printed at the Dunfermline Press, Jubilee Station, Bimbis, Western Africa.

And very well printed too. But our friends sadly need more type. They can only set up sixteen small pages at a time, and must then wait till these are printed off.

They ask, "who will obtain and send us the type we need?"

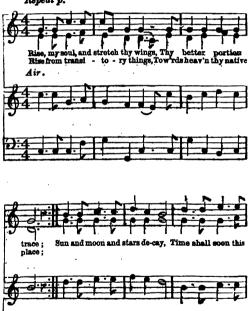
Will our friends in Dunfermline aid in raising £20 to purchase additional type and paper for the Dunfermline Press? And who will help them in this work? To stop the press for want of type is a sad thing: but to stop the ONLY press within many hundred miles of Bimbia would be a guilty one, which we must all join in avoiding.

Music.

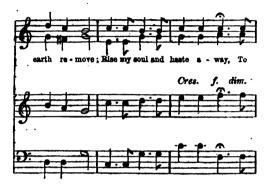
LAMARTINE. 7.6s.

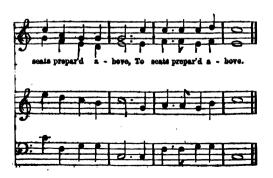
FROM THE PANILY CHOIR.

Repeat p.



... Will any of our young friends favour us with a good Missionary hymn of this metre?





AN ACCOUNT OF A LITTLE SCHOLAR IN A MISSION SCHOOL IN THE EAST INDIES.

(From the Home and Foreign Missionary Record of the Free Church of Scotland for May, 1847.)

LITTLE Rai, says her instructress, was brought to me on the 1st July, 1846, and died on the 14th January following. Her age, I should say, from the understanding and memory shown by her previous to her death, was about four years, though her mother pronounced it to be but two and a half.

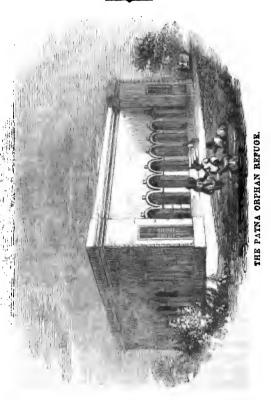
Many little occurrences in her life leave me the highest hopes regarding her precious soul. She was a very affectionate and obedient child, and appeared at all times very willing to learn. From her naturally quiet disposition she seldom joined the other children in their evening amusements, but invariably sat on a stool near my chair, anxious that I should talk to her. When her eldest sister was taught to kneel beside Maina to say her prayers, she would join her in kneeling, and, when her sister was done, would say that she wanted to say prayers too. On one occasion in particular I noticed the aptness the dear little one displayed in learning. Her sister rather of an obstinate disposition. having been requested in the school-room to repeat the Lord's Prayer to me, would not, and showed every sign as if she would persist in her obstinacy. On this I turned to little Rai. who was seated beside me, and asked her whether she knew the prayer. To my own

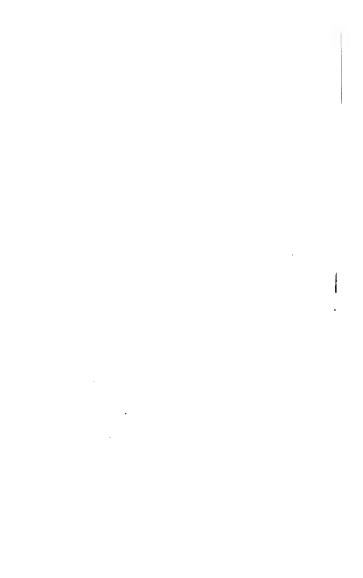
astonishment, and that of the monitresses and all the children, she immediately repeated it, with. I believe, only four mistakes. Little attention had been paid to her learning previous to this, under the idea that, from her age, she was but little capable of it. It was my invariable practice, however, to take her down amongst the children while they were at their needle-work-the time usually chosen for teaching them to sing little verses and repeat the Lord's Prayer and hymns. After this she was discovered to know a few of these hymns. which she used to repeat to the other children, who were all older than herself, and who felt a pleasure in reciting after her. Though so very young, she appeared sensible of the importance of prayer; and at family worship-which was always conducted in Marathi-she would be very attentive, keeping her head down all the time, while some of the other children showed less care and attention. She was indeed an example to all.

During my stay at Alibag, where she had been always ailing, one morning she looked rather worse—so weak that I thought it well not to bring her out to the room in which we had worship. But when the dear little one heard us reading, she, though with great difficulty, left her room, and came in amongst us, saying she wanted to join us. On such occasions she would kneel with us as long as her strength would permit. During her severe illness, when she showed any disinclination to

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THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.





PATNA NATIVE FEMALE ORPHAN REFUGE

WE have much pleasure in givin; our readers a view of the Patna Orphan Refuge, and calling attention to the following extracts from the Third Report.

In looking back on the year that has just closed, we are presented with additional causes, not only for gratitude to God for being permitted to continue to labour in his blessed cause; but also for the support and patronage we have been favoured with, by which this invaluable institution has been kept in that state of prosperity in which we are privileged to state it at present exists.

Four of the girls in the refuge have been baptized, and added to the church during the year. There are still about eight or ten of the girls who unite with those who have joined the church for private or mutual religious worship and instruction, and whose conduct we do trust has an important influence on all the rest.

During the past year nine children have been received into the refuge,—all cases of utter destitution. Two girls have married, and two have died, leaving the present number in the refuge 40.

It is our pleasing and gratifying task to acknowledge the receipt of a box of elegant fancy articles from our very kind and zealous friends, the young ladies and their friends belonging to the Salters' Hall Chapel, London, which yielded nearly £50, together with the sum of £25, through the Secretary of the Baptist Mission, London, from Miss Spurden. If our tribute of thanks can in any way enhance the benevolent feelings of those very dear friends, it is a most gratifying privilege to accord that tribute.

We may be permitted to observe without incurring the risk of displeasing our friends, that the last year's receipts from England have been much below the former one; we do not mention this in the way of complaint, but, if we may be permitted, as an incitement to renewed exertions on the part of those dear friends in England, to whom we are so very much indebted for the support of our refuge.

AUTUNERAH.

My dear young friends,-On the 1st of this month we received into the Refuge an interesting little girl, named Autuneeah. It appears from the magistrate's letter to my address, a copy of which I have herewith annexed. and also from the girl's own statement, that her parents (who were Brahmins) left home (Allahabad) on a pilgrimage to the renowned idolatrous shrine of Juggernaut. a distance of some 700 miles, if not more. While there, she states, her mother died; and shortly after, the father. with her, commenced his return to his home, having attended to the object of the pilgrimage. He had advanced so far on his journey homeward, as to have reached a place called . Durriapoor, about half-way between Monghyr and Patna, and something less than 250 miles short of his home, when he died, (probably of cholera, or bowel complaint, two diseases that carry off hundreds of pilgrims.) leaving this little girl alone, destitute. and a prey to the evil-disposed corrupters of mankind, Alas! how many thousands, yea millions, has cruel idolatry robbed of fathers and mothers. How mysterious are the ways of the Lord! this poor little child left her happy home under the guidance and care of her parents, who, in the observance of a blinded and superstitious faith, led her far from home, traversing upwards of a thousand miles. One parent was removed from her at the shrine of their object of devotion—Juggernaut; the other is permitted to conduct his child onward, till within the precincts of that asylum which Christian philanthropy has erected at Patna for the wretched and destitute of that portion of the Indian public who are more particularly the degraded and neglected. At this place, her last and only surviving parent breathes his last, leaving his dear child a prey to want, penury, and distress, surrounded by hard-hearted and unfeeling strangers, who look on the death of a human being with the most unfeeling indifference.

In this state of destitution, this poor child was found by the police people, who, according to the orders of the government, had her removed to Monghyr to await the directions of the Magistrate, who with kind and considerate attention lost no time in forwarding her to the Orphan Refuge.

Here then she has entered the walls of an asylum, whose object is to train young disciples for Jesus Christ. O that she may be one; that they who look after its inmates may feel the love of Christ constraining them to labour in prayer, till Christ be formed in her and the others the hope of glory: till angels rejoice, exclaiming, "behold she prayeth."

Now, beloved young friends, ye supporters and contributors to our Patna Refuge, let your fond and enlarged anticipations luxuriate in the harvest, that you may be permitted to gather of immortal souls, by holding on your way in exertions for the maintenance of that Refuge, which would never have existed but for Chris-

tion philanthropy, and which can only exist as your

I remain your faithful friend,

15th March, 1847.

HENRY BEDDY.

[A COPT OF THE MAGISTRATE'S LETTER.]
To the Rev. H. Beddy, Patna.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you, that I have sent, through the magistrate of Patna, a girl about five years of age, named Autuneeah, to your Orphan Asylum: her father, with whom she was travelling, died on the 7th inst., on his way from Juggernaut; she was found by the Darogah of Thannah Durreeapoor in a helpless state; and, according to the instructions of His Honour the Deputy-Governor of Bengal, dated the 11th March, 1844, I have sent her to you for protection.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant.

(Signed) D. CURLIPPE.

Mongher, 24th Feb. 1847.

Magistrate

THE ANTS AND THEIR DIFFICULTY: OR, GREAT AIMS WITH SMALL MEANS.

"Mamma!" said Edith, "aunt S—— told me such a pretty anecdote when I was with her yesterday."

"Indeed! my love, perhaps you can repeat it to ma," replied Mrs. M......

"She said that one day she was looking at an ant's meet in grandpapa's garden, and great numbers suddenly 'ad out in one direction. She watched them, and soon perceived that they went in a long procession straight to a straw which was lying in the path they had made for communicating with another of their holes on the opposite side of the gravel walk. She wondered what they would do, and, to her extreme surprise, they placed themselves underneath the straw so as to move it quite out of their way, and then went quietly home, leaving only the few who were previously going backwards and forwards. Was it not wonderful! mamma! that such tiny insects should move anything so much larger than themselves!"

- "Yes! their perseverance would often teach us a lesson, if we were more ready to learn from them. It was but little each ant could de."
- "But altogether they accomplished a great deal," rejoined Edith.
- "Just so, my dear child, individual Christians, especially in private hise, can do but little towards the removal of those great obstacles Satan continually opposes to the spread of the gospel, but unitedly, God often blesses them with signal success."
- "Ah! then, mamma, I may comfort myself with trying to give the humble aid of an ant to the Missionary Society."
- "A number of little human ants may accomplish more than you can imagine, for God often condescends to work by the feeblest instruments."
 - " In what way, mamma ?"
- "Why! to keep to these energetic insects for an illustration; what should you think of a vast building being endangered by their exertions?"
 - " It seems scarcely possible ! "
 - "Nevertheless it is true. Not long ago I was reading

that the wooden beams supporting the roof of a large government office in India were completely perforated by these minute enemies, so that the outside shell, as it were, alone remained, and threatened the downfall of the whole edifice unless speedily replaced."

"How very surprising, mamma."

"And in a similar manner," continued Mrs. M——,
"God can enable the efforts of children to sap the roots
of the great oriental superstitions: their plain questions
or artless remarks have frequently been blessed to the
conviction of people who seemed callous to the more
polished appeals of missionaries."

"That is very interesting."

"So anxious are Christians now to interest the rising generation in the true religion, that they pay particular attention to attracting the heathen children to their missionary schools, knowing that the great truths taught in childhood are not easily effaced in after years, and believing that thus they will more surely undermine those horrible superstitions which the most intelligent among their devotees find it very difficult fully to believe."

"And yet, mamma, when Mr. J—— was here the other day, he seemed to say that all the missions together were doing so little, it was hardly worth the efforts they made."

"Mr. J——, my love, is a merchant, and in his voyages and travels he sees so much more of the wickedness yet prevalent in the earth, that it is not surprising he should feel less sanguine than those who only hear of the good results of Christian enterprise."

"But it would be a great deal worse if nothing were done to spread the Bible."

"Surely it would, and we know that He who accepted

the poor penitent's slight service with the approving remark, 'She hath done what she could,' will look with a compassionate eye upon those who possessing but 'one talent' are careful to devote that one to their Master's use. The Bible too is so full of examples of small means accomplishing great ends by God's command, that with that in our hands, we need never despair."

"Is it not wrong then to take the gloomy views Ms.

"It would be if he suffered his fears to prevent his coming to the help of the Lord, as the Bible expresses it, but knowing the inestimable value of even one immortal soul, he is most conscientiously active in seeking every opportunity for spreading the knowledge of the Saviour; and perhaps this very feeling of human weakness renders him more earnest in humble prayer that God would bless every effort."

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"But he would be happier with a stronger faith in their use, mamma."

"Undoubtedly, my love, and yet being pioneer as it were into the dominions of the great enemy, and seeing more of his subtlety than those of us whose lot is in this privileged land, it must be a peculiarly strong faith in God's word which can sustain his efforts. When he has led our family devotions you must have remarked the ardent supplication which could only have resulted from his deep conviction that though an apostle Paul may plant, and an eloquent Apollos water the seed, that God alone can give the increase."

"That brings us back, mamma, to the two things you so often mention, work and prayer."

"True, my love, an old divine used to say with great emphasis: 'We must work as though all depended c

Samme JEX

REVELATION WHEN Mr. Money res in the Mahratin countr then three years old, we nutive servant, they carry temple, when the man se his salam," as they call 2 door. The child in hear Sammy, what for Missey," said he, "that Sammy-why your good heur your god stone my God made you, 123 thing," Mr. M. and In for some time. Sammy the temple and Misse when they were about heathen said, "What will Missey go to England ? mother." The child reyou love my God he muther too." He prove aid she, "you must lear " tought him the Lord's and evening bymns. Se desired to learn English hible, and he became consistent Christian.

our own exertions; and we must pray as though everything rested on our prayers.' It is one of the promised enjoyments of heaven too, that there 'his servants shall agree him.'"

"Ah! mamma, what a delightful promise that is for aunt 8-, and all who like her are too poorly to be active new."

"It is indeed, Edith, and doubtless she feels it so, and forgets not in her sick chamber to join the prayers perpetually effered, that 'the knowledge of the Lord may cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

"That happy time seems nearer now than before any missions were begun."

"Yes! we see the faint dawning of a glorious spiritual day. Dr. Wolff, in the narrative of his recent expedition to Bokhara states, that hitherto in his extensive travels, he has not found one country destitute of some trace of Christianity; and has very rarely entered any region without discovering some copy of the Scriptures, and these generally from the Bible Society's press!"

"Really, that is very delightful!"

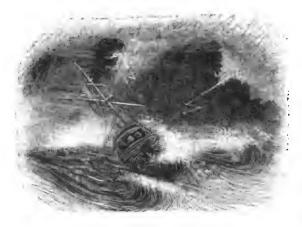
"He mentions it for the encouragement of further Christian effort; and if a little leaven is, as the Saviour affirms, to 'leaven the whole lump,' surely, my child, we may wait patiently, and like the husbandman till the soil, and cast in the seed, secure in the faithful promise, that the harvest will come; and that 'in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.'"

E. W. P.

Scripture Ellustrated.

REVELATIONS IX. 20.

WHEN Mr. Money resided some years since in the Mahratta country, as his daughter, not then three years old, was walking out with a native servant, they came near an old Hindoo temple, when the man stepped aside and " made his salam," as they call it, to a stone idol at the The child in her simple language said. "Sammy, what for you do that?" Missey," said he, "that my god." Your god. Sammy-why your god no see-no walk-no hear-your god stone-my God see everything, my God made you, made me, made everything." Mr. M. and his family resided there for some time. Sammy continued to worship at the temple and Missey to reprove him, but when they were about to leave India the poor heathen said. "What will poor Sammy do when Missey go to England? Sammy no father, no mother." The child replied, "Oh Sammy, if you love my God he will be your father and mother too." He promised to do so; "then," said she, "you must learn my prayers," and she taught him the Lord's Prayer and her morning and evening hymns. Some time after this he desired to learn English, that he might read the bible, and he became at length a serious and Consistent Christian.



THE WRECK.

ONE beautiful afternoon in the month of February last, a large steamer left the harbour of Havanna on a voyage down the gulf of Mexico. The day, like many tays in that climate, was warm and sultry, and as the sea breeze blew freshly upon the faces of the passengers, they turned toward it with evident delight, and each remarked to his neighbour that they were likely to have a pleasant passage.

Shortly after leaving the harbour, the weather became hazy, and the captain found it impossible for the whole of the following day to see the sun, and learn where he was. Still the vessel moved on driven by the strong

north wind, and impelled by the strokes of her paddle wheels: and every one hoped for a prosperous voyage. But early on the second morning, while the captain was quietly walking on deck,—the bow of the ship struck against a sunken reef; for a moment she waved back and then with fearful force struck again. In half an hour that beautiful vessel was broken to pieces, her valuable cargo of quicksilver, and her machinery and treasures lay at the bottom of the sea: and out of nearly 150 persons on board, seventy-three had passed without warning to the bar of God.

Those who were saved were thrown by the waves upon the reef; some of them much bruised, and others grieved at the loss of their friends. One passenger was striving to reach the rock, supporting his wife in one hand, and his infant son in the other. A wave swept away his wife, and another threw part of the ship upon his son: and both were lost. He himself was thrown by the next wave upon the reef, and died after a few days of injuries he had received.

Those that "do business on the mighty waters" need our prayers. What a blessing to be able to say,—

The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And manages the seas:
This awful God is ours
Our father and our love.

THE BAPTIST MARTYRS,

BY E. B. UNDERHILL, ESQ.

. On the 15th June, 1575, the queen (Elizabeth) signed, at Gorhambury, the warrant and writ for the execution to proceed. Jan Peters and Hendrik Terwoort were the two selected.

Jan Peters was an aged man, and poor, with nine children. His first wife, some years before, had been burnt for her religion at Ghent, in Flanders; and his then wife had lost her first husband by martyrdom for the truth. They had fled to England, hoping there to worship without danger. His circumstances were laid before the bishop, (Sandys,) and he had earnestly entreated permission to leave the country with his wife and children; but the Lishop was inexorable.

Hendrik Terwoort was a man of good estate, five or six and twenty years of age, and a gold-smith by trade. He had been married about eight or ten weeks before his imprisonment. But neither domestic affection, nor the solicitations of his friends, nor the dread of death, weakened his resolution.

On Sunday, the 17th, tidings were brought them, that within three days they would be burnt, unless they desired delay. To this Terwoort replied, "Since this your design must come to pass, so we wish you to speed the more quickly with the matter, for we would indeed rather die than live, to be released from this frightful den." He, however, asked till Friday. We again quote the affecting narrative of their

stake was set up in Smithfield, but the execution was not that day. On Wednesday, many people were gathered together to witness the death of our two friends, but it was again deferred. This was done to terrify, and draw our friends and us from the faith. But on Friday, our two friends, Hendrik Terwoort and Jan Peters, being brought out from their prison, were led to the sacrifice. As they went forth, Jan Peters said, 'The holy prophets, and also Christ our Saviour, have gone this way before us, even from the beginning, from Abel until now."

It was early morning when they reached the scene of their triumph. They were fastened to one stake, neither strangling nor gunpowder being used to diminish their torture. defenceless sheep of Christ, following the footsteps of their master, resolutely, for the name of Christ, they went to die. An English preacher was present, to embitter, if possible, by his cruel mockings, the closing moments of their martyr-life and martyr-death. Before all the people he exclaimed, "These men believe not on God." Saith Jan Peters, "We believe in one God, our heavenly Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ his Son." While standing bound at the stake, the articles were again, for the last time, presented to them, and pardon promised on subscription. Peters again spake, "You have laboured hard to drive us to you. but now, when placed at the stake, it is labour in vain." One of the preachers attempted an excuse: "That all such matters were determined by the council, and that it was the queen's intention they should die." But said Peters, "You are the teachers of the queen, whom it behoves you to instruct better, therefore shall our blood be required at your hands."

And now with courage they entered on the conflict, and fought through the trial, in the midst of the burning flame; an oblation to the Lord, which they living offered unto him. Accepting not of deliverance, for the truth's sake, they counted not their lives dear unto them, that they might finish their course with joy.

"For what were thy terrors, O death!

And where was thy triumph, O Grave !

When the vest of pure white, and the conquering wreath Were the prize of the scorned and the slave?"—Dalk.

FIRST MISSION TO BENGAL.

[By permission, from the Missionary Repository.]

I. THE THOUGHT, AND ITS ISSUE.

NEARLY sixty years ago, there was living at the village of Moulton a young minister named William Carey. He had been a shoemaker's apprentice; but he loved knowledge, and above all the knowledge of God, better than anything else; and he went from one step to another, till he became a preacher. But he was still very poor, and had to go on making shoes to keep himself from starving. In the room where he worked, he

hung up on the wall several sheets of paper pasted together, on which he had drawn a large map of the world, with marks for the different nations, and close by the marks, notes of what he knew about them. What made him, as he sat stitching at his last there, often look up to his rude map, while his thoughts seemed far away from his work? What made him sometimes stand on his garden-path, by the hour together, lost in thought? It was that God had a great purpose of mercy towards the nations of the East, sitting in darkness; and it was into Carey's mind that he chose to send the thought which was to work it out.

It was one day, when quite a lad, as he was reading Cook's Voyages, that it first occurred to him. A good while passed before he could get any one to listen to him. But the fire of his thought was kindled from heaven, and man could not put it out. I must not stay to tell you all the difficulties which he met with; but he conquered them all, and at last set sail, in June 1793, is a Danish ship, for India, with Mr. Thomas, who was going to be a missionary too. Before he went, he threw a spark of his own fire into the heart of a young printer whom he knew, named Ward. He said, "We shall want some one of your calling to print the Bible. You must come after us." You will see by-and-by how that spark kindled.

In November they approached the beautiful land of India. The ship cast anchor in the roads of Balasore. The missionaries went ashore in a ponsowah or boat. Ram Boshoo, a Hindoo, whom Mr. Thomas knew, for he had been in India before, was eagerly waiting for them by the water-side.

Most of the places we shall mention in these papers are in Bengal, and may be found in any good map of India.

Mr. Carey did not yet understand the language way wall so he engaged Ram Boshoo to stay with him as his moonshi or interpreter. All the country looked very strange to him after England. There are none of the sweet-scented little flowers that we love so much: but large splendid ones, such as are only seen in hothouses here, grow wild there, and pine-apples may be found in any hedge. Wild beasts are abundant in the forests and jungles, but do not often come near the dwellings of men. It is a common thing, however, to meet a sement in the path. Mr. Carey was some time before he could find a place to live in. Meanwhile, he and Ram Boshoo worked at correcting a translation of the Bible begun in the ship. One day, a pundit or harned Brahmin came in to see them. They read him the first chapter of Genesis, just finished. He liked it very much, only he thought there was one mistake. Nothing was said of a cortain (imaginary) place underneath the earth, in which the Hindoos believe, and which, he thought, should not have been left out in the account of the creation! After a while they went to Deharts, but found they could not live there. Their money was all spent. As they were wondering where their next meal was to come from, as invitation came from Mr. Udney, at Malda, to go and take charge of his indigo factories there.

Deharta is in the Sunderbunds, an immense region of gloomy forests, swarming with wild beasts. Malda is on the Ganges, a long way to the north. Mr. Carey and his family set out, travelling in a boat along the rivers which cross the country in every direction. They lived in the boat day and night. By day they could see nething but endless forests, and jungles of bamboos and long grass, on each side of the river; and overhead, the bright Indian sky and the hot Indian sun. At night the woods were lighted up by thousands of fireflies which

looked like stars flitting among the dark branches; but there was also the fearful roar of the tiger prowling shout for prev. and the hiss of many snakes. In about a fortnight they entered the Ganges, and, after three weeks of boat-life, were very thankful to arrive at Malda, and meet Mr. Udney and their old friend Mr. Thomas. The name of the village in Malda where Mr. Carey was to live is Mudnabatty. He was not to have a bamboo hut like the natives, but a good puckak (brick) house, built on the edge of a fine tank of water, This was a good change for poor Carey. He spent his time in watching over the indigo works, where he learned plenty of the language, and could often drop a good word among the men; in preaching; and in translating the Bible. Ram Boshoo used to sit by his side at such times, and they consulted together about the right words to use; but as Mr. Carey as yet knew little of Bengalee. and his moonshi still less of English, they did not get on very fast. Sometimes he went out among the villages round to preach. They are all on the banks of the rivers, so he went by water. He used to take two little boats; one to live in, the other for cooking his food. All the furniture he carried about was a bed, a chair, a table, and a lamp.

One Sunday afternoon he went to Chinsurah, about four miles off. In the town he passed a fine pagoda. "What is that temple?" he asked of some standing near. "It is Thakoorannee, that is, a Debta" (an idol, or good power). "Is it alive?" "Yes." "Well then," remarked Mr. Carey, moving towards it, "I will see her." "No, no, Sahib," they cried, "it is only a stone!" But he mounted the steps, and spoke of the folly of idolatry. The hum of voices from a bazaar close by interrupted him. So he moved to the shade of a spreading tamarind-tree, and began to sing a Christian

hymn. The natives at the sound of music clustered around: and he talked to them about sin, and about the impossibility of getting pardon for sin without an atonement. "Is there any way of life written in your Shasters!" asked he of the listening crowd. "You must repeat the name of God many times" one day, observed a learned Brahmin, in answer to such a question. "What then!" replied Mr. Carey, "suppose your son had offended you-if he were to say your name over ten thousand times, would that make you forgive him ?" They could not say it would: but remarked that God was a great light, and, as no one could see him, he appeared in forms of flesh, as Brahma, Vishnoo, Shiva, and these must be worshipped in order to gain eternal life. " Nay." answered the missionary, "but these incarnations, or appearances of God in a form of flesh, of which your Shaeters speak, were not to save sinners, but for foolish ends. Your gods, say they, became one a fish, another a dwarf, a hog, a thing half lion and half man, &c. : and this, to save one family from a flood, to kill a giant, and the like. But the true God could have done these things without taking such shapes. There is but one true incarnation. God took a human shape in Jesus, and he died to save sinners."

Thus passed Mr. Carey's time at Mudnahatty. Mr Thomas was busy in the same way at Moypaldiggy.

F. F.

BUT YESTERDAY WE SPRANG TO BIRTH.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES.

"We are but of yesterday, yet we have filled your empire, yeur castles, your corporate towns, your assemblies, your very camps." * * "We constitute almost the majority in every town."—
Tertullian. A.D. 198.

Bur yesterday we sprang to birth, Disciples of a martyred king, Now heralded throughout the earth, Our noble faith is triumphing.

Ye thought to crush that mystic tree, Whose leaves the fainting nations heal, But now its branches wide and free, The Planter's mighty arm reveal.

The thronging mart—who mingle there ?

They whom the world would once deride.

What glitters on yon house of prayer?

The sign of Him the crucified.

Go to the court where grandeur reigns, And men too oft their God forget; Go—learn, Ambition never stains A Christian ruler's coronet.

On mountain-top—by rolling flood, Within the deep and shaded glen, The glowing theme is Jesus' blood, And shed for dying—guilty men.

In senate and in camp they move,
The just, the upright, and the true,
All eloquent for Him they love,
Prepared to suffer or to do.

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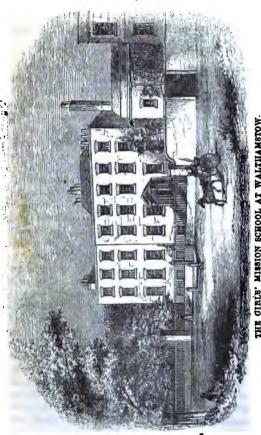
CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE DOVE, Up to the 30th June, 1847.

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Previously acknowledged 1		13	7
Aldwinkle		15	0
Ashley	0	11	9
Bampton	0	8	0
Battersea	i	ñ	ñ
Bedale		13	ŏ
Berwick-on-Tweed			
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Beverley, S. S	1	0	0
Birmingham-			•
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New Hall Street, S. S.	0 1	13	Õ
Heneage Street, S. S.	٠.		•
Girls	1	0	0
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THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER.

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THE GIRLS' MISSION SCHOOL AT WAL-THAMSTOW.

You have often heard, dear children, of the sacrifices which the missionaries make in trying to do good in heathen countries: how they leave their dear native land, their beloved friends, and all the many comforts of an English home; and suffer heat, and weakness, and disease, and often coldness and unkindness from the people.

All this is true: but I think I can tell you of one peculiar trial they have, of which perhaps you have heard and thought very little. They are generally obliged to send their own dear little children away from them for several years at least, and sometimes they never see them any more on earth.

This seems perhaps very cruel; and you may wonder why they should do so. I will tell you. The countries to which these missionaries go, are very unhealthy; the sun burns very fiercely, and there is very little air, so that it is very hot and close. English people are often very ill; and many, many of their little children die while they are quite infants: so that the missionaries say, if we wish our dear children to grow up strong and healthy, we must send them to England. But there is another reason: health for their bodies cannot be obtained in these sickly lands, but they cannot get health for their minds either. The poor heathen

amongst whom they live are cruel and wicked: they are generally deceitful, cunning, and liars, and are dirty and indecent in their manners: and the missionaries do not like that their dear children should see and be with such people: besides the children must be taught to read, and to do many other things, and their parents are so much engaged in preaching and teaching the poor heathen, that they have neither time nor strength to teach their own little ones. and there are no schools to which they can send them; hence they must come to England; and their poor parents cannot be cheered in those dark lands with the sweet voices and bright smiles of their dear children: this must make their hearts ache sadly, but they an willing to bear this trial, and do God's work, and please him.

I will give you part of a letter from a missionary on this subject: he went out from America, and sent his little ones home to that country.

He says,__

"We ask not great things for our children, but we do ask, what we ask for the heathen, that their souls may be converted. And a child supported even by the parish in America, is placed under more favourable circumstances for this object, than any missionary's child can possibly be in this country, unless indeed the parents turn from the work to which they have been appointed, to give a primary importance to their families. I do not ask for my children ealth, or honour, or even education. These I



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leave to God, to give or withhold as seemeth him good. But I do ask for them a name and a place among his chosen people. I care not in what circle of society they move, so that they are but the children of God.

> "In sending my children home, it is nearly the same to my feelings as burying them: I shall never see them again on earth. I shall never more be able to check their wayward passions in the bud, or rejoice over the first develop-

ments of their infantile understanding.

"The Lord is their portion: it is all I have to give them, and blessed be God, 'it is all I want to give them.' 'I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread!' I commit them to God, and to the prayers of the friends of missions. Blessed be the heart that remembers them at the throne of grace, and blessed be the lips that intercede for them before God."

And now, dear children, what can we do for these little ones: what do they want? What should you want, if you were separated from your dear parents? Ah! you do not like to think of it: it makes you sad: well then be thankful that you are not called to this hard trial, and pity and love the missionaries who pear it. But these children want a happy home, and kind friends who will love and cherish them: who will take great care of them, for sometimes they are very delicate: they want good teachers who will instruct them and make them fit by and by to go back and help their

dear parents. Now all these things the missionaries' daughters have got in the School at Walthamstow: a nice house and garden, kind friends and teachers; and if you were to go into their playground some morning, you would see such a number of bright smiling faces, that would tell you at once, that they had found a happy home there.

There are now forty-eight little girls in the school: there have been about twice that number since it has been established; but some have left this earthly home, to go to a better and happier one above: some are gone back to-Ind.a and Jamnica, and are teaching schools, or in some other way doing good, and some are em-loved as teachers in this country.

Do you ask me why I have told you all this? Because I wish you to help in this good work: I wish you to think of these dear children, to pray for them. Besides, the friends of this Mission School at Walthamstow, want money to support the school: they have not nearly enough, and if they cannot get more, they must say to the missionary parents, we cannot take so many little girls, so they must stay in your unhealthy climates.

You will not like this to be said, will you? No; while you are so happy in your own homes, with all your dear friends around you, you will gladly send something for the support of the Girls' Mission School, and thus cheer the hearts of the devoted, self-denying missionaries.

THE LABOURER'S DUTY.

MARK iv. 14.

EDITH had just commenced new duties as a sabbath-school teacher, an occupation she had long desired, as in some degree resembling the missionary labours in which she felt a deep interest.

On returning home for the first time after school hours had closed, Mrs. M— inquired how she had enjoyed the day:—"I am afraid, mamma," replied Edith, "that I felt more interested in teaching than the children did in learning." "Well, my dear, it is one very important step towards gaining their attention, to feel very deeply yourself the value of the instruction you wish to communicate."

"But, mamma, I was so much more at a loss how to begin than I imagined would be possible, with all your careful training."

"How was that, Edith?"

"While they were singing the hymn and praying, at the opening of the school, I looked around on all the little girls of my class, and thought so much of the worth of their immortal souls, that it seemed easy to tell them the way of salvation; yet when I began to explain it, I felt quite discouraged that they did not appear to understand that the dying love of Jesus had anything to do with them."

"That, my love, it must be your grand concern to teach them."

"But how can I teach them, mamma, when they are ignorant of what the soul is, or why we need a Saviour at all?"

"Those are the very subjects they come to you to learn, and you know the apostle Paul tells us that an instructor must be 'patient,' as well as 'apt to teach.'"

"Perhaps when I am quite grown up, and have had more experience, I shall find the work easier."

"The same difficulties will still exist, my dear Edith, though it will no longer excite your surprise, to find those ignorant who have never been privileged with the means or instruction. Missionaries to the heathen encounter the very same obstacles in their distant labours."

"Do they, mamma? I should have thought the poor wretched heathen would gladly embrace such a free and simple religion as the missionaries carry to them, instead of those cruel rites we read they practise to secure future happiness."

"You forget, my love, there is not only the natural 'lack of knowledge' they find everywhere, but a vast amount of superstition and false notions to banish, so that they are obliged continually to follow the bible rule of giving 'line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little, and there a little;' and content themselves with watching and fostering every slow progress among those who are willing to hear their message of mercy."

"But, then, mamma, they can reckon so fully upon God blessing their labours, and rendering them successful in the end."

"And why cannot you, my dear Edith, as a

sabbath-school teacher?"

"Oh! because there is such a difference between my small exertions and those of the self-denying missionary!"

"If you both do 'what you can,' there is only a difference in degree: each seeks the conversion of immortal souls; you in the little congregation of your class at the school, and the missionary in the larger assemblies who from time to time gather round him to listen to themes which are too often regarded by all hearers as 'idle tales;' but in both cases 'the entrance of God's word giveth light and understanding to the simple;' and it is the same Holy Spirit who alone can open an 'entrance' to the benighted soul of an ignorant British child, or the degraded and falsely taught heathen man."

"Still, dear mamma, the missionary is encouraged by frequently seeing that the Holy Spirit does influence and convert his pupils."

"Often, my child, to adopt the Scripture comparison, he 'sows in tears' for many years before he is permitted to reap a single grain of wheat. Both in the East and West Indies, as well as the South Sea Islands, this has been the experience of most missionary societies."

"Yet now they are so cheered by success!"

"Yes; you see God has in his own time

granted a rich harvest, and who can tell but that you may have the honour of teaching come future missionaries?"

"That would be delightful, mamma."

"And not improbable; a useful missionary now in the field was one of your grand-mamma's own class at the sabbath-school; and many of those whose instructions have been most eminently blessed to the heathen were similarly educated, whilst you know vast numbers of youthful spirits now in glory are praising God for the Sunday-school teachers who first made known to them the Saviour's name."

"But, mamma, I should be so happy to

know that God owned my labours!"

"His word assures you of his approval, my love, but he requires his servants to do the work he appoints, and leave the results to him. When I have felt as you do now, I have often thought of an old friend who, though not a minister, was one of the most indefatigable labourers in the Lord's vineyard I ever knew; prompt to devise, and skilful to execute his various plans for disseminating that 'glorious gospel' he himself so highly prized. On one occasion, when accompanying him home, he was busily distributing tracts and books to the motley groups who were thronging up a lovely hill near his house on their sabbath excursions, and I ventured to ask if he had ever met with an instance of the tracts he had given becoming useful. I was much struck by the serious tone in which he replied :- No, I have never yet heard of a single case in which they have done any good, but I have read of God blessing those distributed by other people; and, therefore, I go on scattering them in the hope that these hearts are not harder than those in other districts, and the Holy Spirit may make them just as useful without my knowing of it: my duty is to try and sow the seed—I am not responsible for the amount of the crop."

"Ah, that was truly a proper spirit," re-

marked Edith, with animation.

"Those words have often proved a valuable lesson to me," continued Mrs. M—, "when feeling wearied or disheartened at the slow progress of works of usefulness."

"And did not your friend ever meet with

any encouragement, mamma?"

"Yes; he sometimes gave an address to our sabbath-school children, when his simple and earnest appeals seemed peculiarly adapted to his youthful audience; and a few years ago, on attending a church meeting, I was delighted to hear letters from two young persons who dated their first serious impressions from that same discourse of Mr. G—'s which had so interested me, and which had, I doubt not, been watered with his own prayers, and those of many of the teachers present."

"I am glad of that, mamma, and thank you for telling me about it. I hope Mr. G—'s speech will be as useful to me as you say it has

been to you!"

"In that case, I think my friend would feel

almost comforted, that his own discouragements had afforded such practical lessons to other people. However, he always seemed so convinced of God's wisdom in concealing the results of his labours, and so sure of the divine faithfulness of the promise that 'His word's should not return void,' that he was never melancholy; and instead of relaxing his efforts, I believe it only increased his diligence."

"I wish it might be so with me, mamma!"

"Pray that it may, my love, and remember 'the sower' is only commissioned to 'sow the word.' The labourer is not generally informed of the amount of his master's gains. He may hear of them accidentally, and rejoice accordingly, but he earns 'the bread that perisheth' in the shape of wages; and you will be rewarded by your own 'hunger and thirst after righteousness being satisfied,' whether you ever hear of your efforts being useful to others or not."

E. W. P.



A WEST INDIAN SCENE.

AND a very good one too. I have looked often on mountains, and trees, and rivers, such as this view presents: and many thousand converts, young and old, have been baptized in the open air, in such beautiful streams and amid such glorious scenery.

These baptizings generally take place at daybreak, before the sun has much strength, often on the sabbath morning, and are witnessed by

large multitudes of spectators.

Not fewer probably than fifty thousand persons have thus risen to newness of life in Jamaica alone, since the Baptist Missionary Society commenced its operations in that island

NEWS FROM AFAR.

JUBILEE.

Bimbia, Biafra, Feb. 12th, 1847.

MY BEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—My time is much occupied with the necessary duties of this Mission, or I should feel great pleasure in giving you a few lines occasionally, respecting Africa and the mission of mercy sent to this land. About the middle of last year I left Fernando Po, to reside on the Continent at this little Christian village: and here a small church of twenty-one members has been farmed; subbath and day schools are in operation; the towns around are regularly visited; Mr. Merrick, Mr. Duckett, and the eldest son of Mr. Fuller, address the natives in their own language; and we hope to see, in a very short time, the whole of Matthew's Gospel, which has been translated by Mr. Merrick, printed in the Isubu tongue.

At Clarence, on the island of Fernando Po, Dr. Prince still resides; and many of the people there seem to love with sincerity of heart the Divine Redeemer. The Spanish priests have departed from the place on account of sickness, and no vessel with emigrants has yet arrived. I lately visited Fernando Po; and on the 24th of Jan. a few of my dear Fernandian boys assembled at the place where I remained, to be once more taught the grand truths contained in the word of God. After apending a long time in teaching, I inquired, before engaging in prayer, what favour each boy desired chiefly to obtain you to beg of God that I may not die." His companions corrected him, by saying, such a request could not be made, for all men must die. The second said, "I wish to

have a good heart given to me." Another, "I wish to love God, and to serve him;" but the one who made the longest reply, and who surprised me most at the readiness and aptness of his figure, was a fine youth, who said. "I wish God to take me under his care just as the hen takes her chickens under her wings, and defends them from the hawk that hovers above them in the air." Many hawks and crows were at the time flying on the margin of the sea-bank, and a watchful hen, with her young, was by the aide of the dwelling. I rather suppose the idea was from mature, than from hearing the same idea from the word of God. The boy does not understand many words of English, and I do not recollect that the Saviour's words on this subject had been brought before him. I have four Fernandian boys at Bimbia learning to read and to write, and three more are on board the Dove. They are. for the most part, honest, and pay more regard to truth than is done generally by people in Africa. One of the most interesting of the four under my care began lately to absent himself from evening family worship, which I have usually a little before seven o'clock, p. m. On my arrival from a long journey into the interior, I inquired of the youngest Ke tshi soke ?-What news? He very gravely informed me that Thomas had been doing much that was very bad. He was reproved for not allowing me to reach the house until he told me about Thomas. but excused himself, by saying, I had asked him what news, and he could not say a tshi soko-no news, when such a bad thing had happened in my absence.

Thomas had become the companion of a Bayung slaveboy, a servant to Mr. Phillips, and after much urging, had stolen a small quantity of goods to apply to wicked purposes. The townsmen of Thomas first found out his

dishonesty, and for a short time concealed it: but on making it known to the youngest, who has been the longest under our care, the little boy was sorely displeased, and said. "Why have you concealed it? we must all be disgraced by such conduct, if we do not tell." With a boldness natural to him, which has led us to call this little "out-face" Wm. Knibb, he went to Mr. Phillips, and caused him to search the box where some of the property still remained. Poor Thomas, on my reaching the house, could not look up for shame : and far different from his usual practice, he came not near me until the time of evening prayer. After this interesting season with our little family. I conversed with him, laid the aggravated nature of his sin before him, and left him for a day to reflect upon his crimes. All this while the Bayung youth was speaking falsely respecting the feelings of Thomas towards the boy who had made known his crimes; and when the evening came, Thomas had not only to confess his fault, but to inform me of the long season of temptation he had had, and how his tempter was now charging him falsely with designs against his countryman, which for a moment he had not entertained. I informed the youth that right conduct, and not words, would satisfy me, and that I should be able to judge of his sincerity by the course he might from this period nursue. I took him with me to Clarence last month; and on my return, he risked his life in a small canoe at night, to come after the vessel under way, that he might not be left behind. I had told him ten o'clock, p. m. as the hour of sailing: but as the wind came off the land early, we raised the anchor at eight o'clock, p. m. which, when Thomas knew, he got into a small canoe, and followed us some miles; but finding the vessel leaving him and his canoe leaking,

he arrested our attention by his cries, and the vessel was put about, and the boat was lowered, to seek for him on the water, and to save him. This afforded me another opportunity to talk very seriously to this youth; and from the modest conduct he manifests, and his kindness to William, I hope he has seen already that God is visiting him with his preventing and preserving mercy; and it is my constant prayer that God may impart to him his grace.

Will you join with me, my dear young friends, in praying for these Fernandian youths? I wish to see them SCRIPTURE READERS to their countrymen - Scripture readers to their countrymen! Do their countrymen understand English?-No. Have they the Bible in their tongue ?-No. How then can they become Scripture readers to their countrymen? They can read English. The few chapters already translated into Fernandian they And if I live, I hope to see the New Testament translated into their tongue. Should I soon fall in the field, let another try this beautiful, though somewhat difficult, language; and if we have but one half dozen of converted youths, we can send them with the word of God to their countrymen; and in defiance of Spain and of Rome, the good seed will take deep root on the mountain sides of the lovely island of Fernando Po. This is the primitive plan, and must be pursued in the land of Africa.

I wish that God may make many of you, for whom I write, devoted missionaries. The life of a missionary is one of awful responsibility; but when rightly employed, it is one of delight here, and of eternally pleasing reminiscence. Should God lead any of you onward to labour in the field, it is my prayer that you may be something.

humble, diligent, prayerful, resigned, strong in faith, and so be able to give glory to God. I conclude, and am your affectionate friend

February 8th, 1847.

JOHN CLARKE

FIRST MISSION TO BENGAL.

II. AN EASTERN HOME.

AFTER Mr. Carey had lived about six years at Malda. Mr. Udney's indigo-works failed, and he was not wanted there any longer. He tried to live at Kidderpore, but the English did not favour him. About this time some more missionaries arrived in India. Mr. Fountain came first, and then Mr. Marshman and Mr. Ward, the printer, who could not forget the words his friend Carey said to him on parting. Now the English have great possessions in Bengal, and indeed all over India; and these self-exiled Englishmen loved their country, and would fain have fixed their foreign home on at least English ground. But the government at that time hated Christianity, and favoured Hindooism ; because it was thought that to humour the Hindoos in their religion would make them more willing to submit to English rule. So the Christian missionaries, being forbidden to live on their land, chose to settle at Serampore, a town belonging to the Danes, on the river Hoogly, about seven coss (fourteen miles) above They bought a house for 6000 rupees.* It stood near the bank of the river, which is about as wide at Serampore as the Thames at Gravesend. verandah outside, and a large hall, with several rooms at each end, inside. Some other buildings stood near,

^{*} A rupee is worth about 2s.

belonging to the house; and a good piece of land surrounded it, which Mr. Carey made into a beautiful Indian garden. They then began to talk of plans for dividing their time. It was settled that Mr. Carey should preach to the natives, and go on with the translation of the Scriptures. Mr. and Mrs. Marshman undertook to teach a school of Bengalee children, in one of the out-buildings. Mr. Ward took charge of another of the out-buildings, and made it into a printing-office, where the press was set up, to print the Bible; and Felix Carey, Mr. Carey's eldest son, helped him to print, beside some natives whom they were obliged to employ.

This is the way the missionaries spent their days. In the morning they rose very early, for in that hot land the early morning is the pleasantest part of the day. eight they worked at their different employments; then they met all together in the hall, for worship, and afterwards had breakfast. They went to work again till twelve. at the school, the press, the translating; when they again met for a light meal, called tiffin, or luncheon. By this time the great heat of the day has come on; and this was the hour for bathing, and taking the siesta or afternoon sleep, which would be idle here, but is quite necessary in India. Dinner was at three; and afterwards talking or reading, or studying with the pundits. In the cool of the evening, service was held several times a week, in the large hall; sometimes in English, and sometimes in Bengalee, when the natives were invited to attend. At other times, the missionaries would walk out, and preach to the people.

Mr. Carey and Mr. Brunedon, another missionary, were walking one evening at Rishera, a village about four miles off. Two or three Brahmins, with white streaks on their faces, were seated on their mats in the bazaar, smoking their long hookahs. "What is the matter with your faces !" said Mr. Carey. "It is the Teelak, or mark of holiness, commanded in the Shasters." A crowd collected to hear the dispute which had begun. Mr. Carey sat down on a mat, opposite the chief Brahmin: the rest stood round. "Could any one tell," he asked, "how sin is to be pardoned ?" "Look to him : he will answer," cried out many voices, pointing to the old Brahmin. "By deep meditation and acts of holinesa," replied he. Mr. Carey said, "As our hearts are sinful, they cannot do good acts. It would be as wise to look for mangoes on the fig-tree, or cocoa-nuts on the toddy-tree, as to expect the fruits of holiness from a wicked heart. The vilest men may perform the ceremonies vou call holiness, and vet be no better. Even Brahmins, it is well known, worship one hour and steal the next. Fire and water will as soon agree as evil persons and a holy God. We are all sinners, but Christ died to save us. Leave your false idols, and turn to Him."

There was a man of the Sudra caste, living at Serampore, named Krishnu. One day he heard Mr. Thomss preach under a tree, but did not pay much attention. A little while afterwards, he dislocated his arm. In his pain he remembered "the white man under the cottontree," for he had heard that Mr. Thomas was a surgeon, and he sent for him. By his and Mr. Carey's visits, Krishnu was brought to receive the truth; as also were his wife Rasu, her sister Joymooni, and a man named Gokul. And now that they were Christians in heart, they knew that it was necessary to declare it, by giving up their caste, and being haptised. But then what a sortrial it would be to be despised by their proud countrymen, and counted lower than parias! Yet they loved

Christ above all, and they concluded to give up all for Him. One day Gokul and Krishnu appeared at the mission-house, saying they were come to break caste by eating with the sahibs; which, to the great joy of the missionaries, they did. Now that this difficulty was past, the new converts were anxious to profess Christ fully, by being baptized, and joining themselves to the Christian church. An evening was fixed to examine into their faith.

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It was an exciting time to the missionaries. About seven o'clock, they all assembled in the large hall. Krishnu, Gokul, Rasu, and Joymooni came in, and took their places too. Felix Carey was there, having the same wish as they had. A hymn was sung in Bengalee, and then Mr. Thomas prayed to God. They examined those who wished to be received as brother Christians. Gokul rose first, and said that he heard one of the missionaries preach in the bazaar, and was so struck with the word that he and his friend Bayshnub Charon talked all night about it. He did not like the Bible at first, and he tried to forget it, but was so uneasy about his sin that he could scarcely sleep for two months. At Krishnu's house he first learned to hope in Jesus.

Joymooni spoke next, saying that she first heard the new doctrine from Gokul, and felt herself the greatest sinner in the world; but when she heard of Christ the Saviour, her heart was glad, and she made him her asroy (house of refuge). Rasu said much the same.

Krishnu came last of all. He heard the word first from Mr. Fountain, and was convinced it was better than their Shasters. When he heard Mr. Thomas speak of Christ's sacrifice, he thought, "Did Dourga, or Kalee, er Krishna die for sinners?" And here he made his restingplace. Once he loved sin; now he delighted in holiness. and would follow it.

We need hardly say with what joy they were received. Next day it was noised abroad in the town that Gokul and Krishnu had become feringus (that is, had broken caste)! A mob of nearly 2000 people assembled and attacked them, and the governor had to send a sepoy (native soldier) to protect Krishnu's house. In a day or two, when Mr. Marshman went into the school in the morning, he found it nearly empty,—the parents were so afraid the sahibs would make feringas of their children. On the Sunday afterwards, Mr. Carey had the happiness, as he says, to desecrate the waters of Gunga by baptizing the first Hindoo. It was by the river side, just below the missionaries' garden gate, that this took place; and a crowd of all nations came to witness it.

The Hindoos persecuted the new converts,—threw dust at them, called them names, and beat them. As they had lost their caste, they were obliged to give up their trades too, and were in danger of starving. But they held on their way, and their number increased, and the hearts of the missionaries were greatly cheered in their Eastern Home.

F. F.

USEFUL FLOWERS.

Cheddar, June 9, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR,—One of our young friends having a few feet of ground in the front of his house, and possessing a fondness for flowers, has for several year raised and given away a number of Dahlia roots. Last year he told his friends that he would give no more, but sell them and give the proceeds to the Dove. This he has done; and while his friends have no reason to say that they have bought his roots dearly, I have the pleasure to hand you 10s, as the fruit of his loved employ.

Could not our young friends be induced to devote their surplus hours to cherished objects and consecrate the profit to the funds of the mission! Sure I am that they would find a ready sale for their commodities upon such terms. Yours in Christ,

EDWARD WERR.

THE DOVE.

THE Dove is now at Jamaica, having reached Kingston early in July, after a sail of only fifty days fructure. Fernando Po. She stood the voyage admirably, and carried to Jamaica several teachers whose health has failed in Africa.

To meet the expenses of the Dove we have received, up to the end of June, £330.

PATNA JUVENILE AUXILIARY SOCIETY.

Nobly has this band of young friends at Patna fulfilled their promise to aid the Mission. Upwards of £10 was collected last year: they have already sent £3. 15s. and £4. 6s. 3d. since the 1st of April. If a few devoted children can do so much in a heathen city, may not more be done at home?

THE usual half-yearly subscription of £4 for the Patna Orphan Asylum from Pembroke-street Sunday-school has just come to hand.

A NEW CONTRIBUTION.

Some time ago, the children in Samoa agreed to subscribe a canoe from each district for the use of the native teachers at various islands. A missionary meeting had been held under a grove of bread-fruit trees, and adopted this proposal.

In June, 1846, the children met again and handed in their contributions, when it was found that there were sent in, 400 yards of English cloth, 87 fine mats, 369 pieces of native cloth, 8 axes, 12 pairs of scissors, 3 razors, 29 canoes, and other things, with 57 dollars in money. The whole was worth about £350. Well done the juvenile collectors of Samoa!

PSALM C.

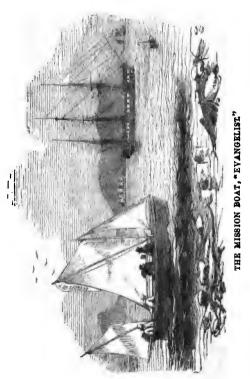
The following version of the hundredth psalm is from the pen of George Sandys, the celebrated Oriental traveller, who died in the year 1643. Its force, fire, and beauty are very great.

All from the sun's uprise
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubilees
The great Jehovah's praise.
Him serve alone;
In triumph bring
Your gifts, and sing
Before his throne.

Man drew from man his birth,
But God his noble frame
Built of the ruddy earth,
Fill'd with celestial flame.
His sons we are;
Sheep by him led,
Preserv'd and fed
With tender care.

Oh to his portals press
In your divine resorts
With thanks his power profess,
And praise him in his courts.
How good! How puro
His mercies last:
H's promise past
For ever sure.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



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THE MISSION BOAT "EVANGELIST"

THE Dove is not the only ship that doeth "business in great waters" for our missionaries. There is a little vessel called the "Evangelist" that leaps over the waves every week between Kingston and Port Royal. These two towns of Jamaica lie at a distance of seven miles from one another. The latter is a pretty place situated on the point of a remarkable reef where all ships of war take in their stores. There is a handsome naval and military hospital near it, together with extensive barracks for soldiers. Many of these soldiers are Africans, and attend the chapel in which our missionary preaches. When the eight o'clock gun fires and resounds for and near, they leave the charel to make their anmearance and to answer to their names at the barracks, and often come back again for the rest of the service. You would be much pleased with the little chapel: it is situated on the upper floor of the missionary's house, and vet can contain a large congregation. The missionary is fond of music, and has placed an organ of his own behind the pulpit, on which he plays. When he has done, he turns round and begins to preach. Mr. Knibb used to preach there, as you may see by his memoir; but Mr. Rouse is now the pastor of the church.

Mr. Rouse visits the ships that enter the port, and gives tracts to the seamen. He distributes many of these quiet messengers of eternal life to Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Germans, as well as to our own countrymen who need them as much as any. Oh, may God bless his labours among these poor seamen! It was on such an errand, I think, that he was sailing, when he drew the sketch on the other side. The water, you see, is quite smooth, and from all the sails being set.the jib, the mainsail, and the mizen... I judge that there is only a light morning breeze wafting them along. The ship of war lying at anchor is one of her majesty's ships called the "Alarm," which our friends, if the wind continue fair, will soon get on board. If there were more "Evangelists." there would be fewer "Alarms;" where the "story of peace" is understood, men will "learn war no more."

If you look in the direction in which the "Evangelist" is gently sailing, you will see floating on the surface of the water a buoy or beacon. That is a memorial of an awful tale; for, many years ago, a fearful earthquake swallowed up the town with many of its inhabitants. It is under that mark that the ruins lie! It eries to us all: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Come then, dear children, let us all be evangelists, bearers of the joyful news to all around us, and to nations we have never seen.

JOHN BROWN, AND THE FOURTH COM-MANDMENT.

You will remember, dear children, that last year I gave you some account of Catherine Brown, the Cherokee girl.

Yes, and you will remember, too, that her brother John was mentioned, and that you were told that he was very ill and died, and Catherine nursed him affectionately during his long illness.

Well, now, I will tell you a very striking little story about this brother John. It is told to us by Mrs. Potter, the missionary, the kind friend of Catherine Brown. He was one of the first among the Cherokee Indians who became a Christian. He wished much to be able to read the Bible, so he applied himself very diligently to study, and in a few months he could read and write. He was greatly delighted, and now the Bible was his daily companion, and he was often seeking for explanations from other persons of those passages in the scriptures which he could not understand.

But he did not merely read his Bible; he tried to follow all the commandments which he found there.

His house was upon a public road, and travellers came to it in passing from place to place. Before he became a Christian he had been used to entertain them on the sabbath-day as well as other days; for very few who came

to his house thought of resting on that day, perhaps they did not know that it was God's day, certainly they did not think about it. But now, when John Brown studied the fourth commandment, he began to doubt whether he was quite right in doing this. Tuen to the twentieth chapter of Exodus, dear children, and read from the eighth to the eleventh verse. Mr. Potter lived three miles off: so John Brown rode to his house to ask him what he ought to do. When John came in he saked Mr. Potter to get a Bible, and read the commandments until he should request him to stop. When Mr. P. came to the word "stranger." itt the fourth commandment, he said. "That's the place __stranger, what that meam?" explained it to him. He then told him. in his broken English, that he had been in the habit of entertaining travellers; but on reading that, he thought perhaps it was wrong to receive them on Sunday, unless they would rest until Monday. If they were doing wrong, it was wrong for him to help them. Mr. P. told him to act as he thought right. He soon made up his mind, and then took a decided stand, refusing to help other men to break the sabbath, which he prized so much.

This made many people very angry with him; but he did not change his conduct. Sometimes, when travellers represented themselves as suffering, he gave them something to supply their wants, but refused to take any nament, because he would not buy nor sell on subbath

The missionaries hoped that John Brown would be a great help to them, and do much good amongst his poor countrymen; but God intended very soon to take him to a better home. He was attached with consumption, and in ain months he hade farewell to all his earthly binness, and went to dwell in everlasting rest. He never nurmaned at all the pain and sickness which he felt, but seemed over calm and happy, quite submissive to God's will. He was very anxious to do all the good he could to his countrymen, and talked much with them about God and the holy scriptures.

About a week before his death, he called all the mombers of his family around him, and entreated them to live near to God, and keep the subbath-day holy. He died, February 2, 1622, greatly lamented by all who knew him.

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Dear children, are you thus zealous for the sabbath-day, as unxious as John. Brown was to keep it hely, and make others do so too? Oh let us take care lest the converted heathen be more careful than we are to keep God's commandments?

A

CHILDREN OF RARATONGA.

BY MR. GILL.

Now many years ago the little children of Rasatonga were heathens. They used to run shout the woods naked; the boys as they grow

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all the islands in the South Seas shall be as Raratonga now is.

CHINA.

You have often received accounts of China, its size and productions, and the wonderful skill of its inhabitants. I want to put several particulars together about it, and give you a view of it at one sight, as a grand missionary field.

It contains 360,000,000 of people—that is, one half of the heathen world—almost all in pagan darkness. It is divided into districts, the smallest of which is larger than Scotland, and all the rest larger than England and Wales together, and some of them twice and thrice their size.

Till 1844, or about three years ago, China was closed against the admission of the gospel. Some good men were residing as near to it as they could, and doing what they were able, to send religious books into the country, but into China itself no Protestant teachers of Christianity could get till 1844.

Then, after the war with China was ended, and the emperor had given leave to the English to enter and trade with five great ports, he made decree that missionaries of the gospel might to these ports too, and build places of worip, and preach their doctrines.

The names of these five ports are:

Canton, containing 2,090,000 of people; that

is about as large as London.

Amoy, and Fuh-chou-foo, in a province, called the Fokkeen province, and containing 15,000,000 of people.

Nangpo, where the most polished and ingenious Chinese reside, and number in the province

26,000,000.

And Shangue, a city of great influence called the gate of the empire, and in a province with 72.000.000) of neople.

To these great cities and ports people come from all parts of the empire, and though our missionaries may not travel through the country, all Chinese Christians may, and thus the guspel may be sent by them to every corner of this vest country. The Chinese can almost all read, and our missionaries circulate through every means they can, bibles and tracts, which go hundreds of miles from the five open ports.

Small chapels have been already built, and the congregations are good and attentive. Many of the Chinese are wishful to hear the pospel: more missionaries, and more funds, are reated to go on. At present there are only bout forty missionaries of all the Protestat ocieties put together. Forty missionaries to simmon of people!

Dear children, will you not follow out Chris's mund, "Prey we the Lord of the harvest that would send forth moore debeurers into his urest?"

WHAT MISSIONARIES FIND, AND WHAT THEY LEAVE.

STANDING on a missionary platform in Marboro' chapel, Beston, United States, in the summer of 1841, I was much impressed with the following circumstance: Mr. Pritchard, on his way from the Society Islands, stood on one side of the platform, holding up a hideous wooden idol, five feet high, which he had brought from Gambier's Island. The veteran missionary, Mr. Bingham, at home on a visit from the Sandwich Islands, stood on the other side, holding up a copy of the Holy Scriptures in Sandwichee, printed and bound on the island where he had laboured. Mr. Bingham, with a look not to be forgotten, pointing to the ugly plock of wood, said, impressively, "That is what your missioneries find on those islands;" and then, holding forth the Bible, added, " This is what they leave there."

What a volume of ideas crowded upon the mind at once! A view from the one side was opened into the dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty; looking on the other, we saw the entrance of His word, giving light.

Hasten, Christians, old and young, who have the Bible and the messengers of Christ, to send them forth, that by the sword of the Spirit the idols may be utterly abolished, and the knowledge of the Lord cover the earth.



THE FEAST OF KRISHNA

Extract from a letter of the Rev. J. Lawrence of Monghir, to two of his nieces.

Your last kind letter arrived at the beginning of 's month (March) on a day which the Hindus

call, " Holi," or holy; but so far from its corresponding with our ideas of holiness, it is a day in which more wickedness is committed than on any other day in the whole year. They consider themselves, on that day, as freed from all religious restraint, and as being at liberty to say, and do just what they please. Very respectable men will indulge in the most awful abuse of each other. and their female relations to the tenth generation of those who are dead, as well as of those who are to be born. Their gods moreover do not escape; if any are discontented with their lot, they will pour forth their wrath upon the objects of their worship in no measured language, as they believe they shall not be punished for any wickedness they commit on this awful day. We are obliged to refrain from going to preach among them, or even to appear in the bazars during the day. Crowds go about throwing upon each other a red powder which is sold expressly for the purpose, so that there is scarcely a Hindu, either man, woman, or child to be found whose person and dress are not disfigured by this filthy stuff. Were a missionary to appear among them, they would not scruple to bestow their favours upon him also.

On one of these occasions, a native attired himself in European old clothes with hat and gloves, and taking one of our tracts he went from place to place attended by crowds, haranguing the people in mockery of the missionaries. On another occasion the people made an attempt to imitate a European funeral, a wretched man feigned himself to be dead, and was carried along the streets in procession as though for interment.

This demoralizing festival is said to be in commemoration of Krishna, and his mistress Radha, who on this day arrayed themselves with rocking, and throwing powder at each other. Krishna is the most profligate of all the deities of the Hindu pantheon, nevertheless he is the tutellar god of thousands of the Hindus. What can be expected of a people whose very god is wickedness personified, and who will tell you that the most horsid crimes were no sin at all when committed by Krishna, because he was an incarnation of the Deity? How shocking! you will say, and so it is; but I wish not to shock you, only to excite your greater pity for them, and greater sympathy for those who preach among them the pure gospel of Christ, and your more earnest puspers on their behalf.

Perhaps you will feel interested in some account of the daily duties which the degraded females of this country, are obliged to perform. The following information is furnished by an intelligent Hindu, of a respectable class, who has been educated in one of the English schools in Calcutta, and who feels much concerned for the intellectual and moral improvement of his country-women. He says, "A Hindu woman rises from her bed early in the morning in the midst of the repetition of the names of some of the popular deities, that the day may prove auspicious to her. She occupies the first part of the morning in sweeping, and cleaning the different chambers of her husband's house, and in washing the kitchen utensils and copper basins used in the worship of the domestic gods. At eight she performs her bathing, and after spending a few minutes in devotion and prayer, makes preparation of things necessary to culinary purposes, and then engages herself in cooking. Whilst she is thus engaged if her child crise there is "me to quiet him, so that she is constrained, much to inconvenience and trouble, to attend to double

duties, the deadling of the infant, and the supplying of first to the hearth. When the victorie are dressed she distributes them to the male and female members of her family successively, and what remains after that distribution she takes for herself. It is also necessary to remark that the best portion of the food is allotted to the males, and the worst past is reserved for the females. After the dinner is over she resumes the irksome office of cleaning the dishes, and other vessels pertaining to the kitchen. Then comes her time of relaxation, which Lasts about an hour. Between four and five P. M. she goes to a neighbouring tank to perform the act of washing her body, and on returning brings a jar full of water with which she cleans the rooms of her house, in the same manner as she does in the morning. Before the night falls she becomes busy in preparing the wicks of her house lamps, and decking her own and her husband's bed. In the evening she gives herself up to meditation and prayer. When that is done she again involves herself in cooking the night repast, of which, when ready, she disposes, like the day meal. Soon after she goes to the pantry (not an English one, of course), and inspects what part of the provisions is consumed, and what is left for future use. If she sees that any of the necessaries, such as oil, salt, &c. are wanting in the store, she reports it to her consort for a supply for the morrow.

"Prior to retiring to rest, she wakes her child, to give him nourishment. She then paints his eyelids with kajai, or a kind of black substance, that the little infant may not be seized with watery diseases in his eyes; she then lulls him to sleep. When the child is put to sleep she retires amidst the invocation of the tutelar gods, she then peays to her Ishtadeb, or the god whom she peculiarly adores, to protect her little one, her husband, and herself."

Thus you see a wife among the Hindus is not a friend, a companion, an equal, but a mere tool to perform the drudgery of domestic life, one who discharges for her lord, the offices of a sweeper, a cook, a scullion, and a water-bearer. You see too how much the females of England are indebted to the influence of enlightened principles, and gospel truth. How grateful should they be for their superior privileges, and how ready to extend their sympathy and benevolence towards their less favoured sisters of India.

FIRST MISSION TO BENGAL

III. SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS

SUPPOSE a man goes forth bearing some precious seed, where would he rather sow it—in a soil already full of plants and choked up with rank weeds, or in empty ground? He would choose the latter; for if he sow it in the other, he must first take the trouble to clear away what is already growing there, and afterwards stand the chance of its springing up again and choking the plants he wishes to rear. Sowing the gospel-seed in the heart of a Hindoo is very difficult, because the ground is full of tall strong plants of a false religion that must be cleared away, and that will come forth again. Though the Hindoo religion is false and wicked, it is very strong, and the people are very clever at defending it. Or, if pursied themselves by the missionary's arguments they fetch

their gooroos to speak for them, who are seldom at a loss for something to say.

You have heard how Krishnu and others yielded to religion, in spite of all these difficulties; and how a little band of converts gathered around the Christian home at Serampore. You shall now hear how diligent these Christians were in sowing there good seed beside all waters. But, first, we must introduce one of the most faithful of the sowers, whose name you have not yet heard.

Very early one morning, before the missionaries were up, some one arrived at the house. They hastened down to see who was their visitor, and found Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, come from England to help them in their work. It was a very loving and joyful welcome that the strangers received; especially as two out of the happy family-Mr. Fountain and Mr. Brunsdon-had been called from their work to their rest in heaven. It seemed as if God had sent these new friends to fill their places. The brethren showed them the school, the house, the printing-rooms, and gave them Mr. Brunsdon's room to live in. In the evening, they were introduced to the native Christians, at Krishnu's house; and they all joined in singing a hymn of praise to God in the Bengalee tongue. The Hindoos were full of joy. Joymooni said, "They cannot talk our language, but we see that all our hearts are one; we are united by the death of Christ."

Sometimes the missionaries went on preaching tours, which lasted several days or weeks. As almost all the towns and villages are built on the banks of the streams, they generally travelled by boats—or budgerows, as they are called: Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain was abroad **

oftenes in this way. He took care to put a large parcel of Bibles, testaments, tracts, and hymns into the budgerow. One or two natives generally went with him to manage the boat. It was built of hamboos, with a cover or awning for a shelter from the hot sun : and was so fight that it could easily be carried from river to niver. if need were. They rowed leisurely along the stream. which was crowded with bouts of all kinds. On each side were the rice-fields and indigo plantations; towns and villages appeared every now and then, -with their should or landing-places, their bumboo hute bowered in trees, and the heautiful pagedas rising above them. Ground of Hindoes were often bathing at their marging or evesing worship; or beinging their sick friends to die in the mered mud of the Ganges; or setting flowers aftent on the stream, as a tribute to the goddess. Sometimes a dead body, which had been sacrificed to Gunga in this way, would float past the boat, as Mr. Chamberlain sat reading of the one Sagrifice for sin, which was sufficient fur all time. Whenever they came to any village, the missionary went ashore; and then the meanle would exewd around the suhib on the steps of the ghant, cryine out Kitab humko da je vaj! oz. " Please zive me z book!" Sometimes he stayed and presched to them on the ghant; sometimes he walked into the town and preached there; or he talked with the natives one by one, if he could not gather a congregation. It was not always that they would hear him peaceably, however. At some places the people chased him to the boat again, with loud eries of Harry boi! And sometimes those who had never seen them before, drew back from the beaks in a fright. lest the "sahila meant to hust them." But generally they were very eager for the new sheater, as they called e Bible.

In the evening, the boat lay to; and the missionary either slept in it, or went ashere for the night. And there, under the shade of a tamarind or a palm, or in the thrick banian grove, he was at his Master's work again, assuing the good seed of the word, till night-fall; when with earnest prayer that God would send the increase, he by down to sleep; either in an empty bambos but, which may always be found in India, or beneath the trees under the open sky, with its stars shiring so brightly as we sever see them here in our northern latitudes. Before somise here in our northern latitudes. Before somise here in our northern latitudes.

Guce, when he was on a journey with Krishnu, he asked an old Brahmin, "How can I get my sin perdemed?" "You must repeat the name of God ten then sand times; then your sin will so." "Nav. but I man do this, and sin too," "You must say the shasters, and bathe in Gunga." This was all the advice he could give. I dare say you have noticed that almost every one of whom the missionaries asked the question, " How may sin be forgiven ?" had a different plan to propose. Another young Brahmin, who had beard something of the gospel before, said "he could not believe in Jesus Christ in this birth-perhaps he should in the next." For he thought that when he died his soul would go and live in another body, and so on for many births, until it should be at length absorbed into the spirit of Brahm, their chief god. The shasters say there will be 80,000,000,000,000 of such births! Mr. Marshman one day asked a man, "What does your goozoo do for you?" "He visits me once a year, and whispers a muntra (or sacred sentence) into my ear." "Do you give your gooroo saything when he comes?" "Yes, sahib, one rupee." "Suppose you gave him nothing -what then ?" "Fig

would be angry, and come no more." "Don't you see then that he only cares for your money, and not for you! He is like a fisherman,—the muntra is the net, and you are the fish. If I were you, I would never give him anything again. I would go to God, and ask him to teach me the right way."

When Mr. Thomas was in the midst of a group of Brahmins and pundits, Mahashoi, one of the most learned, offered to dispute with him. "God is in everything," he began, "therefore everything is God; you are God, and I am God." "Fie, fie, Mahashoi!" replied Mr. Thomas; "sahib (meaning himself) is in his clothes; therefore (pulling off his hat, and throwing it down) would you say this hat is sahib! No, no, Mahashoi, you and I are dying men, but God ever liveth." Mahashoi was quite silenced; and the rest listened exmently, while Mr. Thomas proclaimed to them, "one God, one Saviour, one way, one faith, one caste, besides which man's inventious are nothing."

It was not only the missionaries themselves who preached. Krishnu, Petumber, and others did so too. A chapel was built in Calcutta, where sometimes Mr. Carey and sometimes Krishnu preached.

F. F.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

TO THE SCHOLARS OF THE ST. ALBAN'S
BAPTIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Since I last wrote to you I have been very ill with remittent fever. It came

on after returning from Tangalle under a burning sun, and continued about three weeks. I was brought very low, but God heard my prayers and graciously restored me to health.

Now I will give you a short account of the school which has been opened at your request, and which looks to you for support. For several important reasons it was determined that the school should be held in the Matura chapel. Accordingly, on the 1st of January it was commenced, and I went with Mrs. Dawson and our little boy to the opening service. In a familiar address to the children, I told them whom they were indebted to for the instruction they were about to receive, and assured them that you felt interested in their welfare. They seemed to be much pleased with the description which I gave them of your Sunday-school, and your efforts to do good to the souls of children whom von have never seen, and who live many thousand miles off. They know nothing of the kind among their own countrymen; for although some of the Buddhist priests receive a few pupils into their pansils, and teach them to read a little, and to repeat absurd stories about Buddhu. there are no regular schools supported by the natives. nor was it ever heard, since the foundation of the world, of their showing any concern for the welfare of children dwelling in another part of the earth.

When Mr. Davies and I visited Matura for the first time about ten months ago, we were much pleased with several of the members, especially with one who followed us every day from village to village, anxious to hear every sermon that was preached. On inquiry we learned that he was a goldsmith, and a most consistent, humble member of the church. On my coming to re-

side home. I becomed something of his history which I think you will be gratified to hear about, as this is the person whom see have selected to be the teacher of year school. At my request, he drew up a short statement in Singhalose, which now lies before me. From this it appears that he was brought up to practice all sorts of Buddhistical geremonies, and continued exceedingly realone in his attachment to that religion till :about seven years ago. He says, "I was until that time ignorant of the consequences of transcressing the law of God, and gloried in my sins. Although I now perceive the seems wickedness and pride connected with the profession of that religion, I was so blinded by ain that I could not then nemeive them. I ridiculed and mocked at the Christian religion and its preachers. I hated them and could not bear to see them." While in this state he was providentially directed to a family who professed what de calls the reformed religion, meaning Christianity. In his occasional visits they snoke to him shout the superiority of the Christian religion to every other, and isduced him to read the Bible. This he did more from a desire to see if the book really contained the doctrines which they had told him of than from any wish to embrace them. As he read, the conviction was produced in his mind that they were true, and he sought more instruction. One of our native preachers visited Matura at the time, and by convenation with him he was confirmed in the belief of one Almighty Gad, and one Saviour. Soon after this, our present native missionary, Mr. Silva, went to reside at Matura and care him further instruction. He was then baptized, in opposition to the entreaties and threats of all his friends and neighbours. On returning home after haptism, some

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of his Buddhist relatives must him and were so engaged as to suit in his face; but she hore all their persecution with meekness and fertitude. The head-man of his caste and the other goldsmiths, all Buddhists, then met together and declared him an outcast for embracing Christianity. By this means they boned to denrise thim of his living, and force him to return to Buddhism. But this not availing, they conspired together, bore false witness, and got him imprisoned for six months in the debtors' gaol: this among the Singhalese is a favourite mode of taking revenge. He could, however, truly say, when leaving his place of imprisonment, "The things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel:" for during his confinement he read through the whole Bible and committed many chapters to memory. Thus:his mind became stored with divine truth; and he did not fail to make known the way of salvation to his fellow prisoners. One of the chanters which he learned was the 18th of the 1st of Corinthians, and the sentiments seem to have taken strong hold of his heart, for shough he is still exposed to much persecution, he says, "I have no ill-will towards any of my enemies. I thank God for being merciful to me: that he did not permit use to perish in the darkness of Buddhism, but brought me to hear the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ, and has counted me worthy to suffer for his sake. May he also show the same mercy to my enemies that he has shown to me. And I thank God for having given such a good heart to the Christians in England who do not know us, that they have sent to teach us the way of salvation."

The histories of some of the scholars would also interest you: but if I were to attempt to give even a few,

this letter would swell to a tiresome length. There are thirty-two boys in the school, the names of whom I enclose. In my next, I will say something about the manner of teaching and what is taught in our schools.

Yours sincerely.

Matura, Feb. 26th, 847.

C. C. DAWSON.

HYMN.

I HAVE read of the Saviour's love, And a wonderful love it must be; But did he come down from above, Out of love and compassion for me?

I have heard how he suffer'd and bled,

How he languish'd and died on the tree;

But then is it any where said,

That he languish'd and suffer'd for me?

I've been told of an heaven on high,
Which the children of Jesus shall see;
But is there a place in the sky,
Made ready and furnish'd for me?

Lord! answer these questions of mine,
For to whom shall I go but to thee?
And say, by thy Spirit divine,
There's a Saviour and heaven for me!

Madras.

Will any musical friend give us a new air to the above words, or adapt an old air to them?

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



THE DRUIDS.

vot. 16,]



THE DRUIDS.

Our picture for the present month will bring before our dear readers facts of which some of them perhaps are little aware. They see places of worship open every Lord's day, and schools with teachers, ready to teach all who will come about the Lord Jesus Christ; and they naturally suppose that ours has always been what is called a Christian country, though, alas! there are many thousands living in it who are not Christians. But there was a time when the inhabitants of this country were nothing better than naked savages, very much like what the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands were a few vears ago when missionaries first visited them. They were heathens, and their priests, who were called Druids, were as cruel as the priests of Moloch in former ages; and their practices were very much alike. They taught the people that the soul after death goes into another body; that on extraordinary occasions a man must be sacrificed; that prisoners of war should be slain on the altar, or burnt alive honour of the gods; and that those who killed themselves to accompany their friends to another world, would live with them there for ever. These priests used to shut up a great many children in hollow figures of idols. made of wicker work and straw, as represented in our picture, and then set fire to the figure, thus burning all the children together; cosidering, or at all events representing to their parents, that this was pleasing to the false gods which they worshipped. Hundreds and thousands of lives have been sacrificed in this way. After this the light of the gospel seems to have showe upon our land, and there is no doubt there were in the early ages of Christianity many who believed in the true God. Then the Romans invaded our country: and brought with them their false gods. After a time (about the year 449) the Saxon's came over and subdued the country, they brought with them their idols, and persecuted the Christians and burned their churches, and paganism became again established in the land.

THE PRIESTS OF JAPAN.

"Tell me honestly," said one of the emperors of Japan to some professedly Christian teachers who went to teach his people, "do you really believe what you preach? I asked some priests of my religion this same question, promising to keep their secret, and they confessed to me that all they taught was nothing more than mere fables to amuse the people and keep them within bounds. You may repose the same confidence in me." The missionary turned to a globe which stood in the emperor's apartment, and showing him the extent of land and sea he had crossed to reach that country, he replied, "If it were only to relate fables that we have

undertaken such voyages, and given up our country and friends, could there be any folly so great as ours. Your bonzes (the priests of Japan) may say one thing and think another: their fortunes depend upon the fables they pass off as truth. But our doctrines we must believe, for see what it costs us to preach and practise them."

And yet these missionaries did not succeed; and why? At the very time they were preaching, their countrymen were visiting the coasts of Japan, and carrying off many of the hatives as slaves to their Indian possessions. The Japanese would not believe a religion which seemed to have so little effect upon its disciples.

The gospel needs good missionaries; but it needs, too, holy and consistent conduct on the part of professing Christians.

A.

THE FARTHING FOUNDATION.

A LITTLE boy once attended a missionary meeting, and was much interested with the speeches. When he got home he tried to think what he could do to help the missions, and could think of nothing that seemed of much importance. He was very young, and he felt he must live many years before he was able to speak much for this great cause. He was very poor, and all he had seemed worth nothing, as he thought of the pounds and shillings of others. His whole

wealth consisted of a solitary farthing, which somebody had given him. It was a beautiful farthing, but was only a farthing, and of what use could it be? At last he resolved to send it to the minister that had most interested him by his speech at the meeting. The minister had come from London, and the little boy thought he had best put the farthing in a letter, and send it to him by the post. He folded it nicely up in a bit of paper, and wrote a little letter with it, something like this:

DEAR SIR,—I am but a very little boy, and am very poor. My father and mother can give me nothing to send to the Missionary Society, and I have only a farthing of my own. Still I want to give something, so I send this farthing to you.

G. B. S."

Away went the letter, and great was the delight of the gentleman on getting it. He was then going to visit Scotland, to hold missionary meetings, so he took the farthing and the letter with him. Wherever he held a meeting, there he showed the farthing, and read the letter. Everybody was pleased. The little people especially were stirred up by it to try to raise some money, and ere the gentleman got back to London, the little boy's solitary farthing had gained above FORTY FOUNDS!

Now, I have called this the farthing foundation, because it was the foundation of so much good; and I want to make it the foundation of some efforts by you.

1. Learn from it that every little helps.

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The world is made up of littles; —little grains of sand, little drops of water, little blades of grass. A good minister in Scotland proved some years ago, that, if the people living in a certain island in the western isles, would only give up the seventh pinch of snuff, and the seventh pipe of tobacco, they could keep a gospel minister amongst them. The Scotch folks say, and I believe they say truly, "Mony a little make a mickle."

2. Learn from it, that a very feeble effort

if rightly made, may lead to great good.

The little boy sent a farthing;—what a fee-ble effort! It won forty pounds. What great good did it produce! You have thrown a stone into the pond. What circles did it make! Circle widened on circle, till all the pond was moved, and the sides only bounded the effect. A Roman garrison was once attacked by the enemy in the dead of night. Nobody heard their approach, and for all the guard, the castle would have been taken. But a number of geese heard them coming, and, though only foolish geese, they made such a noise that they roused the sleeping soldiers, and saved the garrison. You are only a little boy, or a little girl. Some people may despise you, and say, what can a little child like you accomplish? Tell them a goose could save a mind them. garrison: a little stone could move a whole pond of water; a solitary farthing could raise full FORTY POUNDS .- From the Canada Sunday School Record.

FIRST MISSION TO BENGAL

IV. THE UNSRALING OF THE BOOK.

THE first thing which Mr. Carev tried to do as a missionary, was, you remember, the translation of the Bible into Bengalee. He began it on the voyage out; and all his spare time at Malda was spent in the same way, with Ram Boshoo to help him. This was the wisest thing he could do. If a man had to pierce through a hard rock, would he not think it worth while to take a great deal of pains to get strong tools? Now the missionaries wanted to pierce the stony hearts of the Hindoos, and the Bible is called the "Sword of the Spirit," and is "quick and powerful, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit." It would perhaps have been less trouble at first to teach the truth to the Hindoos by preaching and in schools, than by translating the Bible; but it was worth while to spend extra time and trouble to get such a powerful weapon; and the Bible could often go where the missionaries could not; and the Holy Spirit could just as easily bless the words of the book, as the words of the men; so each copy of the Bible might be almost like a missionary itself.

There were more difficulties than you would imagine. For some of the words in the Bible no Hindoo ones could be found. All that could be done was to express such words by a sentence. Thus in the Bengalee Bible, conscience had to be translated by words meaning "the knowledge of good and evil." It was the same with some words in Romans, as carnal, spiritual, &c.; no words could be found for them in the sense in which the

Bible uses them. Again, for many words the missionaries did not dare to use the Hindoo ones which properly answered to them, because they had always been used for the Hindoo religion, and would have made the natives think of heathen instead of Christian ideas. Thus the Hindoo words for God, heaven, hell, holiness, sin, &ccould not be used without other words to explain their right meaning. Alone, they would mean false things.

Now take your Bible, with its hundreds of pages of close print, and think what a long time it would take you to copy every word in writing. Then think how much longer a task it would be if you had first to translate it all into a foreign language. Remember all the difficulties. I have mentioned; and think of going through it many times over, for fear of making mistakes. Could you have patience to do all this? I am afraid not. Yet it was done at Serampore,—and not only with one translation, but with many.

When part of a translation was finished in writing, the next thing was to print it. This was Mr. Ward's business. Do you know how books are printed? The printer has a case full of little metal letters, called types, from which he picks out the letters for the words of the manuscript he has to copy. He arranges the words into lines, and the lines into pages, just as they are to be in the book. As many pages as a sheet of paper will hold are placed in a large form, and screwed in to keep them tight; then the types are inked and pressed hard on the paper. Only one sheet, called a proof, is printed first, in case any mistakes should have been made in setting up the types. Some one looks carefully over the proof to correct it, and then the printer changes the types that are wrong. Afterwards, as many sheets are printed as there are to be

copies of the book. And when all the sheets of a book are finished, they are folded and bound together.

As the Bengalee letters are not at all like ours, English types could not be used; therefore Bengalee ones had to be cast. Different types were necessary for each language, no two being written alike. One of the burdings on the mission-grounds made a nice printing office; another was made into a binding-house; a third was used as a paper-mill, for though a great deal of paper was sent from England, Mr. Ward printed it faster than it came out, and was obliged to have some Indian Paper made besides. He employed a great many men in the printing-offices. Some of these were the native converts. Dr. Carey corrected the proofs as they came from the press. He was so anxious to have them right, that sometimes he did this four or five times before the sheet was printed off.

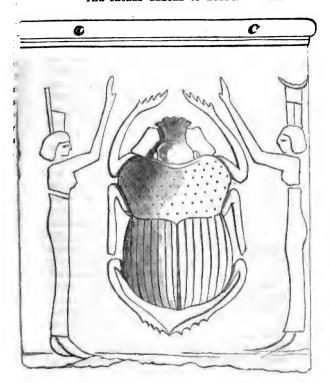
Now can you fancy him at his work ? Imagine a large room, with the floor covered with Indian matting, the windows open to let in any breath of air that stirs in the sultry sky, the blinds closed to keep out the intense glare of the sun, and a large punkah (fan) waving from the It is a very silent room, for every one is bending over his work, too busy to talk much. At one end sits Dr. Carey-a mild, pleasant-looking man, with a very bald head, which makes him seem older than he really is -at his desk, with papers and books around him. pundit is sitting close by him, helping in the translation. perhaps writing it. They consult together about a difficult word every now and then. In another part of the room are several other pundits, in their white muslin robes, also writing translations. They have come from all parts of India to put the Bible into the different languages they speak, that it may no longer be a scaled

the room to ask the missionary's advice. Every now and them the door gently opens, and a native enters, and with his respectful salaam presents Dr. Carey with a proof from hir. Ward, at the printing-house, a few yards off. It was thus that most of Dr. Carey's days passed at Seramoore.

After the Bengalee Bible was finished, he made a translation into the Samerit. The Samerit is not spoken any where in India, but is the language of the learned in all pasts,—just as Latin is in Europe. Brahmins would set more wine on a Sanscrit Bible than on a Bengalee one. And when this was finished, pundits from every part of the country understood it, and could translate it, under the missionaries' superintendence, into their own languages. The Bible was thus translated into nearly forty different languages, and printed at Serampore! Some of these were the Mahratta, the Orissa, Punjabee, Teleings, Arabic, Persian, and Burman, &c., most of them by natives under the eye of one or other of the remissionaries.

Of course these translations were not perfect,—no first translation ever is. Our English Bible has been translated six times, and people still fancy that improvements can be made. In many of the Indian ones strange mistakes areas, from the translators being foreigners. In one,—I do not know by whom it was made,—I Cor. v. 6, was rendered by words which really meant, "A little crocodile crocodileth the whole lump;" and again, Matt. v. 3, "Blessed are the destitute of life!" I do not mean to say that such mistakes were often made; but only to show you how very hard it was to make really good translations.

The Scrampore printing-press became quite famous in Bengal. Tracts and hymns-some of them written by the natives - were printed, besides the Bible. Boshoo wrote a very clever tract to prove the folly of the Brahmins' religion. Dr. Carey wrote several grammars and dictionaries, that other missionaries in future times might have less trouble in learning the languages than he had had. Of course a great deal of money was wanted to print so many books. Some were sold, and their price helped to pay for them. Dr. Carey was made the teacher or Professor of Sanscrit, in a college at Calcutta; and all the money that was paid him for teaching there he gave to the mission expenses. Thus the Bible was sent out far and wide. As soon as the people could read it in their own language, they understood many parts of is even better than we do; for as Palestine is an eastern country, the manners and customs described in the Bible. which seem strange to us, sound quite natural to the Hindoos. When they read of the patriarchs of old killing a kid, and cooking it to feast their stranger-guests just arrived, or of the women going with their pitchers to draw water at the wells, they were quite delighted; and they liked this strange new Shaster of the sahibe-in its curious printed volumes, so different from their own palm-leaf books-all the better because it spoke to them of the very same old customs which they had followed from their childhood. Though the books did come from whites or feringas, and though their gooroos did tell them they would be polluted if they dared to take them, they could not help asking for them, and reading them; and to many they were made indeed the words of life from the dead. F. F.



THE SACRED BEETLE OF EGYPT.

Our readers are already aware that idolatry was introduced into the world at a very early period of its history. That men forsook the

God who had made them, and who gave them every blessing they enjoyed, and worshipped false gods: first of all the heavenly bodies, and then kings and great warriors, who had led them to battle, and whom they continued to worship after they were dead; and that proceeding in this evil course, their minds being darkened, in consequence of their departure from God. they (as the apostle Paul expresses it) "changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things." Among the Egyptians, in whose land the children of Israel sojourned a considerable time, various beasts and reptiles were worshipped, and when they left the land of Egypt, Moses by command. of God charged them not to practise the abominations of the Egyptians, and worship their idols. This word idols is in the margin of our Bibles (Deut. xxix. 17), translated "dungy gods," words which strikingly represent that of which we have this mouth given a representation, "The sacred beetle of Egypt." Yes: even the beetle was one of the creeping things which were worshipped by the Egyptians, Along with the bodies embalmed in Egypt. many of which have of late been brought to this country, are frequently found various idols and representations of their false gods. and the engraving in this number affords a striking illustration of this degrading and impious worship of creeping things; it is

copied from a small stone now in the British Museum, the figure of the beetle called Thore, in the centre, with two of the false goddesses of Egypt, Isis, and Nepthis on the sides.

But the worship of the Egyptians was not confined to any one, or even a few descriptions of beasts or creeping things. Diodorus Siculus relates that a Roman soldier serving in Egypt having by accident killed a cat, was immediately sacrificed to the indignation of the people, notwithstanding his officers endcavoured to save him: and that when a famine prevailed in that country, to a degree which drove the people to the eating of human flesh, none of them would cat any of the numerous animals which were idolized: and historians tell as that Cambyres the emperor of Persia when attacking a city. having been beaten back by the arrows of those on the walls, he presented in front of his army. a number of dogs and cats, and sheep, and other animals; upon which the people ceased to shoot their arrows, lest they should injure their gods, and in consequence of this Cambyses advanced and took the city.

BOW BOYS AND GIRLS MAY BE MISSIONARIES.

MANY years ago, two boys, about six or eight years of age, were walking together in a field near the village where they dwelt. Their names were James Brooks and Adam Clarke; and happening to live near each other, and to attend the same school, they became strongly attached to one another. Having walked across the field, they sat down on a bank where no one heard them, entered into serious conversation, and both became deeply affected. Young Brooks said to his companion, "Oh Addy, Addy, what a dreadful thing is eternity! and oh, how dreadful to be put into hell-fire, and to be burned there for ever and ever." Little Adam wept, and so did his friend; and in their own simple way they implored God to forgive their sins. They shed many tears, and promised to each other before God to amend their ways.

We cannot tell our young friends about the future life of James Brooks, but Adam Clarke lived to become an eminent and learned minister of Christ, and a most earnest friend of the missionary cause.--wrote a commentary on the Old and New Testaments, and he died not many years ago, "rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God." Adam has been heard to say, that immediately after leaving the field, where this conversation with his young friend took place, he went home and told the whole to his mother with a full heart. She was surprised and affected, and prayed earnestly for her child. Many years ufter, he could say, "the impression, though it grew faint, did not wear away. It was laid deep in the consideration of eternity, and of my accountableness to God for my conduct, and of the absolute necessity of enjoying his favour, that I might never taste the bitter pains of eternal death."

'This example shows that our young friends do not need to go far, in order to become missionaries. They need only to go to their companions, and speak seriously to them about the things of eternity. If the children, who read this Herald, could all be induced to follow the example of little James Brooks, how happy would be the result! We should then be able to count on the labours of fifty thousand juvenile home missionaries, and the next generation would be able to speak from a happier experience than we, of "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."—From the Canada Sunday School Record.

JUVENILE LIBERALITY.

A GENTLEMAN, during a recent visit to St. Alban's, looked in at the British school in that Being pleased with the appearance and conduct of the children, he left with the master half-a-crown to be divided among them as he pleased. After his departure, the master inquired of the boys, generally, how they thought he had best dispose of it? One or two proposals as to its outlay and division were made; but at length several of the lads suggested that "they thought it would be much better, instead of dividing it, to devote it entirely to the benefit of heathen children, by giving it to a Juvenile Missionary Society." With this suggestion they seemed highly pleased; and on its being put to them, without persuasion, they unanimously

agreed in requesting the master to forward it to me for this purpose. I have received this donation; and it will be paid to your society through the usual channel.

The mention of this incident in your little periodical may perhaps tend to the promotion of like missionary feeling among youths chewhere

St. Albert's.

W. UPPOR

TINNEVELLY MISSION .- INDIA.

In no part of India have more striking proofs been witnessed of the power of Christian truth in shaking the foundations of heathenism, than in the district of Tinnevelly, in Bengal. years since two missionaries. Rhenius and Schmidt, gave to the world an account of their Christian labour and success in Tinnevelly. They could say, of two thousand families is that district, that they had "all renounced idolatry and the service of devils, and put themselves under Christian instruction, to learn to worship God in spirit and in truth." We must not suffer our young readers to imagine, that all who may renounce idelatry, become Christians. False deities sometimes begin to be despised by those who have no true faith, or reverence, or love toward the one living and true Ged. This was the case among the Jews in the time of Christ; so it has been with many of the South

Sea islanders—and so it has been for many years in Tinnevelly. The friends of missions, however, must feel happy to be told, that in that region many devoted followers of Christ have lived and died, doing honour to the Christian religion.

We shall present our young readers with a part of the dying testimony of one of the earliest converts belonging to that mission. His name was Abraham; he was an active Christian, and was employed as a native teacher. His life was shortened by persecution for the name of Christ: and he died about 16 years ago. The following were some of his sayings to those around him, in the prospect of his death :--- " As I am now at the point of death, what do you think about me? O my dear friends, I greatly desire to leave this world, and this body. By whom do you think I am at present so joyful?" One of them who stood by the dying man replied, " It is by the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ," Abraham then continued, "Those who have not received the grace and mercy of our Saviour Jesus Christ cannot be so joyful at the hour of death: for such persons it is right to ween; but do not think that I am afraid to die."

Many of the heathen came to see him when he was near his latter end, and, to a company of these who were bathed in tears, he said, "You need not weep concerning me, but weep concerning yourselves. I rejoice to leave this world. That you also may have such comfort and joy, forsake your ideks and turn to the him-

ing Lord Jesus Christ." To a Christian friend, he said, "Weep not about me. Believe in the Lord. Do not trust in me, who am shortly to leave you. The Lord is immortal, he will be your helper for ever. You need not make vain expense in buying a new cloth for my corpse; both the body and the cloth will turn to earth. All the ornaments of the body are vain: therefore seek to ornament your immortal souls."

PIOUS CHILDREN IN BELGIUM.

Most of the people in Belgium are Roman catholics; there are however, happily, some few protestants, and these assisted by good folks in this country, have opened places of worship, in which the true gospel is preached, and schools in which the children are instructed. In one place they say, "the children of the infant school have a box for the missions, which has produced this year upwards of sixteen francs. They have clothed two orphans by means of subscriptions, which they made among themselves, and the little girls have made up small articles of clothing for the children of the poor, and the missions.

A pious lady when visiting a miserable hovel, found in it a woman, and a little boy who had attended these schools for some years. "My child comforts and supports me," said the mother as she recounted her miseries; "when my necessities become insupportable, and he

sees me disconsolate and dejected, he says to me, "Pray, mother, pray: God will not forsake us," I often answered him, "I cannot pray." "Then he kneels down, raises his little hands to heaven, and implores God to have pity on us." The mother is a Roman catholic.

A little girl replied to one who wanted to entice her to steal some ears of wheat, "You say that no one will see me: but our good God who is present everywhere, will not he see me?"

Another child talking in her sleep, cried out, "My God, how happy I should be, if I could do all that my mistress teaches me." Her mother who was ill, struck by these words, wished to know what was taught to her child: she sent for the schoolmistress, had a long conversation with her, and died happy a few hours after she had heard the message of salvation.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

About sixteen years ago a good missionary in India, as he was passing through a village, met a man to whom he talked for a few minutes and gave a testament with some tracts. He heard nothing more about him till after fourteen years, the Hindoo came to him and said, "I wish to be a Christian." The missionary who had quite forgotten him, asked how he had learned anything about Christ, and was delighted to find that the books he had give

away so long ago had done good to the man's But he was grieved to see wounds upon his arms and legs and to hear a sad tale of cruel persecution. The poor Hindoo said that when he had read the books, he wished to serve the true God instead of worshipping idels. He left off going to the heathen temple, and paying money to it, and meant to visit the missionary. But when his children heard of this they determined to prevent it: so they brought iron chains, and fastened them upon his hands and legs. His wife, servants, and neighbours were all idolaters; and liked better that he should lie in fetters, than profess Christianity. But he loved God more than all. and cheerfully bore year after year the tedious imprisonment for him.

At last he found an opportunity of escaping. There was going to be a wedding in the family, and his children told him they wished him to be present. He said, "Yes, but you must take off my chains first." They did so, and he went with them, having first hidden his precious Testament and tracts under his dress. After the marriage was over, and whilst all were busy in their amusements, he ran away unseen and reached the missionary's house. There his long cherished hope of professing his love to Jesus was fulfilled. Perhaps his earnestness and perseverance will lead his friends to see their sad mistake, and choose his God to be their God.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED.

Job vii. 2.—" As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as a hireling looketh for the reward of his work."

THE people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, looks where his shadow terminates, then he measures the length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus they earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil says, "How long my shadow is in coming;" if he is asked, "why did not you come somer?" he replies, "because I waited for my shadow."

In some parts of England, it was customary, a few years ago, before watches became common, for labourers who had learned how their fields lay with reference to the principal points of the heavens, when they wished to ascertain the hour of the day, to turn their faces towards the north and observe the bearing of their own shadow, and they could often guess within a few minutes of the time.

JOHN viii. 6.—"Jesus stooped down, and with his finger wrote upon the ground."

Schools for children in Bengal are frequently held under trees; and the children, who are beginning to learn, write the letters of the alphabet in the dust. This saves pens, ink, and paper.

LITTLE CHARLOTTE AND MARY.

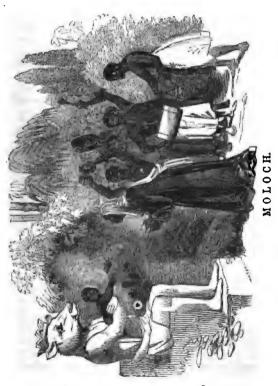
"A PENNY I have
'Tis all my own,'
Little Charlotte exclaimed
In a lively tone.
"I cannot do much
With a penny, I fear,
But I'll buy myself something
To eat, or to wear.'

"A penny I have,"
Little Mary said,
And she thoughtfully raised
Her hand to her head.
"Both missions and schools
Want money, I know,
But I fear that 'tis little
A penny can do."

So Charlotte ran off
And some apples she bought,
While Mary her mite
To the mission box brought;
And which of them think you,
More cheerfully smiled?
And which of the two
Was the happier child?

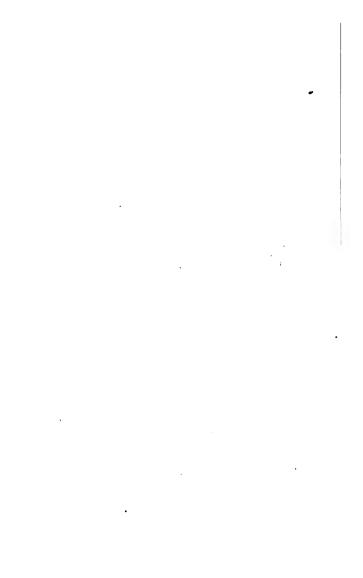
- From "Hymns and Poetry for Infant Schools."

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



vol. 111.]

DECEMBER.



MOLOCH.

IDOLATRY has always been a system of cruelty; and many of the false gods of the heathens, in the times of the Old Testament, were supposed to be pleased with human sacrifices, and fond of human blood. It is sad to read in the scriptures of such gods being introduced among the Jews, notwithstanding the manner in which God had distinguished them by his mercies, and especially by having given them his Holy Word. We read of parents who were so hard-hearted as to "make their children pass through the fire to Moloch." or, according to the terms used in other parts of scripture, " to burn their children in the fire to Moloch:" the children are spoken of as "slain;" and the royal psalmist says, "They sacrificed their sons and their daughters to devils." It is probable, that in some instances the children were only made to pass through, or over, a large fire, in which, however, there must be some danger: but there is reason to fear that, generally speaking, the worshippers of Moloch sacrificed their children-in fact, murdered them, in honour of this false god. Calmet, who expresses this opinion, says, "The Rabbins assure us that the idol Moloch was an image of brass, sitting on a throne of the same metal, adorned with a crown, having the head of a calf, and his arms extended as if to embrace some one. When they offered children

to him, they heated the statue within by a great fire, and when it was burning hot, they put the miserable victim within his arms, where it was soon consumed by the violence of the heat: and that the cries of the children might not be heard, they made a great noise with drums and other instruments about the idol." horrid practices prevailed very extensively in heathen countries: and, as we commenced with saving, "idolatry has always been a system of cruelty." There has been no age since the introduction of idolatry, that is to say, since man departed from God, and worshipped false gods or demons, in which, so far as we can learn, human sacrifices have not been offered; and they continue to the present day in the dark places of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty. May each dear reader be enabled devoutly to exclaim,

I thank the goodness and the grace`
Which on my birth have smiled;
That in this land I pass my days,
A happy English child.

CAN KRISHNA BE TRULY GOD IF HE EN-COURAGE LYING?

THIS question was put to himself by a young Hindoo. It was the first gleam of light which shone into his darkened mind. He held in his hand a tract, which showed him the folly of trying to save his soul by bathing in the Ganges, or worshipping idols; and told him about Jesus the true and only Saviour. His uncle, who had given him the tract, was an idolator. He only gave it for his amusement, and did not at all expect he would believe it.

A short time after this, some friends asked the young man to read aloud part of the history of Krishna, out of one of their heathen books. When he had finished, he asked them how Krishna could encourage lying, if he were God. They said, "This man talks like a Christian: how did he learn all this?" The uncle told them he feared it was from a tract he had given him. "Take care," said they, "that he does not read it more, or he will become a Christian."

Soon afterwards the young man was greeved to find the tract gone from its usual place. His uncle had destroyed it. But he could not quench the little spark which had been kindled. The young man was only the more anxious to get another tract; and the native preachers, to whom he applied, gave him some different from the last. These he read when quite alone in the day, or at night.

He was quite shocked as he learned more and more of the wicked tales told about the heathen gods.

Then he began to say boldly to his friends,—
"The Christian religion is true; let us take it
for our own." Many of his neighbours were
angry; but his father replied,—"Yes, thin

religion is true: in time we must all come into

His uncle said to him, "If you do become a Christian, I will take away all you have and drive you from this place." This frightened him, and kept him quiet for some time. His love to God was not strong enough to make him willing to give up all for him. But one day he read in a book these words:—"The child who fears God and strives to keep all his commandments, will certainly be blessed of him. Should even his parents forsake him, or for any reason turn against him, God will indeed never forsake him."

About this time his uncledied, and the young man was baptized, and received by Mr. George Pearce the missionary into his church. Mr. Pearce says he seems to be a sincere and humble disciple of Jesus.

And what became of his father?

He was persuaded by his friends to go on a pilgrimage to get good for his soul, and has never been heard of since. He did not use the light God had given him: he loved the darkness of heathenism best, and it led him on, we fear, to destruction.

FIRST MISSION TO BENGAL.

V. THE SHADOW OF A CLOUD.

HAVE you ever looked abroad from a high hill over a wide country, on a sunny day, and noticed how, as the clouds float along the sky with the breeze, their ahadows move along over the earth; now resting on the village, then crossing the heath, then wrapping the forest awhile in a deeper gloom? But the breeze that brings them soon bears them away again, and then all is bright and warm as before. There is something like this in the Christian church. The Sun of righteousness is shining down upon it, very brightly—very warmly,—vet there are clouds floating in the heavens, and sometimes they overshadow it, and things look dark and sad.

After a while, the Serampore missionaries resolved to send out the native Christians, two and two, through the towns and villages, to teach and give books away; as Jesus sent his disciples through Judea. And now came the cloud. Some missionaries, on their way to Benares. were one day stopped, and the magistrates made them go back to Serampore. A few day afterwards (August. 1806), some one brought word that two new missionaries. Chater and Robinson, had arrived in an American ship at Calcutta, and that the magistrates there seemed as if they did not mean to let them come to Serampore. So Dr. Carey went to Calcutta, to the Police-office, to sak They told him that the English governor the reason. had given orders that they were not to preach to the Hindoos any more, or give them tracts, or send the natives forth to do those thing; in short, that they were to leave off trying to make Christians of them! Dr Carey only said, "We will do as government wishes as far as we can in conscience." And then he hastened back to Serampore. The brethren assembled to consult together. Of course they were very grieved to think that the government should be so foolish as to be afraid of having the gospel preached in India. The question was should they obey? or should they boldly make

the apostle's answer: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ve." They decided at length not to give up their work. but to keep as quiet in it as they could for a while, in hopes that the stormy cloud would blow over. It did soon blow over. A message came from Calcutta to say they might preach, only not in the Lol Bazzar at Calcutta,-might give away the Bible, but not very strongly-written tracts.--the natives might preach of their own accord, but the missionaries were not to send them. To keep Mr. Chater and Mr. Robinson out of sight, they were sent as missionaries to Burmah. So. through the wrath of man, the gospel was carried to a fresh land. The persecution and abuse of the missionaries still went on for several years, both in India and England. Once they were charged with making a troop of Sepoys rebel; when the real reason for the discontent of the Sepovs was that the officers wanted them to wear helmets instead of turbans, and to take away the mark of caste on their foreheads. The work of God, however, was not hindered.

A worse cloud overshadowed the mission family in the year 1812. Only one or two servants happened to be in the printing-house one day, and Mr. Ward was busily writing in his room close by. Presently, one of them came running in a great hurry to say, "The printing-house is on fire!" Mr. Ward was there in a minute. It was quite true. He saw the reams of paper blazing away; and the smoke was quite suffocating. He sent directly to the village for helpers, and told those who were on the spot to keep all the doors and windows fast shut, that the air might not fan the flame. Then he elimbed up to the roof, and pierced a hole in it just over

the place where the fire was. By this time plenty of people were crowding to the building, both Christians and others, to see if they could be of any use. Mr. Ward called to them to hand him up some buckets of water, and he poured it in streams through the hole. He and Mr. Marshman hoped by this good plan to prevent the flames from spreading any further than the shelves, where they first broke out; but alas! some foolish person opened a window, and the wind rushing in blew flakes of fire about, all over the building, till the whole was in flames. The Brahmins and other Hindoos who had come from the town were glad, and hoped that now these Sahibs--who were such dangerous enemies to their ancient religion-would be stopped in their work. What did the missionaries think, as they gazed at the sight with the rest? There were the types melting away; there was the paper; worst of all, there were the translations on fire. As the missionaries remembered their days and months of weary labour, and then saw the fruits of this toil burning away, it was no wonder that their hearts were full of sorrow. Not that they repented of having toiled for God; nay, they would have done twice as much, if that had been possible, to save one soul; but they could not help grudging to give their labours to the flames. Yet they knew that God sent the fire, and that what he did must be right, even though they could not understand the reason of it.

Dr. Carey was spared the sight. He happened to be sleeping at Calcutta that night. When he came home in the morning, instead of the printing-house standing in the midst of the missionary garden, he saw a heap of smoking ruins! Mr. Ward and Mr. Marshman told him all about the last night's business. That very

morning they had the rubbish cleared away; and as soon as the place was cool enough, they went among the ruins to search for what might be left. Altogether, the place was a sad wreck of what had been. Streams of molten lead, now hardened, which had once been types, had run everywhere amongst the blackened bricks, and the wood was burnt to charcoal. The presses themselves were found among the ashes, safe; and an iron chest full of money. What was lost, was the building; the types, of many different languages; the paper, both English and Indian; and some manuscripts and printed sheets. In all, the loss could not be less than 70,000 rupees, or nearly £7,000.

Dr. Carev. Mr. Marshman, and Mr. Ward now began to think what was to be done to set matters to rights again; for they never dreamt, as the Brahmins hoped, of leaving off printing the Scriptures. They talked as cheerfully as they could of their misfortune. types, the melted metal would do again, and amongst the ruins they had happily found the punches and the matrices, which are the instruments used in making types, and which, if they had been destroyed, it would have taken venrs to replace; but now fresh types could easily be cast with the old metal. The paper was burnt, it was true, but the paper-mill was not; and though only Indian paper could be made in it, they could manage very well to go on with that till some ship should bring more of the English. The printed sheets must be done over again, certainly; but then there was one whole warehouse full of Bibles in course of printing, on the opposite side of the garden, quite untouched. The manuscript translations did seem the hardest to bear of all the losses. Yet there was one very comforting thought. First translations are often full of faults. What has been done once is easier to do again, and is often better the second time. Perhaps God saw some faults in them, which would have made his holy word teach error instead of truth, and so in mercy prevented them from being sent abroad. There was a large empty building which they had never had any use for till now, which would do very well as a place to print in. So the very next morning after the fire, these brave-hearted men had the presses carried into it. The paper-makers and the type-founders set busily to work to restore the damages, and Dr. Carey and the pundits patiently began the translations, grammars, &c., again, which had been burnt.

Nor was it long before one reason, at least, for the trial was made clear. For if it did a little harm in India, it did a great deal of good in England. English people were so sorry for the Serampore missionaries, that they gladly gave their money to help to pay for the loss, and in less than two months it was made up; and many became interested in the mission who did not know or care about it before. A year afterwards, Dr. Carey sent word that "they were then doing more printing than before the fire happened."

F. F.

THE "DOVE.

ONCE more the "Dove" asks support. In addition to visiting the stations in Africa she has recently carried a band of brethren for health to Jamaica. She is now in the harbour of Falmouth, and is likely before long to br

to England some of our friends on their way to Africa again.

Upwards of £350 was the amount of contribution raised last year; too little to meet her expenses, and yet enough to prove the heartiness of our friends in supporting her.

The following lines * may aid our collectors in their appeal. Cards may be had as usual at the Mission House, and the contributions can be paid to local treasurers, or sent direct in postage stamps, or in Post Office orders, to the Rev. Joseph Angus, Mission House, Moorgate Street.

GIRLS' SCHOOL AT MADRAS,

WE are sure our youthful readers will rejoice at hearing that there is good reason to hope that the religious instructions given in the school of the Scotch Free Church at Madras have been blessed to the conversion of no less than eight of the girls, the eldest of whom appears to be thirteen, and one of whom, deeply convinced of sin and of her need of Christ, is only seven. "Her cries to God through Christ," it is stated. "were most real and touching." Particular. reference is made to five Hindoo girls of caste, "whom it has pleased the Lord to bring into his fold." order that our young readers may become acquainted with them, as we hope they will hear more of them, we will give them their names. They are Unnum and Mooniatta, who speak the Tamil language; and Vencatalutchmoo, Yayzah, and Munga, who speak the Tilugu.

^{*} See page 281.

They had all been reading the gospels in English more than a year, having previously read them in their own languages. In order that they might be permitted to abstain from idolatry, and to worship the true God they withdrew from their parents' houses, and placed themselves under the protection of the missionaries : but in the case of Mooniatta the parents applied to the judges to oblige her to return, and in consequence of this she was brought before the judges that it might be seen whether this was her own act, and whether she was of sufficient understanding to decide for herself. The missionary was directed to leave the room, and she was left standing without a protector; but she was helped to be quite collected and firm, and to answer the judges' questions in a satisfactory manner. The judge reminded her of her obligations to her mother for all her kindness to her, and then required her to give the reason why she wished to leave and go to another place, to which the dear child replied,-" If I go home they will force me to worship idols made by men: they have eyes but they see not, ears have they but they hear not, and mouths have they but they speak not. I wish to go to a place where I can be saved;" and being asked, "Have you read in the scriptures how Christians are to worship God ?" she answered, "To pray, cry, repent of their sins before God, and worship the only one God, and that we should worship no other God but him, neither an idol nor any other thing." The missionary states that her answers on the way of salvation would have been equally satisfactory; but that her brother being irritated at her refusal to go with him seized her violently by the neck and almost strangled her, for which he was sent to prison. This put an end to the examination; but of the judges afterwards convensed with her in private, and in the result the court determined that she was of sufficient age to judge for herself, and well understood the matter, and that she might remain with the mission-aries. This caused great rejoicing on her part, and that of others whose parents were desirous of forcing their retura, and they all continue by their consistent conduct to afford satisfaction to the missionaries and their wives, under whose particular care they are. May every youthful reader feel a deep interest in these dear children and intercede on their behalf, that the tender blossom may bring forth fruit to the Redeemer's praise.

The Baptist Missionary Society has just begun a station at Madras. Mr. and Mrs. Page have now (probably) arrived at that place.

PARENTS IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

THE late Mr. Williams, in his very interesting narrative, states, that the murder of children by their parents immediately on their birth, proceeded to an awful extent in the South Sea Islands, previously to the introduction of the gospel. In some, alas! it still prevails, and will till the missionaries carry the gospel to them. He tells us also of the delightful change, in instances where the people have turned from dumb idols to serve the living God. He states, that at Raiatea, at a school examination, there were upwards of 600 children present. They came in procession with flags bearing inscriptions, "What a blessing the

gospel is!" "The Christians of England sent us the gospel." "Had it not been for the gospel we should have been destroyed as soon as we were born." "Suffer little children to come to me," &c. The king took the chair, and the children being placed in the centre of the chapel. their parents occupied the outer seats. As the examination proceeded, the appearance of the parents was most affecting, the eves of some were glowing with delight, as the father said to the mother, "what a mercy it is that we spared our girl," others with saddened countenances and faltering voices lamented with bitterness that they had not saved theirs. In the midst of the proceedings, the king rose and exclaimed, "Oh that I had known that the gospel was coming. Oh that I had known that these blessings were in store. For then I should have saved my children, and they would have been among this happy group. But alas! I destroyed them all. I have not one left, although I have been the father of nineteen." After this he sat down, and in a flood of tears gave vent to his agonized feelings.

HEATHEN CRUELTY.

"THE second evening after we arrived at Luponda (the kraal of the Tambookie chief Jumba)," says the Rev. J. Read, missionary in South Africa, "we heard, late in the evening, that an old man and his wife had been carried

away by their friends to the top of a precipice. and there left to die from hunger and cold. Early next morning I went to Pala (the chief's brother), to request permission to try and save them. Nothing in the world could surprise him so much: he said, their friends had nothing to give them, and there was a law that such persons should not die in one of their houses, nor near the kraal; otherwise the whole neighbourhood must break up and leave. He said there was no objection to our sending them food, but he could not allow them to be brought to the kraal. The next day their son came to expostulate against our conduct, saving, that he wished to leave home, and could not go until his father and mother were dead, and that we were preventing them from dving by giving them food. How strong a proof that 'the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty!' However, we saved the lives of the old people for the time, by sending them food daily, so that they recovered and came back to their house; and the interpreter, with our Fingo brother, visited them daily, and made known Jesus unto them. The result eternity alone wiil tell."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED.

ZECHARIAH Xi. 11.

In the year 1813, says Mr. Campbell, after aving visited several nations in the interior of

Africa, when returning I halted at the town of Pagel within thirty-six miles of Cape Town: here I was requested by friends to relate publicly the state of the nations I had visited. a hundred free persons with some slaves attended: at the close several hundred rix dollars were contributed by the white friends present for the Missionary Society. After the whites had all left the house, a slave woman and her daughter called to me and said, "Sir, will you take anything from a poor slave to help to send the gospel to the poor things beyond us?" On my saying, "Most certainly I will," she gave me eightpence, and her daughter fourpence, Having done so they hastily went out clapping their hands, and ran to meet some slave men who were waiting to learn the result. hearing from aer that I cheerfully took subscriptions from slaves, they rushed into the room and every one threw down all they had to send the gospel to the poor things beyond them.

THE JUVENILE COLLECTORS' APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE "DOVE "MISSIONARY VESSEL"

WE are come another year on our pleasant work of love, We bring you welcome takings of our missionary "Dove; Of the gallant little vessel which took beyond the sea Good men who preach to Africans the truth which makes therefree. She proudly braved the angry main, whose wild waves never siety.

But louder than the thunder's peal "deep calleth unto deep;"

And switt her living earge bese through the white and sparkling feam.

And landed them in safety on their distant island home.*

For He who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand,
Did "speed the Doye," and guide her course to that benighted
land:

And there the clive branch of peace waves in the tropic gale, And sable tribes with shouts of joy her friendly visits halt.

The cruel slave-ships, eagle-like, go there to seize their prey,
The "Dove" approaches them to bless, she taken no prize away;
No threatening aspect does she wear, excites no mother's fears,
But goes to bind the broken hearts, and wipe the orphan's tears.

The "Dove" has not been idle since she dwelt in that sultry clime.

But oft on light and joyous wing has borne the truth sublime To regions which in darkness sit, where sin and sorrow reign, And millions are in bondage held by superstition's chain.

Her frequent visits cheer the hearts of those who nobly teil.

To plant the tree of righteousness in Afric's burning soil;

Beneath her wings she hides them from the pestilential breath,†

Which walks in darkness through the land, and spreads disease
and death.

The young are doing all they can, this vessel to maintain; And we are come to ask for help, nor shall we ask in vain; For we our righteous cause with you can confidently leave, Who feel how much more blessed 'tis to give than to receive.

C. KIRTLAND.

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^{*} The island of Pernando Po.

f the has preserved and recruited the health of all our missionaries.

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J. HADDON, CASTLE STREET, FINSBURY.

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